

cc!wilbur gets punched in the face: the f(x)wiatec(etothatc) au sidefic

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Relationships:	Wilbur Soot & Wilbur Soot , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Wilbur Soot/Wilbur Soot , Sally the Salmon (Dream SMP)/Wilbur Soot , Wilbur Soot/Walter Crondale , specifically sleepyrust wilbur/walter crondale. i swear it makes sense
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ghostbur (Dream SMP) , Fundy (Video Blogging RPF) , Sally the Salmon (Dream SMP) , Walter Crondale (Dream SMP) , i didnt even realize walter had a tag. well. cool ig
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cc!wilbur gets punched in the face: the f(x)wiatc(etothatc) au sidefic

by [klesek](#)

Summary

'bur count: 23

there is something wrong with me /j

(sequel (except not really) to 'f(x) wilburs in a trench coat (even though only two have a trench coat)! read that first lmao)

(update october 2022: cleaned up the tags a bit)

(update april 2023: cleaned up tags more)

(update february 2024: check chapter 91's end notes for response to wilbur situation. tl;dr: i no longer support wilbur, but this fic will be continuing and hopefully finished eventually.)

phantom

Chapter Notes

short first few chapters we goin back to our roots

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur jumped into the water and went invisible, surprising Niki.

“Oh, fuck,” Niki jumped, turning around quickly to face him. “Sorry, I didn’t notice you!”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Wilbur reassured. “I just got here.”

“Well, nice to see you,” Niki turned back around to what she was doing. “I’m just cooking up some food, you hungry?”

“Ooh, yes,” Wilbur nodded enthusiastically. “Going invisible makes me really hungry.”

Niki handed him half a stack of cooked cod.

“Oh, jeez, this is a lot,” Wilbur put most of it in his inventory, and ate the rest. “How long did this take you to get?”

“Not that long,” Niki shrugged, eating some fish too. It was a little gruesome, since she was technically a fish.. although, she was more of a mermaid. “Ten minutes, maybe?”

“That’s fast,” Wilbur remarked, finishing his fish.

“I’m very good at catching fish,” Niki smiled, putting her fish away. “I’ll go catch some more, I gave most of mine to you.”

“Oh, well you can take some back,” Wilbur said, opening his inventory.

“No, no, I think you’ll need it,” Niki shook her head. “You get hungry fast.”

“True,” Wilbur nodded, closing his inventory. “Well, seeya!”

“Bye,” Niki waved, grabbing an axe and a fishing rod and starting to swim into the bigger part of the lake.

Wilbur went under the water and looked around. Niki had really made the place look nice since he was last here. It was really pretty.

He blinked.

All of it was gone, the bubbles and the kelp and the sea cucumbers were all gone, and the little cove looked wider.

He quickly swam back up to the surface, and what he saw was definitely not The Lake.

...what the fuck.

Niki swam back to her little cove, putting the axe and fishing rod away and taking the fish she just caught out of her inventory.

“Wilbur!” She called, putting the fish by her furnace. “Wilbur?”

She looked around. She didn’t see Wilbur, which wasn’t exactly unusual, although usually if he was near he would answer.

I was only gone for like ten minutes, Niki thought. “Wilbur, come on out, where are you?”

There was no reply.

Niki pulled out her communicator.

You whisper to WilburSoot: where are you?

You whisper to WilburSoot: wilbur?

No answer.

Nihachu: anyone know where wilbur is?

Ph1lzA: last I saw him he was going to see you

Nihachu: well he did, but then he left

Nihachu: and he’s not responding to chat or me calling for him out loud

Niki went into VC2 on her communicator, the VC that Phil was in.

“Hi Phil,” She said, setting her communicator down as she started to cook her fish.

“Hi Niki,” Phil said. “Why are you looking for him?”

“Well I was talking to him,” Niki explained. “And I gave him some fish and then I went off to catch some more, and when I came back, he was gone.”

“He’s probably just invisible,” Phil replied.

“He doesn’t usually just go invisible for no reason, though,” Niki argued lightly. “And he would respond.”

“I don’t think there’s any need to worry,” Phil reassured. “I’m sure he’s just messing around and not checking his communicator.”

“...yeah, alright,” Niki sighed and left the VC.

She couldn’t help but feel uneasy. Something was different, this wasn’t some prank Wilbur was pulling. Something was wrong.

Chapter End Notes

wink wonk
comments my beloved !!

a reflection of someone else's face

Chapter Summary

something's up here..

Chapter Notes

damn alr 1k on the second chapter who is she

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur was sitting by the water's edge, staring at his reflection. All of the Wilburs had split up to look around in his time. He didn't really have anywhere to look around, so he had stayed with Spirit, who also didn't have anywhere to look around, but Spirit had waited five minutes before leaving to look around. Even though he knew what was around here.

Whatever. Ghostbur decided to wait for the others to finish looking around or whatever by staring at his reflection in the little lake by Church Prime.

As he stared into his reflection, he realized that he had green eyes. Since when did he have green eyes? He had white eyes. Plain, blank white eyes, with no pupils. But his reflection had plain, blank glowing green eyes. With no pupils.

“Wh-” He backed up a little bit as his reflection rose up out of the water. “What the heck??”

He stared at himself. But this Ghostbur had glowing green eyes and a tail and wings and a lighter colored, smaller sweater and a really messed up stab wound.

“...hello?” Ghostbur cautiously greeted.

“...where am I?” The other Ghostbur asked, staying in the water.

“Wait, you can touch the water?” Ghostbur didn’t answer him. “Lucky.”

The other Ghostbur raised an eyebrow. “You can’t?”

Ghostbur shook his head, and dipped his hand in to demonstrate. It hissed and he quickly took his hand out. “Ow,” he muttered.

“Maybe you shouldn’t put your hand in the water if you burn when you touch it,” The other Ghostbur suggested sarcastically.

“Gee, thanks,” Ghostbur said dryly. “I didn’t think of that.”

“So can you answer my question?” The other Ghostbur continued. “Where am I?”

“Uh... Church Prime?” Ghostbur pointed to the Church. “On the Dream SMP?”

The other Ghostbur stared at him and blinked. “None of that rings a bell. Do you know where the Pub or the Lake is?”

“The what?” Ghostbur asked.

The other Ghostbur pressed his lips together. “Welp! I have no clue where I am.”

“I think that was already established,” Ghostbur scooted back to where he was sitting by the water.

“You seem awfully casual about a random phantom hybrid appearing out of the water,” The other Ghostbur tilted his head.

“I mean, I’ve met two other Ghostburs very recently and four Wilburs,” Ghostbur shrugged. “...wait, you’re a phantom hybrid??”

“Yeah,” The other Ghostbur nodded. “Wait, what do you mean, other Ghostburs and Wilburs??”

“Phantoms are disabled on this Server, though!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “How are you here?? I’ve never heard of a phantom hybrid on a server where phantoms are disabled!”

“Am I gonna disappear??” The other Ghostbur shouted, horrified. “Oh god, no-”

“Ghostbur?”

Ghostbur turned to the voice to see all the other Wilburs and Ghostburs, Resurrectedbur being the one to say his name.

“Uh, hi,” Ghostbur waved. “There’s another one!”

“What?” The other Ghostbur stared at the other Wilburs.

“Holy shit,” Alivebur said, head in hands. “And I thought there would be no more Wilburs.”

“Are you another Ghostbur?” L’manbur asked. “How are you not burning in the water?”

“He doesn’t burn in the water!” Ghostbur explained.

“What are we gonna call you...” Deadbur squinted.

Spirit walked over and stuck his hand out to the other Ghostbur. “Hi, I’m Spirit. How are you?”

“Uh.” The other Ghostbur took his hand and shook it. “Confused. Explain who the fuck you all are again?”

“Oh, yeah, I didn’t explain that yet...” Ghostbur giggled. “Um. So basically we’re all Wilbur or Ghostbur? In chronological order, we’ve got L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, your’s truly Ghostbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit!”

“When are you from?” Blue asked.

“Um. I’m not from this Server,” The other Ghostbur took his hand back from Spirit. “I’m from Origins SMP.”

“Oh, I’ve heard of that,” Resurrectedbur snapped his fingers. “You’re all hybrids, right?”

“Yeah,” The other Ghostbur nodded. “I’m a phantom hybrid. Ghostbur told me that phantoms are disabled on this Server?”

“Oh, yeah,” Resurrectedbur nodded. “I’m sure you’ll be fine, though,” he added, noticing the other Ghostbur’s worried expression.

“That’s good, that’s good,” The other Ghostbur sounded relieved.

“Why don’t you get out of the water, then?” Ghostbur grabbed his arm. “Your sweater’s gonna get all wet and uncomfy!”

“No, no Ghostbur wait-” Resurrectedbur shouted.

Ghostbur pulled the other Ghostbur out of the water, who immediately lit on fire, and disappeared.

“I KILLED HIM!!” Ghostbur screamed in horror. “I’M SORRY I DIDN’T MEAN TO I DIDN’T KNOW-”

“HE’S NOT DEAD, he’s not dead,” Resurrectedbur assured. “He’s just invisible.”

Ghostbur stared at where the other Ghostbur had just been with wide eyes.

The other Ghostbur reappeared back in the water. “I’m fine, I’m fine!”

“Ghostbur, do you know what phantoms *are* ?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Um...” Ghostbur stared at the other Ghostbur. “No, not really..”

“They’re hostile mobs that attack Players who haven’t slept in a while,” Resurrectedbur explained. “And they burn in the daylight.”

“So make sure you get your sleep,” The other Ghostbur teased. “Or else I’ll get you!”

Resurrectedbur looked at Spirit.

“What??” Spirit shouted indignantly.

“When did you last sleep?” The other Ghostbur asked Spirit.

“You are not entitled to that information,” Spirit crossed his arms.

“Are you okay?” Ghostbur asked the other Ghostbur worriedly, ignoring Spirit’s sleep schedule.

“Yeah, don’t worry, I’m fine,” The other Ghostbur assured. “Happens all the time, I don’t notice it’s daytime and I catch on fire!”

“That sounds horrible,” Ghostbur frowned.

“It seems like it’s like when it rains for you,” The other Ghostbur tilted his head.

“Well, I don’t really get *burned* , I kinda just dissolve a little bit,” Ghostbur shrugged. “And it always goes back to normal, unless I was in it for WAY too long, and just... died? I guess?”

“Can we give the other Ghostbur a name already?” Alivebur interrupted.

“Oh yeah!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “What should we call you?”

“Uh...” The other Ghostbur thought for a few seconds. “Phantom, maybe?”

“Phantom!” Ghostbur nodded. “Nice.”

“So,” Phantom turned to Spirit, smiling. “Mind telling me about that sleep schedule of yours?”

Chapter End Notes

<https://klesek.tumblr.com/post/661416870411403265/reflection>

^^ some quick art i did the other day of this scene! phantom's wings and tail are actually dark blue like a phantom's, but i completely forgot that phantom wings were dark blue
KSJDHFKJSD

also dw phantom will make them sleep <333 (btw if u thought that the wilburs slept between chapters or smthn ur incorrect lmao none of them have slept since chapter 15 in the main fic (besides spirit he hasnt slept for even longer bc he does Not get tired))

dramatic, are we?

Chapter Notes

hi!! updates for both this and the main fic will probably be slower soon, since i'm starting school (and i remembered this one fic w like over 200 chapters that i wanna reread so um)! sorry abt that ^^; art will probably be more consistent than writing, since it doesnt take as long for me :] so if u want that,,, look on my tumblr! (links in the series summary :D)

enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur sighed as he gazed across the map of Ace Race: Space Race Edition. He was in Minecraft Championship 16, about to inevitably make a fool of himself in Ace Race.

“I look down the barrel of my rifle,” He started his monologue, ignoring Phil and Tommy. “I see a magnified scope staring back at me. It’s become a case of not rather whose reflexes can pull the trigger first.. but whose gut can stomach the pain after you’ve pulled it. Ace Race, my enemy... once my friend... I look upon you once more, and I think to myself- do I have the stomach?”

““Once my friend’...” Phil laughed.

“I feel my finger twitch..” Wilbur trailed off into laughter.

The map preview ended, and they were all at the starting line, pacing. Words appeared in the air.

Starting in

>5<

>4<

>3<

>2<

>1<

A bell went off and everyone went running. They ran and tridented through water and air in silence for a bit.

“You fucker,” Wilbur muttered as he missed the waterfall. “You fucker, Ace Race.”

They all kept on running, jumping and flying through the air and gliding across the map. Through the circles, into the water, above the obstacles.

“I’m in second,” Wilbur exclaimed, suddenly noticing. “I’m in second!”

“GO, WILBUR!” Phil shouted. “You’re doing great!”

Wilbur immediately tridented into a wall. “Oh, apart from when I get caught on the fucking wall, thank you Ace Race. Thank you Ace Race, for raising my spirits and sundering them quite magnificently!”

“No, no, you’re fucking pulling it,” Tommy said excitedly.

“Oh, well, now I’m in sixteenth,” Wilbur sighed as he got stuck on a jump pad.

“And Dream’s in twentieth,” Tommy reasoned.

“I don’t wanna be like Dream,” Wilbur muttered. “God forbid. Dream wants to be like me!”

He kept on running and gliding in silence, until he crossed the line into his second lap, passing a bunch of people and ending up in sixth place..

“OHHHH SHIT!” He shouted. “OH SHIT! That was FUCKING epic!”

He grinned, jumping across the jump pads. “Oh, Ace Race, you’ve taken me on a date-”

“You can fuck me, Ace Race!” Wilbur finished, landing on grass.

...grass??

“Um... hello???”

Wilbur turned around to see.. another him?

“Ace Race, you’ve taken me on a date-” Wilbur was saying, but cut himself off very abruptly.

A message popped up on everyone’s communicator.

WilburSoot has left the game.

“Wil?” Tommy said.

No answer.

“Wilbur?” Tommy repeated.

No answer.

Tommy kept racing, waiting for Wilbur to respond.

After a few minutes, once they had all finished Ace Race, Tommy glanced at his chat and realized that they were all shouting about Wilbur.

“Um... what happened to Wilbur?” Phil asked.

“My chat is saying that he just.. disappeared,” Ranboo spoke up.

“So is mine,” Tommy nodded. “Um... do we ask for a pause?”

He heard typing and saw a chat message from Phil on his communicator, so he took that as a yes.

PhilzA: can we get a pause?

PhilzA: wilbur just disappeared

[Admin]: paused

More people talked in chat, asking what he meant by ‘wilbur just disappeared’, but Tommy, Phil, and Ranboo ignored them.

“Is this Wilbur’s MCC curse for today?” Phil joked.

“Which is worse, having your fire alarm going off in the middle of Parkour Tag, or disappearing in the middle of Ace Race?” Tommy asked dryly.

“Do we need to get a replacement?” Ranboo asked.

“I would think so,” Phil replied.

“Who do we ask for? Techno?” Tommy joked. Well, he wouldn’t exactly be upset if Techno joined them.

“3/4,” Ranboo laughed.

Tommy smiled.

He was worried.

Chapter End Notes

my my my! who do we have here :)?

dramatic entrance

Chapter Notes

haha hello there :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur was sitting next to Ghostbur and Phantom, who were having a conversation. Phantom was in the water, and Ghostbur was on land. Alivebur was fiddling with his communicator. He didn't have anything else to do, and he wanted to see if he could get it to work. He could see messages being sent from his time, but he couldn't send any or see messages from the current time's chat.

"How do phantom hybrids work?" Ghostbur was asking. "Like, can you fly? What's different?"

"Well, I can't fly," Phantom replied. "But I can jump a little higher up, it's kind of funny."

"Really?" I wanna see!" Ghostbur exclaimed.

"I don't think I could do it very well in the water," Phantom tilted his head.

"We could go into the church," Ghostbur suggested, pointing to Church Prime.

"How tall is the ceiling?" Phantom asked.

"Uh... a little higher than a normal house, maybe?" Ghostbur shrugged.

“Hmm.. yeah, that might work,” Phantom nodded.

Phantom went invisible, and Ghostbur jumped up in surprise.

“Where’d you go??” Ghostbur looked around. “I can’t see you!”

“I went invisible,” Phantom said from behind Ghostbur. “Here, lemme just...” A hat appeared, floating in the air.

“WOAH!” Ghostbur shouted. “That’s so cool!! I guess I can kind of do that, but only with potions..”

“Eh, it’s not that cool,” Phantom’s leather helmet moved around, going closer to the church. The hat went through the church wall.

“YOU CAN WALK THROUGH WALLS??” Ghostbur yelled, following Phantom..
“THAT’S SO COOL!!!! I wish I could do that...”

Alivebur watched them walk into the church, then turned his attention back to his communicator.

He wondered if the others’ communicators worked. Would whispering work, maybe?

He quickly typed ‘/msg WilburSoot test’ into his communicator and pressed enter. It didn’t send, not showing up in chat.

...when he got back to his time, would all the messages he sent show up in chat all at once? Maybe they already had in his time...

Whatever, it was all just ‘test’, so it didn’t matter.

“WHAT???”

Alivebur smiled at Ghostbur’s shout of surprise at something Phantom did, apparently jumping really high.

A floating hat came out of the church, Ghostbur following it.

“I hit my head on the ceiling,” Phantom grumbled, reappearing in the water. He took the hat off.

“At least you had a helmet on,” Alivebur shrugged. He turned off his communicator and turned it back on again. Still no luck.

“What are you even doing?” Ghostbur asked him.

“I’m trying to see if I can get my communicator to work,” Alivebur held up his communicator. “I can see messages from my time, but I can’t send any, to my time or the time we’re in.”

“Ohh,” Ghostbur opened his inventory and pulled out his communicator. “Is it just your communicator or do you think it’s something to do with the Player?”

“We’re both entered under ‘WilburSoot’ in chat,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“Well yeah, but I have my own communicator. Here, just try with mine!” Ghostbur held out his communicator.

Alivebur took it, and the first thing that he noticed was that there was blue all over it.

“How are there blue handprints if your sweater covers your hands...” Alivebur glanced at Ghostbur with disappointed acceptance. “How do you use this...”

“Um. I’m not actually exactly sure how I use it,” Ghostbur replied. “But the handprint is from when I wore that blue sweater with the sleeves rolled up and I had blue on my hand.”

“I’m going to shelve that and come back to it later,” Alivebur nodded. He typed in ‘test’. It sent in the chat.

“Well that answers that question,” Ghostbur took his communicator back.

“I wonder if mine wor-” Phantom started saying.

“YOU CAN FUCK ME, ACE RACE!”

Alivebur turned to see who the *fuck* just said *that* . What he saw wasn’t expected, but at this point didn’t surprise him.

Another goddamn Wilbur was standing there, with elytra and holding a trident, his arms up in the air triumphantly.

He then fell on the ground face first.

“Um... hello???” Alivebur stood up.

The other Wilbur stood up and looked over at him.

“...this isn’t Ace Race,” The other Wilbur looked around awkwardly.

“Damn right,” Alivebur replied. “I assume you’re Wilbur Soot?”

“Yes,” The other Wilbur nodded. “How did you know that??”

“Lucky guess,” Alivebur said dryly.

“Oh, another one!” Ghostbur piped up. “Hi, Wilbur Soot! This is Wilbur Soot, over there is Wilbur Soot, I’m Wilbur Soot’s ghost, then there are two other Wilbur Soot’s ghost, and also three other Wilbur Soots, one of which is dead and another was dead but is not anymore!”

“...What?” The other Wilbur glanced at Ghostbur, then Alivebur.

“Welcome to the club,” Alivebur stuck his hand out. “I’m Alivebur, this is Ghostbur, over there is Phantom, and we also have L’manbur, Deadbur, Blue, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit. And now you!”

The other Wilbur hesitated, but shook his hand. “Um..”

“Ghostbur, if you whisper something to yourself in your communicator, will it send to all of us?” Alivebur asked.

“I don’t know!” Ghostbur replied.

“Can you try to tell the others to come to Church Prime, we have another Wilbur?” Alivebur asked.

“Let me see...” Ghostbur typed something, presumably the message to himself.

They waited a bit, Phantom coming over with his leather cap.

“Hi!” Alivebur heard Resurrectedbur from behind him. He turned to see the others, all following Resurrectedbur. He guessed it worked.

“Why do I have to be the responsible one here,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “I gotta follow you people everywhere to make sure you don’t set something on fire.” He looked at the other Wilbur. “Oh, hi. When are you from?”

“Uh.. what?” The other Wilbur asked.

“What date are you from?” Resurrectedbur asked. “What day is it?”

“Um... August 28th, 2021,” The other Wilbur replied.

Resurrectedbur blinked. “But that’s my time...”

“Well you’re certainly not where I am,” The other Wilbur crossed his arms. “I’ve never seen you before.”

“Are you from another Server, like Phantom?” Blue piped up.

“What Server are you from?” Resurrectedbur questioned.

“Minecraft Championship,” The other Wilbur replied.

“Okay, that’s that figured out,” Resurrectedbur clapped. “What should we call you, since we all can’t be Wilbur?”

“Uh...” The other Wilbur hesitated. “Fuck it. Ace.” His eyes suddenly widened in horror. “OH, FUCK-”

“What?” Ghostbur asked.

“GODDAMMIT, I WAS IN SIXTH PLACE!” He groaned. “Fucking hell, I was doing so well... I was on my enemies to lovers arc with Ace Race!”

“Your what???” Deadbur stared at him.

“Hmm.” Ace hummed. “I’m assuming none of you know what Ace Race or MCC is?”

They all shook their heads.

“Okay,” He nodded. “So MCC, or Minecraft Championship, is when a bunch of people come together to one Server to play a bunch of competitive minigames, and one of those is Ace Race. In Ace Race, you get an elytra and a trident and have to race to the finish line. It’s notorious for being hard as hell and constantly glitching, and I fucking hate it.” He smiled. “However, this time, I was in sixth place today, unlike literally every time I’ve ever played it before.”

“Question,” Alivebur spoke up. “What the FUCK was the context to whatever you said when you first got here?”

“Oh, well a few MCCs ago, I said ‘Ace Race, please take me on a date before you fuck me’,” He explained. “And this time I was doing well, so I said, ‘Ace Race, you’ve taken me on a date, you can fuck me, Ace Race’.”

"Ooookay then," Resurrectedbur nodded. "Ace, welcome to um. Wilbur Soot. I don't even know what to say anymore, at this point there's gonna be like fourteen of us."

"Shut up, you're gonna manifest it," Alivebur elbowed him lightly.

"I really doubt we're gonna find five more wilburs somehow," Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes.

"You never know," Alivebur shrugged. "You never know."

Chapter End Notes

"you never know" we all know. we all know

btw more phantom hybrid stuff probably not next chapter but once we've got all our wilburs :]

the editor

Chapter Notes

its a little cold around here isnt it ;)
ohhh im gonna have so much fun writing editor

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So,” Ace looked around. “What is this place?”

“Welcome to the Dream SMP!” Ghostbur grinned, sweeping his arm through the air above his head.

“Hmm,” Ace squinted. “I think I’ve heard of it. Only passing rumors, though.”

“And what Server did you say you’re from?” Deadbur asked.

“Minecraft Championship,” Ace replied. “Where a buncha people compete in a buncha challenges ‘n shit for fun! And also to get crowns and a coin.”

“Have you ever won?” Blue asked.

“Twice!” Ace smiled. “MCC 4 and MCC 12.”

“Is it teams, or everyone against everyone, or...?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“It’s ten teams,” Ace answered. “Each with four members. Every MCC, you’re with different team members.”

“Sounds fun,” Alivebur commented.

“Ooh!!” Ghostbur gasped. “Do you think we’ll go to your time? Can we compete?? Can we be our own team? Or maybe more than one team? Do we have enough people?”

“If you don’t include me since I already have a team, and do include Phantom,” Ace said thoughtfully. “Then you have just enough for two teams-”

Ace heard an ‘oof!’ sound behind him and turned around. Standing there was a guy with a puffy coat, looking very confused.

“Another one!” Blue exclaimed.

“I guess we don’t have an even number anymore...” Ghostbur frowned, sounding slightly disappointed.

“Uh. Hello?” The new Wilbur looked at the group of nine Wilburs.

Ghostbur ran up to him and stuck his sweater-covered hand out to him. “Hiya! I’m Ghostbur, you’re probably Wilbur, so are all of us except me, Blue- the one in the blue sweater- and Spirit- the one in the black sweater! We’re Ghostburs!”

The new Wilbur blinked and shook his hand. “I’m assuming you don’t just call each other ‘Wilbur’?”

“Yes!” Ghostbur nodded, turning to face the other Wilburs. “Yes we don’t, I mean. We’ve got- in chronological order besides Phantom and Ace- L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur,

Ghostbur, Resurrectedbur, Spirit, Phantom, and Ace!” He turned back to the new Wilbur. “And what should we call you? Where and when are you from?”

The new bur hesitated. “You can call me Editor.”

“Do you make videos?” Blue asked, coming up to stand next to Ghostbur. “What kinds of videos?”

“I don’t... *make* videos, most of the time,” Editor shrugged. “I edit other peoples’ videos.”

“What kind of videos do you edit?” Ghostbur asked.

“Minecraft videos,” Editor replied. He hesitated. “Well. It started as minecraft videos...”

“Whaddya mean?” Blue tilted his head.

Editor pursed his lips. “Nothing.”

Weird. Ace raised an eyebrow, but didn’t say anything.

“So where are you from? What Server?” Ghostbur asked.

“Server?” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, Server, like this is the Dream SMP Server!” Ghostbur explained.

Editor still looked confused. “Dream SMP? What are you talking about?”

“Servers?” Resurrectedbur frowned, “Y’know, like Hypixel and SMPs?”

“Minecraft servers??” Editor tilted his head. “You’re talking about minecraft servers.”

“Minecraft? Like Phil’s last name?” Deadbur asked.

“Like the Championship?” Ace asked.

“Phil??” Editor frowned. “Championship? Minecraft is a video game. What did you think I meant when I said I edited minecraft videos?”

“Minecraft is a brand,” Ace squinted. “That sponsors MCC?”

“It’s a surname, what are you talking about??” L’manbur raised an eyebrow.

“Well yeah, it’s a surname,” Ace nodded in agreement. “Phil founded the company, then stepped down as CEO a while ago, when MCC started.”

“Phil founded a company???” Ghostbur just sounded confused.

“In my Server!” Ace confirmed. “Minecraft is a brand, because it’s Phil’s last name.”

Editor blinked, then his eyes widened. He opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it slowly. “...oh. That.. makes sense.”

“What makes sense?” Ace asked.

Editor pursed his lips. “Nothing.”

“So are you not from a Server?” Alivebur asked. “Not even a singleplayer one?”

“No,” Editor shook his head. “I don’t think... I’m from here?”

“Well duh,” Deadbur snorted. “You, Ace, and Phantom are from completely different places, and the only one who’s really supposed to be here is Ghostbur. This is his time.”

“No, no,” Editor frowned. “I’m... I don’t know how to explain it, really. I’m.. not from any kind of server, multiplayer or singleplayer. I’m from a completely different world, I guess.”

Ace squinted, confused. What the hell did he mean? “Everyone is from *some* kind of Server.”

“I’m not,” Editor shrugged. “I barely understand what you even mean by a server.” He furrowed his eyebrows. “Well, I guess I do... just probably not in the same way you all do.”

“You’re very cryptic, y’know,” Alivebur said.

“Lots of people say that,” Editor smirked. “I have no clue what they could ever mean!”

“Unhelpful,” Alivebur muttered.

“Are there not servers where you’re from?” L’manbur asked.

“No,” Editor frowned. “Well, not in real life.”

“What do you mean, real life?” Spirit asked.

Editor hesitated. “Nothing. It’s nothing.”

“What the fuck are you *talking* about??” Deadbur raised an eyebrow. “I don’t mean to be rude, but really, where are you from??”

“Uh... this is gonna make me sound like some sort of alien,” Editor winced. “But Earth.”

“Never heard of it,” Spirit said plainly.

Editor snickered. “I didn’t think you would’ve.”

“Are you technically an alien?” Blue asked, sounding a little excited. “Since you’re not from this world at all?”

“I’m still a human,” Editor argued. “I’m not an alien!”

“That’s something an ALIEN would say!!” Ghostbur challenged.

Editor sighed. “I guess by definition, I am an alien, though Ace and Phantom are too. And maybe Deadbur, depending on what you see the Afterlife as.”

“Then am I too?” Spirit asked.

Editor tilted his head. “Aren’t you from here?”

“Oh, did we not explain?” Spirit laughed. “I’m just Ghostbur but dead.”

Editor raised his eyebrows. “Fun.”

“It’s really not,” Spirit said dryly.

“I was being sarcastic,” Editor smirked.

“So... let me get this straight,” Ace squinted. “You’re from an entirely different world called Earth, where there aren’t servers, and minecraft is a video game, so you’re basically an alien here.”

“Sounds right,” Editor nodded.

Ace stared at him. Weird guy, huh?

Chapter End Notes

WOOO hmm hint for next bur: radioactive

ALSO FUN FACT THIS CHAPTER IS EXACTLY ONE THOUSAND WORDS
LMAO

our favorite car disease

Chapter Notes

uhh disclaimer not for this chapter but for future chapters idk how guns work unless theyre water, finger, or bubble guns so uhh yeah
ig i'll be basing it off of any random research i do while writing this and also this one book series im (re)reading where they use guns a lot and the author has clearly done his research

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur glanced at Tommy, who was curled up in his bed by the fire, finally asleep. Wilbur smiled, then stood up and put out the fire. He went upstairs to his own bed, and slung off the rifle attached to a strap over his shoulder. He always kept a little dagger (with a safety cover, of course, he didn't want to get stabbed in his sleep) on him, but a rifle would be dangerous and downright uncomfortable to sleep on. He sat down on his bed, then went to put the gun down on the floor as he flopped on his back to go to sleep.

His back, however, instead of hitting the relatively comfy bed, hit the hard ground. He hadn't even taken his hand off of his gun.

His eye twitched in annoyance.

Editor didn't really know what to think about his current predicament. He was apparently in a multiplayer Minecraft server, and if it weren't so real, he would think it was some odd dream. He had a history of those, after all. But they were never... this kind of dream. This kind of 'dream' was just odd.

It didn't help that the only people he had seen in this server were other versions of himself?? He really had no clue what was going on, and he had a feeling that none of the others knew

either, they were just rolling with it.

“Hey Editor,” Ghostbur spoke up.

“Yeah?” Editor turned to him.

“What’s your ‘world’ like?” Ghostbur asked.

“Hmm,” Editor hummed. “Well, do you want me to tell you about the entire world, or just where I am in it?”

“All of it!” Ghostbur grinned. “I wanna hear all about it!”

“Well, it all started billions of years ago, when a bunch of gasses-” Editor started.

“Oh, shush,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at him. “I wanna hear about it, what's special about it, what you do, not its history!”

“Okay,” Editor shrugged. “Then honestly, it’s kind of shit at times. People aren’t exactly helping it, but it’s also one in a million, in that it can support life. Sometimes it’s horrendous, other times it’s actually really nice when you look at the good side of things.”

“Ooh,” Ghostbur tilted his head. “Sounds interesting. So what’s your dark and dramatic past? What do you do all day?”

“I look for editing jobs,” Editor shrugged.

“That’s it?” Ghostbur frowned. “Nothing exciting? No dark past?”

“Nope,” Editor smiled. It wasn’t exactly a lie, in his opinion.

“Boring,” Ghostbur complained. “At least when I ask other people about their dark past they refuse, alluding to a dramatic thing that happened to them. You’re no fun!”

“I’m sorry I haven’t died before,” Editor smirked.

“Have you *almost* died?” Ghostbur pressed.

“No,” Editor lied. He was good at lying, he thought.

“Hmmp,” Ghostbur crossed his arms.

“Ghostbur, stop bugging him,” Alivebur elbowed Ghostbur.

“Would you rather I bug you?” Ghostbur suggested mischievously.

“Oh, god, no,” Alivebur grimaced.

“Too late!” Ghostbur chirped. “Alivebur, what are you thinking about when you space out and I have to nearly slap you in the face to get you back to the land of the living?”

“None of your business,” Alivebur retorted.

“See??” Ghostbur turned back to Editor. “Everyone just doesn’t tell me things!”

“I have nothing to tell you,” Editor chuckled. “Sorry.”

Ghostbur pouted. “No fai-”

The group heard a thump behind them.

“Goddammit is it another fucking-” Alivebur turned to see what the noise was. “Knew it.”

Editor turned to see a guy on the ground, his hand on a gun, his eyes wide open and his lips pressed together in annoyance.

“Kill me now,” The guy on the ground sighed. He then got up, slung his rifle over his shoulder, took out a knife, and pointed it at the group. “Who the fuck are you people?”

“Watch where you’re pointing that thing, no need to stab us,” Resurrectedbur walked to the front, next to Editor. “I assume you’re Wilbur Soot?”

He blinked, but didn’t move the knife. “Who are you?”

“Long story short, we’re all Wilbur Soot,” Resurrectedbur explained as if he had over and over again already, which he probably had. “Some weird time travel thing happened, and now some weird dimension hopping thing is happening.”

The new Wilbur lowered the knife, but still looked wary. “I- alright, um..” He looked uncertain. “Hi? I don’t really know what to say here.”

“I’ll do the introductions!” Ghostbur jumped up to the front. “From your left to your right, we’re Resurrectedbur, Ghostbur, Alivebur, Editor, Deadbur, L’manbur, Blue, Ace, Spirit, and Phantom!” He grinned and looked to the new Wilbur. “What should we call you?”

“Uh?” The new Wilbur tilted his head.

“Where are you from? When are you from?” Ghostbur asked. “We can use that kind of stuff to come up with a name for you!”

“I’m from the Sleepy Bois Inc. Rust Server,” Wilbur replied.

“Hmm..” Ghostbur hummed thoughtfully. “How about Rust?”

“You’re just gonna name him after a car disease?” Editor snickered. “Damn, alright.”

“What?” Ghostbur frowned and turned to him. “Car like the drug van car?”

“Sorry, the fucking *what* ??” Editor stared at him.

Ghostbur snapped his fingers. “Right, you’re not from here... and I guess Rust here isn’t either...”

“The drug van isn’t actual drugs,” L’manbur spoke up. “It’s just potions. I did not try to monopolize the drug market.”

“Instead you just stole everyone’s brewing stands,” Blue teased. “And then made a Hamilton roleplay.”

“Anyways!” Ghostbur spoke up. “You!” He pointed to Rust. “You’re Rust now! Have fun!”

“That didn’t sound like a suggestion,” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“It wasn’t!” Ghostbur grinned.

“Be careful, tiny man, I could stab you,” Rust threatened jokingly, waving his knife. It sounded jokingly, at least. “Or shoot you. Or hit you with a hammer. I’m not sure what I have on me right now.”

“You can’t kill me!” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at him.

“Unless you have a revive book,” Resurrectedbur teased. Spirit glared at him, but was smiling.

“I’m sure I don’t have that,” Rust smiled, and put his knife away. He then brought his hand up as if he was trying to swipe up on the air. He frowned, and did it again.

Ghostbur frowned, then made an ‘o’ shape with his mouth. He put his hand up palm out, and an array of little boxes appeared in front of him. Rust did the same thing, and a different kind of array of little boxes materialized in front of him too. He smiled, and then brought his hand down, and the boxes fell to the ground, but disappeared right before they hit the grass.

“What the fuck just happened?” Editor asked, breaking the small silence.

All ten other Wilburs turned to stare at him.

Chapter End Notes

sbi rust my beloved :(come back :(((
anyways next chapter already in the works !! look forward to that :D

smh editor dont u know how to open ur inventory :rolling_eyes: /j

what the fuck!

Chapter Summary

strange little man

Chapter Notes

the chapter is called that bc thats what i named it when i started writing it as a filler for when i came up w another one later but then i couldnt come up w another name so what the fuck! it is

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur scrolled through the Server list on his communicator, looking for Tommy's new Server. They were recording a video today, with another mod. Wilbur was always more than happy to help Tommy out with this stuff, it was fun and he got free shit from it.

He didn't get to keep everything, they all shared, but he did have a good amount of stuff from it. He had the ability to change sizes, morph into any mob or player he's killed, morph into the Ender Dragon, he had laser eyes, jump boost, the ability to remove and add body parts, and for some reason the others had trusted him enough to keep the Doctor Malpractice shears, time freeze stick, and a gravity anchor.

...now that he thought about it, he got to keep a surprising amount.

He finally found Tommy's server and selected the 'join' button. He felt the normal 'joining a Server or New World' nausea, and with a pop and a flash, he was in the Server. He checked his communicator to join a voice chat with Tommy and whoever else was here. Tommy hadn't told him who was gonna be here beforehand.

He blinked, and he felt the normal nausea again, but this was... different. Like it was joining more than one Server at a time, or doing it without preparing yourself for it. For a second, he thought he was about to throw up.

Wilbur opened his eyes and took in a breath. In front of him was standing a bunch of people who looked like him but *slightly* different. Eleven of them, to be specific. Half of them looked surprised or confused, and half of them looked like they weren't shocked in the slightest and were used to a random guy showing up out of nowhere.

"...I don't think this was supposed to be today's mod video," Was all he said.

Rust glanced at the rest of the group. He looked around the 'server' that he was on, as the other Wilburs called it. He had no clue what was going on, he just wanted to go the fuck to sleep.

"Rust, what's that?" Blue asked, pointing at his gun.

"This?" Rust raised an eyebrow. "Something I'm not trusting with any of you."

"Why not?" Blue pouted.

"It's a murder weapon that I don't think any of you have even seen before," Rust said dryly. "You think I'm insane? I'm not letting you even touch it."

"I know what it is," Editor spoke up. "But I know for a fact that no one else here knows what it is."

"What is it?" Ghostbur asked. "We just wanna know."

“It’s a gun,” Editor said. “You could kill someone with it.”

“Like Chekhov’s Gun?” L’manbur frowned. “Or crossbows?”

“Yeah, they’re kinda like crossbows or bows and arrows,” Editor tilted his head. “But *way* worse. They’re not a joke.”

“So you can shoot it?” Alivebur looked closely at it. “How dangerous is it?”

“It’s very dangerous,” Rust turned around to face Alivebur. “Like Editor said, you could kill someone with it.”

“But like.. do you need to fire it multiple times?” Deadbur asked. “Or will just one shot kill someone?”

Rust frowned. “Well, I guess it depends on where you aim-”

“If I shot someone in the head with it would it kill them?” Spirit raised his hand like a kid in school waiting to be called on.

“Yes, fucking hell!” Rust near shouted. “And you will *not* be doing that!”

“I think shooting someone in the head with a bow and arrow would kill them too,” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“It doesn’t matter that much with a bow and arrow, though,” L’manbur shook his head. “In the head will do more damage, but not by *that* much, and it wouldn’t kill someone in one shot unless they were already on low health with little to no armor.”

“Could we please stop talking about shooting people in the head?” Resurrectedbur suggested.

“Good idea,” Rust nodded, eager to change the subject. He really didn’t want anyone here to get their hands on this thing, none of them- besides Editor- even knew what it fucking was.

Before any of them could change the subject, however, the universe seemed to do it for them. In front of the group, a man who looked like another Wilbur was standing there, a weird-looking communicator in hand, looking a little confused.

“...I don’t think this was supposed to be today’s mod video.”

Chapter End Notes

woop woop another goddamn wilbur lets gooo

mods

Chapter Notes

i had planned for this chapter to be longer and have a different thing happen in it but then i realized that it would be a REALLY long chapter if i did that lmao so take this

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur looked at the new Wilbur. He was wearing the trademark slightly too big yellow sweater, but he also gave off the energy of... kind of magical. If that made sense. Maybe it was just a him thing, like the universe's pull.

Ghostbur, as always, went up to the new Wilbur first, sticking out a hand. "Hi! I'm Ghostbur, They're all Wilbur, I assume you're Wilbur Soot too?"

The new Wilbur blinked, then shook Ghostbur's hand and smiled. "Yeah! Nice to meet you!"

Even Ghostbur seemed shocked by this response. "Wh- huh?"

The new Wilbur tilted his head in confusion. "What? Is something wrong?"

"I- are you not confused by what's going on?" Ghostbur frowned.

The new Wilbur shrugged. "I've done weirder."

"Weirder than *time travel* ??" Alivebur exclaimed.

“Sure,” The new Wilbur grinned. “Wanna see?”

“Uh. What are you suggesting?” Alivebur asked.

“Oh, you know,” The new Wilbur shrugged again, revealing nothing.

“No, I don’t know,” Alivebur frowned, starting to look and sound a little annoyed. “What the hell are you talking about?”

The new Wilbur winked, then smiled and looked back to Ghostbur. “So, what’s the deal here?”

Ghostbur blinked. “Huh?”

“What’s going on?” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “Any mod here or should I go?”

“Mod?” Ghostbur looked very confused.

“Like Origins?” Phantom spoke up. “Sometimes people call the Orbs of Origin ‘mods’.”

“Hmm,” The new Wilbur hummed. “No, not that.”

“There’s no mods here,” Editor shook his head. “Other than basic plugins, I assume.”

“Ah, thank you,” The new Wilbur nodded. “Well, I’d best be going then!” He smiled widely and gave a lazy salute. “I have a video to film!”

He turned around and walked behind Church Prime. disappearing behind the building.

Resurrectedbur followed him, and the rest of the 'burs stayed where they were. He turned the corner, expecting to see the new Wilbur standing there or something, but was very surprised and confused when there was no Wilbur there. He looked around, but still no sign of any new Wilburs. He walked back to the rest of the group.

"He... disappeared," Resurrectedbur said, frowning. "I have no clue where he went."

"And you're surprised?" Deadbur raised an eyebrow. "There's so much weird shit going on, I'm not surprised by anything anymore. New Wilbur? Oh well. He disappears? What a shame. One less guy to keep track of."

"I thought I was the one keeping track of everyone," Resurrectedbur teased. He had kind of been put in charge automatically at the beginning, albeit unofficially. They had never declared him leader or anything, and he didn't think of himself as one, but as the most responsible- which wasn't saying much- he had assumed the role of 'leader' by default.

"You are?" Rust snickered. "Honestly, I'm surprised you all haven't lost anyone here. After being here for ten minutes, I can already tell that this group is not a very..." He seemed to struggle for a word. "Responsible group? I dunno." He shrugged. "How you're all still here and intact after what seems to me to have been a good while is beyond me."

"And you could do better?" Blue challenged. "No one here is really the leader, Resurrectedbur is the only one keeping half of us from running off in different directions half the time!"

"Please," Rust scoffed. "I care for a child by myself. I'm more than capable."

"You huh?" Blue blinked.

“He’s not really a child, I guess,” Rust chuckled. “He’s 16.” He frowned. “17? I’m not sure...”

“Tommy?” L’manbur asked immediately.

“Yes!” Rust nodded. “Is there a Tommy in this universe, too?”

“Yeah,” L’manbur smiled fondly. “He’s like a little brother to me.”

Resurrectedbur’s chest ached.

“I wouldn’t say ‘this universe’,” Deadbur spoke up. “It might be the same univ-”

“Don’t start,” Alivebur interrupted him flatly. Deadbur shut his mouth, but smirked at Alivebur, who rolled his eyes lightheartedly.

“Anyways,” Rust continued. “I’m more than qualified to be the responsible one here.”

“Tommy’s not an actual kid, though,” L’manbur frowned. “He could probably care for himself.”

“I have to stop him from-” Rust started, then cut himself off and pressed his lips together. “Never... never mind.”

Resurrectedbur frowned, but didn’t push. A few of the others looked like they wanted to ask, but no one said anything.

He suddenly felt the pull and a pounding ache in his head- nowhere near as it had been other times, but still very unpleasant. He sighed. “We’re travelling soon.”

The Wilburs before Phantom just nodded and braced themselves, but the Wilburs that weren't from this Server seemed confused.

“Travelling?” Ace asked. “What do y-”

Resurrectedbur blinked, and suddenly he was by himself. Still by Church Prime, and everything looked relatively the same, but none of the other Wilburs were there.

...that's not good.

Chapter End Notes

if ur wondering where the fuck the new wilbur went. you heard the man hes off to film a video

god this wilbur is so fun to write and i feel like ive said that for All Of Them but this wilbur is smthn else-

you'll understand when you're older

Chapter Summary

you're keeping a dark secret
but you're talking in your sleep!

Chapter Notes

WHAT KINDA PRESSURE DO THEY PUT ON YOU WHAT KINDA PRESSURE
DO THEY PUT ON YOU
WOOO HOW WE FEELINGGGG PEBBLE BRAIN IS SUCH A BOP >:DDD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manbur blinked and Ace's voice cut out. When he opened his eyes, he saw that he was in a big gray building. Huh?

He looked around and saw Blue, Phantom, and Rust nearby, but none of the rest of the Wilburs.

"Uh..." He looked around more. "Where are we?"

"Oh, we're in the museum!" Blue exclaimed. "Where..." He looked around as well. "Where are the rest of them?"

"No clue," L'manbur shrugged.

"What the fuck?" Phantom blinked.

“Where is this?” Rust frowned.

“It’s Eret’s Museum,” Blue explained. “Has a buncha recreations of different places from the SMP’s history, like the Camarvan and the button room.”

“What’s the.. caramel van?” Phantom asked. “Van? Camar? Huh?”

“Oh, it’s a drug van,” Blue shrugged.

“It’s not a drug van!” L’manbur argued. “It’s *potions* .”

“You literally called it a drug van,” Blue raised an eyebrow.

“You have a drug business?” Rust snickered. “L’manbur, I didn’t think you were the type of person to engage in that type of business!”

“Oh, shut the fuck up,” L’manbur rolled his eyes, smiling. “It’s just potions and brewing stands.”

“Sure, sureee,” Blue smirked and started walking up the stairs they were on, up to what seemed to be the ground floor.

There was a lot of stuff up here, from flags to little rooms to maps on the walls- and a red blob in a cage?? What was going *on* ??

“Okay, what the FUCK is that,” Phantom pointed to the red blob.

“Hmm?” Blue turned to what he was pointing at. He frowned. “I have... no clue. Uh...” He walked over to it, and the other three followed him.

“An egg??” Blue said in disbelief, reading a sign in front of it. “This is a replica of something called ‘the egg’ with ‘bloodvines’...”

“Sounds rotten,” Rust smirked.

L'manbur looked at Rust with a deadpan expression and didn't say anything, then turned back to the odd red egg.

“What else is around in here?” Phantom glanced to the rest of the room. “...there are lots of small rooms.”

“This Server has a history with small rooms,’ Blue shrugged. “No one trusts small rooms.”

L'manbur frowned and turned to look at the other recreations in the Museum. He saw a brick building- the Community House?-, a stone room, a wall of blackstone- L'manburg?-, and a small room of blackstone. ...he didn't like the look of that small blackstone room.

“Do you wanna look around?” Blue asked, mainly to Phantom and Rust. “I could give you a mini tour!”

“Ooh!” Phantom smiled. “Sure!”

Blue led them over to the other side of the Museum. First stop was the Community House.

“Hmm,” Blue hummed, looking at the sign by the recreation. “I'm not sure why there's a recreation of this, Resurrectedbur or Ghostbur or Spirit probably knows.”

“D'ya think it got blown up?” Rust joked.

“Probably,” Blue said, completely serious.

“I-” Rust blinked. “That was a joke.”

“This Server has a long and hard history with explosives,” Blue said in a voice that wasn’t quite his own- lower, almost like any of the not ghost Wilburs, its echo lost and sounding final. L’manbur shifted uncomfortably.

“Um... fun,” Phantom laughed nervously. “Sooo... what’s that?” He pointed to the blackstone wall.

“Oh, I know what this is!” L’manbur smiled. “This is the L’manburg Wall, seems that someone rebuilt a bit of it in here!”

“Probably Eret,” Blue nodded, his voice back to normal. “I think everything here was built by them.”

Phantom put his leather hat on and went out from under the small overhang, going invisible. The hat went across the room and over to some signs on the wall by a L’manburg flag. “Is this a quote wall with nothing under it?”

“Yeah,” Blue snickered. “I don’t think anyone ever got to putting some quotes there.”

“What’s that?” Rust pointed to the small stone room.

Blue frowned. “Hold on.” He walked over to the stone room, poked his head in, and promptly came right back. “Okay, let’s not go in there!”

“Why?” Phantom popped into existence- or, really just became invisible- right next to Blue, not taking his hat off. “What’s in there? What is it?”

“It’s...” Blue pursed his lips. “It’s nothing. Let’s look at something else.”

L’manbur tilted his head. What was he talking about? Was it that room Resurrectedbur wanted to look at in Blue’s time that Deadbur didn’t like?

He noticed Rust starting to walk around, and went to follow him. Blue and Phantom went to look around the rest of the Museum.

L’manbur didn’t pay attention to where he and Rust were going. And so, you can imagine the horror he felt when he realized that Rust was going straight towards that dreaded horrifyingly familiar small blackstone room.

Chapter End Notes

rust hes traumatized rust no rust youre leading him to a panic attack rust no stop it rust
nO RUST-

you won't get what you need

Chapter Notes

uhhh sorry for no chapter for a bit akjfh this chapter gave me a hard time idk lmao the title has nothing to do with the chapter i just have concrete stuck in my head enjoy !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“-ou mean?”

Editor opened his eyes to a very... brown room. That was just the first thing that came to his mind.

He looked around to see... crafting tables? Right. He was literally in minecraft. So this was a building made out of crafting tables. Or, at least the floor was. Ace, Deadbur, and Spirit were also there, but the others were nowhere to be seen.

“Where the fuck are we?” Ace asked. “What the hell just happened?”

“We time travelled,” Spirit said very casually.

“We WHAT?” Editor exclaimed.

“We time travelled,” Spirit repeated. “Get used to it. We do it a lot.”

“How did Resurrectedbur know??” Ace asked.

“He gets this really bad headache and feels a pull from the universe, as he puts it, every time we’re about to time travel,” Deadbur explained. “No one else here does, though. Something to do with resurrection, we guess.”

“Weird,” Ace frowned. “So... where are we?”

“We’re in the Community House,” Spirit glanced around the building. “As for what time we’re in...” He frowned. “Well, we can rule out anyone who isn’t in this Server, and Deadbur and I.”

“Not L’manbur’s time, probably,” Deadbur observed. “I think the Community House looked different then.”

“Oh yeah,” Spirit nodded. “So Alivebur’s, Blue’s, Ghostbur’s, or Resurrectedbur’s.”

“Or another Wilbur,” Deadbur added.

“But the new Wilburs are all from somewhere and sometime that isn’t this Server,” Spirit frowned.

“We never know, do we?” Deadbur shrugged. “You make a good point, but what has ever been predictable this entire time?”

“Nothing, although lots of things have been veeery convenient,” Spirit nodded.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Editor asked.

“We’re trying to figure out when we are?” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“We should probably go look around more for the others,” Ace tilted his head. “And to see other places to figure out what time we’re in.”

“Good point, good point,” Deadbur mused. “Shall we get going, then?”

“Where are we gonna go?” Editor asked.

“We could go back to where we were before?” Ace suggested.

“Church Prime,” Spirit nodded. “Makes sense, let’s go!”

Spirit led them out of the Community House and down a wood path, down to the familiar looking place they had been before. Church Prime, Spirit had called it.

“Resurrectedbur?” Spirit called out. “Ghostbur? Alivebur?” He paused, but there was no response.

“...where are they??” Deadbur frowned.

“Do you always end up in one group after time travelling?” Editor asked. “Or has this happened before?”

“This has never happened before,” Spirit put his hands on his hips. “I have no clue what happened or where they are.”

“Are there any places they might be?” Ace asked.

“Hmm...” Spirit tapped his chin. “Maybe... L’manhole?”

“What’s L’manhole?” Editor asked.

“A crater where a country used to be,” Spirit shrugged. “Like usual.”

Editor and Ace looked at each other, concerned. Like usual?? What the fuck was that supposed to mean???

“Shall we go, then?” Deadbur asked, just like last time.

“Want me to lead, again?” Spirit asked.

“You are the only one who really knows where it is,” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, come on,” Spirit elbowed him. “You don’t know where L’manburg is?”

“I know where L’manburg is,” Deadbur crossed his arms. “Not L’manhole.”

“They’re literally the same thing,” Spirit rolled his eyes. “But I can lead if you don’t want to.”

“Go ahead, then,” Deadbur waved his hand.

Spirit led them down the wood path again in the same direction they had been going earlier, past Church Prime. Soon, they approached a big gray and white building to the right of them.

Editor glanced in, and was surprised to see L’manbur and Rust in there. He squinted and saw Phantom and Blue farther in the building.

“Wait, guys,” He called. The others stopped. “L’manbur, Rust, Phantom, and Blue are in there.” He pointed to the building with his thumb.

“Oh?” Spirit turned to look into the building. “Oh!” He walked up the steps, and Editor and the others followed.

Editor looked around the big building they were in. There were lots of small rooms- almost like little recreations of bigger things. Though, maybe they weren’t smaller and the real things were just that small. Was this a museum?

Deadbur suddenly froze. Editor glanced at him, then looked to where he was staring. He frowned, all he was staring at was L’manbur and the little blackstone room he and Rust were walking towards.

Deadbur walked faster- almost a run, not quite- and grabbed L’manbur’s hand.

“You do realize what the fuck you’re walking to, right?” Deadbur asked.

L’manbur glanced at the room, and his eyes widened.

Deadbur sighed and rolled his eyes.

“What’s that?” Editor asked.

“That,” Deadbur frowned. “Is the Final Control Room.” L’manbur stiffened at the mention of it. “Well, a recreation of it. This is Eret’s Museum, and it just so happens that L’manbur here literally just finished a war in which the Final Control Room was... important.”

Editor glanced at the 'Final Control Room'. He looked inside, and saw some chests lined up on both sides of the little room. On each of the chests was a sign with a name on it. In the middle of the floor, there was a button.

"Can I open the chests?" He asked. He knew there probably wouldn't be anything in any of them, but he had a burning curiosity.

"Sure," L'manbur nodded.

Editor smiled and turned back to one of the chests. It had a sign with the name "Fundy" on it. He opened it, and nothing was in it. He opened the chests labeled "TommyInnit", "Eret", and "Tubbo". All of them had nothing in it. Finally, he turned to the chest named "WilburSoot".

When he opened it, he saw one thing in it- a book. The words "I'm Sorry" were written carefully on the front. He opened it, and out of the entire book, only one page had words on it.

"I'm Sorry

-Eret"

Editor frowned. This felt like something he shouldn't be looking at. This wasn't his business, It was L'manbur's. Or Alivebur's. Or Deadbur's. Or Resurrectedbur's. Who knew who this 'Eret' person was really apologizing to. And for what? What happened here?

He knew better than to ask. That would be stupid and probably bring back bad memories for the others.

He closed the book quietly and carefully set it back in the chest. He closed the chest, stood up, and walked out of the room.

“Was there anything in the chests?” Spirit asked curiously.

Editor hesitated, then shook his head. “Nope.”

Spirit frowned, but seemed to believe him and let it go. Well, if he didn’t believe him then he didn’t say anything about it.

Editor glanced at L’manbur, who was talking to Blue about something. He glanced to Deadbur, who was staring at a *different* small room. Did this place have a history with small rooms? Or was it just that this museum had smaller recreations?

“You okay?” Editor asked Deadbur quietly so that only he could hear him.

“Hmm?” Deadbur slowly looked away from the other stone room. “Oh, yeah.” He turned back to the rest of the Wilburs.

Editor wasn’t convinced.

Chapter End Notes

woo deadbur here to stop lmanbur from having war flashbacks lets gooo
hmm sure do wonder where resurrectedbur and ghostbur and alivebur are :thinking:

right week, cursed day (another chapter was underway)

Chapter Summary

another year in the light of the flower moon

Chapter Notes

time to check in on the missing burs

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur blinked and opened his eyes. Ace's voice was gone. Looking around, it seemed that all of the other Wilburs were gone too. Except for one.

"Wh- huh?" Ghostbur blinked multiple times. "Where'd everyone go?"

"I dunno," Alivebur furrowed his brow. "When are we?"

"Well, we were just in my time," Ghostbur tilted his head.

"And we're by L'manhole, and it's not covered in glass" Alivebur nodded to the crater. "So... Resurrectedbur's time?"

"Yeah," Ghostbur nodded. "Where is everyone?"

"No clue," Alivebur looked around more, but he didn't see anyone else, Wilbur or not. "I wonder why we got separated, that's never happened before..."

“Is it something to do with the new Wilburs?” Ghostbur asked. “The ones not on this Server?”

“Maybe,” Alivebur shrugged. “Who knows?”

“Someone knows,” Ghostbur started walking around the edge of L’manhole. “Just not us.”

“And who would that someone be?” Alivebur followed him.

“I dunno, DreamXD?” Ghostbur shrugged. “Whoever- or whatever- is doing all this.”

“I mean, maybe even they don’t know,” Alivebur peeked over the edge of the crater. “Maybe really no one knows.”

Ghostbur didn’t say anything to that. “So... what should we do?”

“We could go back to Church Prime,” Alivebur suggested.

“Oh yeah,” Ghostbur nodded. “That’s where we were, weren’t we?” He turned away from L’manhole and hopped up onto the Prime Path. Alivebur followed him.

They kept walking along the Prime Path, heading towards Church Prime, when they noticed a familiar looking man walking down the Path towards them, but seemingly not noticing them.

“Resurrectedbur?” Ghostbur sounded surprised.

Resurrectedbur turned towards them. “Uh- what?”

“Why do you have that coat on?” Ghostbur questioned. “I thought you didn’t like it! What happened? Do you know where anyone else is? Oh! Are you okay? Do you still have a headache?”

Resurrectedbur- was this Resurrectedbur? He didn’t seem like it- just looked confused. “Wait a minute, aren’t you dead?”

“Aren’t *you* dead?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“No, not anymore,” Wilbur frowned. “Ghostbur is, though. He’s very dead.”

“Thanks,” Ghostbur forced a smile. “I couldn’t tell. So... I’m guessing you’re not Resurrectedbur?”

“I’m Wilbur,” The new Wilbur tilted his head. “And you’re Ghostbur... and you’re...”

“Alivebur,” Alivebur finished for him. “Probably just you but from October 2020.”

“...what??” The new Wilbur stared at him.

“Yeah, it’s confusing,” Alivebur waved it off. “Hmm.. what are we gonna call you?”

“I’m Wilbur,” The new Wilbur repeated.

“All of us are, dipshit,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “We all have nicknames to simplify things. Except for Ghostbur, but there are two other Ghostburs with different nicknames.”

“Hold on, hold on,” The new Wilbur raised his hands in front of him. “How many Wilburs are there?”

“Uh...” Ghostbur narrowed his eyes. “There were seven, then add Phantom, Ace, Editor, Rust, that one other guy that disappeared, and now you... Thirteen!” He beamed.

“Wh- how??” The new Wilbur looked very confused.

“We have no clue,” Alivebur shrugged. “Now, we’re trying to find the others, so you should probably come with, and I guess if you don’t want to... we’ll see you later.”

“Wait a minute, what happens if I don’t come?” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow with a small smile.

“I dunno, no one except that one guy that disappeared has ever just.. not come,” Alivebur frowned. “You’d probably come with us when we time traveled again, though.”

The new Wilbur opened his mouth as if to say something, but he closed it when no sound came out. “I.. was going to ask about the time travel, but I guess if you’re from last October.. that does make sense, doesn’t it?”

“Yep!” Ghostbur smiled. “We’d best get going, they’re probably wondering where we are, too!” He started walking, and Alivebur followed. “If you’re gonna come, then come!”

The new Wilbur hesitated for a few seconds, but then decided to follow them both.

The three of them walked down the Prime Path- up from L’manhole, past Tommy’s house, past Targay, and almost past the Museum before Alivebur noticed something.

“Oh, there they are!” Alivebur elbowed Ghostbur gently. “In the Museum.”

Ghostbur and the new Wilbur looked to where he was looking. Ghostbur smiled widely and immediately bounded over.

“Hi hi hi!” Ghostbur called to the others.

Blue, Deadbur, and Editor were closer to the entrance, with L’manbur, Spirit, Ace, Phantom, and Rust farther in the museum.

“Oh, there you three are!” Blue exclaimed as Ghostbur and Alivebur walked up, the new Wilbur behind him. “We were wondering where you were!”

“Oh, this isn’t Resurrectedbur,” Alivebur pointed at the new Wilbur with his thumb over his shoulder. “But he does look exactly like him.”

“No, he doesn’t have the pink in his hair,” Deadbur pointed out.

L’manbur, Spirit, and Rust walked over, Spirit seemingly messing with his- well, maybe not his, Alivebur didn’t know if he still had his communicator in the afterlife- communicator.

“So Resurrectedbur isn’t here?” Ghostbur asked.

“Nope,” Blue shook his head. “We have no clue where he is, and we can’t whisper to him since this isn’t any of our times, it’s probably Resurrectedbur’s.”

“It’s probably his time, actually,” Alivebur nodded to the new Wilbur.

“I am *right* here,” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “Could you stop acting like I’m just not here?”

“Sorry, sorry,” Alivebur apologized. “We still need a name for you.”

“Wait, what’s going o-” Spirit looked up from the communicator. “YOU!”

They all jumped at the sudden shout.

“Wait a minute,” The new Wilbur narrowed his eyes, then widened them “Wait, are y-”

Spirit suddenly threw the communicator right at the new Wilbur’s face.

“WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT FOR?” Wilbur shouted, his hand covering his right eye.
“YOU ALMOST THREW THAT IN MY EYE!”

“I’M SORRY, I’M SORRY!” Spirit said quickly. “I didn’t mean to, I was just surprised-”

“So you threw that at my *face* ??” Wilbur glared at him with his uncovered eye.

“Look, what else was I supposed to do?” Spirit’s face was red- well, it was more purple since his skin was a kind of gray-blue- with embarrassment.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Wilbur said sarcastically. “ *Not* throw a fucking communicator at my face??”

Spirit sneered and opened his mouth to say something, but Rust suddenly popped up in between them.

“Okay, okay, calm down,” Rust said calmly. “Spirit, say sorry.”

Spirit glared at Wilbur. "Sorry."

"..wilbur," Rust said, for lack of a better nickname. "Calm down." He turned to Spirit again. "Why did you throw that at him?"

"Because I was mad," Spirit muttered.

"And why were you mad?" Rust asked.

"Because that fucker-" Spirit pointed accusingly at the new Wilbur. "pushed me off a goddamn train!"

"I- okay.." Rust tilted his head. He turned to the new Wilbur. "Why did you do that?"

"..because I just wanted to get out of there fast," The new Wilbur admitted. "And he wouldn't get off."

"Maybe you should've been patient," Rust suggested.

"He wasn't *going* to get off," The new Wilbur glared at Spirit. "And the train wasn't going to go anywhere if he didn't get off."

"Why didn't you want to get off?" Rust turned to Spirit again.

"Because I didn't want to die, is that such a crime?" Spirit demanded.

"I..." Rust sighed. "I think I'm missing something important here."

“I can explain,” Deadbur spoke up. “Spirit is dead Ghostbur, and his afterlife- and my afterlife- is an abandoned train station. To get there, you die, or in a ghost’s case, are killed to be revived, and in our case with the train station, you get there via train. Spirit didn’t want to get off because if he did then he would be stuck- which he is, or at least will be once all this is over. Resurrectedbur- or I guess, Revivedbur, as I’ve been calling him in my head- forced him off the train because he wanted to get *out* of there.”

Rust paused to process that information. “Okay, I see both of your sides. I think that may have been irrational on both of your sides, but that was in the past.” He looked to Spirit. “You shouldn’t have thrown that at him.”

Spirit glared at the floor.

“I’m not mad at you,” Rust patted him on the shoulder. “I’m just trying to stop this argument.”

“You’re really good at that,” L’manbur sounded impressed.

“Please,” Rust rolled his eyes. “I have to stop Tommy from literally stabbing people every day.”

“Literally?” Phantom raised his eyebrows in surprise.

“Literally,” Rust nodded.

“Uh... what the fuck?”

“Resurrectedbur!” Ghostbur exclaimed.

Alivebur turned to the voice to see Resurrectedbur standing at the entrance to the Museum, looking very confused.

Chapter End Notes

yea rust is definitely the most responsible here
woo we r almost done w the new wilburs :) just a fewww more i think

writer of reality

Chapter Notes

btw the beginning of this chapter is a littleee confusing bc of the switch but the part after the first '---' is new wilbur pov picking up from where last chapter left off!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur grinned. “Alright, now I’m Tommy, and you’re Tommy, okay?”

“Okay,” Tommy replied. “HELLO?”

“HELLO?” Wilbur said with a dramatic accent, sounding *just* like Tommy. Exactly like Tommy.

Tommy burst out laughing. “HELLO?”

“HELLO?” Wilbur said again, with the same accent.

“What do you want?” Tommy asked.

“I can ask the same thing to you, what do you want?” Wilbur shot back.

“I don’t sound like that!” Tommy laughed.

“I’ve been put into exile, Tommy,” Wilbur ignored him.

“No! No, that’s not good, Tommy!” Tommy said.

“Fuck, fuck fuck, oh fuck, ohhhh no, fuck, fuck,” Wilbur cursed. “This is so fucking bad!”

“No, fuck!” Tommy snickered.

“No, Dream, don’t make me blow up my armor, Dream, fuck fuck!” Wilbur sighed.

“Tommy, how can I help you?” Tommy asked. “How can I help you?”

“Okay, now I’m gonna be Jack Manifold,” Wilbur broke away from character.

He blinked.

“Ayup!” He said with a different dramatic accent.

“Fucking hell, another one?”

Wilbur stared at... Wilbur. What the fuck? First *Ghostbur* and *himself from Pogtopia* bumped into him, then they led him to a billion other versions of him, and now *another one* was standing right there, and this one was apparently one they had mistook him for.

“Hi,” The other Wilbur- Resurrectedbur, they had called him- said as he walked up the steps into the Museum. “Another one?”

“Yeah!” Ghostbur nodded. “And he looks just like you but with the coat and without the pink hair and way more confused!”

“Ooookay,” Resurrectedbur turned to look at Wilbur. “Hi, we’re all Wilbur Soot, nice to meet you.”

“Um.” Wilbur glanced around. “Hi?”

“Yeah, it’s weird,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “But what can ya do?”

“How the fuck?” Wilbur asks.

“We don’t know,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “Anyways, introductions? Ghostbur?”

“On it!” Ghostbur grinned. “So! We have L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Spirit, Resurrectedbur, and Phantom, Rust, Ace, Editor, and now... you!” He pointed at each Wilbur as he said their name.

“I... that is so many,” Wilbur looked at all of them.

“Yeah,” Ghostbur nodded. “So what should we call you? Revivedbur? I assume you’re just Wilbur but revived, and since we already have a Resurrectedbur, you can be Revivedbur!”

“Sounds good to me,” Wilb- Revivedbur shrugged.

“Great!” Ghostbur grinned. “Well, welcome to the club!”

“What the fuck do you guys even do?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow.

“We wander around, talk, time travel, ask about each others’ mysterious pasts-” Ghostbur started listing.

“Only you do that,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “And you only did that once.”

“Shut up,” Ghostbur pouted.

“Mysterious pasts?” Revivedbur smirked. “We’re all Wilbur, we know each others’ ‘mysterious pasts’.”

“We don’t know Editor’s,” Blue countered. “Or Rust’s.”

“I don’t have a mysterious past!” Editor argued.

“Sure, sure, we alllll believe you,” Spirit said sarcastically.

“Why don’t you believe me?” Editor frowned.

“Because you’re so defensive about it,” Spirit narrowed his eyes. “I wouldn’t be that defensive about it.”

“Spirit, you literally are,” Resurrectedbur said dryly. “You have a ‘mysterious past’ and you didn’t tell anyone about it except me.”

“That doesn’t count, I told everyone eventually,” Spirit argued. “And it wasn’t like I *could* tell anyone! Time travel rules and all that.”

“What are you even talking about?” Ace asked.

“Nothing,” Spirit waved it away. He turned to Rust. “And your dark, mysterious past, sir?”

“I don’t have a dark mysterious past, I just live somewhere that I don’t want to talk about,” Rust crossed his arms.

Spirit frowned. “Why not? Where is it? What’s it like?”

“I literally just said I’m not telling you,” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Come onnnnnnn!” Spirit complained. “You’re so secretive. Spill the beans!”

“What were you and Resurrectedbur talking about?” Rust countered. “With your mysterious past?”

“None of your business,” Spirit stuck his tongue out at him.

“You told all of us, why not them?” L’manbur elbowed him lightly.

“I didn’t tell you, Ghostbur figured it out and then Resurrectedbur told everyone!” Spirit frowned.

“You said you wanted to tell us, though,” Deadbur raised an eyebrow. “And you gave half of us clues about it.”

“Well, maybe I don’t trust these people and their mysterious, dark backstories they won’t tell us about,” Spirit stuck his nose in the air.

“I don’t *have* one!!” Editor repeated. “I don’t know why you think I’m so mysterious!”

“Something about you seems suspicious,” Blue squinted.

Editor sighed. “What about Ace? You’ve said nothing about him.”

“Ace has given us an explanation of where he’s from,” Ghostbur pointed out. “And it all makes sense. No contradictions, no hesitation, just a straight story.”

“I gave you a story!” Editor retorted. “I’m from Earth, I edit videos, and I’m looking for more editing jobs.”

“You haven’t told us about your dark and mysterious past,” Spirit smirked.

“I-” Editor started, then just sighed and dropped his head in his hands. “I’m not going to try to argue with you three anymore.”

Blue, Ghostbur, and Spirit grinned.

Spirit turned to Rust with a mischievous look in his eyes. “Now, back to y-”

“Ayup!”

They all turned to the voice.

“Fucking hell, another one?” Alivebur groaned. “Why?”

Standing there was another Wilbur, wearing a tan sweater with two black lines on it. “I... huh?”

“Okay, now I’m gonna be Jack Manifold,” Wilbur stopped the Tommy impression.

Tommy smiled, waiting for Wilbur to say something. He kept looking around for trash.

After a bit, with Wilbur not saying anything, Tommy frowned. “Wilbur? You there?” When he still got no response, he checked Discord.

Wilbur was still in VC, unmuted and undeafened, but he wasn’t saying anything or typing anything.

“Wilbur?” Tommy repeated.

Wilbur didn’t respond.

“Okay... weird,” Tommy shrugged it off. Probably nothing. He kept on looking for trash. After Wilbur didn’t say anything for a few more minutes, he went back to the other VC.

After he ended stream over an hour and a half later, Wilbur was still in VC, online, unmuted, undeafened, and wasn’t responding to any dm’s, texts, calls, or anything.

Tommy was starting to get worried.

Chapter End Notes

happy halloween

(btw the dialogue at the beginning is from tommys teamseas stream !)

you've read the title

Chapter Notes

teeheehee

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur glanced around. This was certainly the... predicament.

“What the fuck...” he muttered. “Um. Okay, I recognize half of you.”

“Wh-what?” One of the Wilburs stammered. Short, yellow sweater, gray skin- Ghostbur?

“Hmm...” Wilbur hummed. “You’re Ghostbur?”

Ghostbur blinked. “How did you-”

“And you’re Alivebur,” Wilbur pointed at the one in the brown trench coat. “And you’re Revivedbur,” He pointed at the one in the darker brown trench coat. “Alivebur from L’manburg time, I assume Deadbur, Ghostbur but another time, and Ghostbur but... dead?”

“How the FUCK did you know that?” Alivebur asked incredulously.

“I dunno,” Wilbur shrugged with a smile. He turned to the one with a puffy coat and beanie. “Editor Soot?”

He blinked. “Uh?”

“This sure is something,” Wilbur hummed. “I assume we’re on the Dream SMP, based on the fact that we’re right by L’manhole.” He looked across the crater. “A lot... bigger, in-person.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Alivebur with a L’manburg uniform asked.

“Wait a goddamn minute-” Ghostbur but dead furrowed his brow. He looked up at Wilbur. “Wait a fucking- you asshole!” He held his hand up in front of him, and an axe appeared in his hands. “You motherfucker!”

“Wait, waitwaitwait,” Wilbur backed up. “Hold on, what are you doing with th-”

“YOU LITTLE BITCH!” Dead Ghostbur shouted, running at him with the axe.

“STOP IT!” Wilbur yelped. “WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?”

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH *YOU* ?” Dead Ghostbur demanded. “I SHOULDN’T BLAME DREAM OR REVIVEDBUR! THIS WAS ALL YOU!” He finally got the axe up to Wilbur’s neck, causing Wilbur to freeze, his hands in front of him defensively.

“Now hold on, we can talk this out,” Wilbur glanced at the blade against his neck. That was sharp.

“Spirit, please stop trying to kill every other person you see,” One of the people said tiredly, the tall one with the neapolitan ice cream hair and yellow sweater. “Why do you hate him, anyways? He literally just got here.”

‘Spirit’ glanced at Wilbur.

“Uh,” Wilbur tried to ignore the axe. “No one needs an identity crisis right now.”

Spirit pressed his lips together in thought for a few seconds, before sighing and putting the axe away somehow. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“What the FUCK are you talking about?” Alivebur demanded.

“Ghostbur, introductions, even though he kind of already knows all of us,” Spirit muttered.

“Ooookay, well hi, I’m Ghostbur,” Ghostbur smiled widely towards Wilbur. “Although you apparently already know that. Well. We have, in chronological order, L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Spirit, Resurrectedbur, Revivedbur, Phantom, Ace, Editor, and Rust!”

“Editor comes before all of you, actually,” Wilbur nodded to the mentioned man. “And Rust probably comes before... Ghostbur, but after Deadbur. Maybe after Deadbur.” He frowned. “What’s Ace from?”

“Minecraft Championship, if you mean Server,” Ace replied.

“What MCC?” Wilbur asked.

“MCC 16,” Ace responded. “Literally in the middle of Ace Race.”

“Ooof,” Wilbur winced. “During the theater kid bit?”

“Yep,” Ace snickered. “I actually got.. time travelled here right as I was saying Ace Race could fuck me!”

Wilbur laughed. “Oh my god, that’s great... y’know, you would’ve gotten seventh place.”

Ace’s smile dropped. “You’re joking.”

“Nope!” Wilbur cackled. “It was GREAT!”

“I WAS DOING SO WELL!” Ace shouted. “AND YOU’RE TELLING ME I WOULD’VE DONE THAT WELL??”

“You wouldn’t have gotten into Dodgebolt anyways,” Wilbur shrugged.

“Who wins?” Ace asked curiously.

“Uh...” Wilbur scrunched up his nose. “Pink Parrots, I think.”

“Dream won again??” Ace asked, exasperated. “You’ve gotta be kidding me.”

“*Again ??*” Spirit frowned. “The fuck?”

“Dream isn’t a little bitch in MCC,” Wilbur pat Spirit on the head, earning him a glare from the ghost. “He’s literally just a guy playing a game. No manipulation or killing of ghosts.”

Spirit pouted. “Please stop touching my head.”

Wilbur leaned on Spirit’s head on his elbow. “Sorry, did you say something?”

“WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!!” Spirit shouted.

“Lots of things, lots of things,” Wilbur grinned.

“Clearly,” Spirit grumbled.

“Question,” Revivedbur came over and joined Wilbur in bullying Spirit. “How tall are you?”

“Fuck you,” Spirit cursed at him.

“Little baby man,” Wilbur poked him.

“Alivebur already bullied Ghostbur with that, and he got punched in the face,” Spirit threatened.

“And you would punch me?” Wilbur smirked.

Spirit decked him in the face.

Wilbur just laughed. “Oh, you fucker! You fucker!”

“YOU FUCKER! *YOU* FUCKER!” Spirit flipped him off.

Wilbur rubbed where Spirit had punched him. “KSI kinnie?”

Spirit frowned. “Who? What?”

“Nothing, forget it,” Wilbur shook his head.

“Okay, ignoring that,” Resurrectedbur glanced at Spirit. “You need a name.”

“I have a name,” Wilbur frowned.

“A nickname,” Resurrectedbur clarified. “We can’t all call each other Wilbur. Ghostbur, don’t.”

Ghostbur, who was about to add something in there, deflated.

“You can just call me Wilbur,” Wilbur insisted. “Trust me, it makes sense. Spirit can vouch for me. Probably.”

Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow and glanced at Spirit.

“I- yeah, it makes sense,” Spirit sighed. “Unfortunately, he does have a point.”

“Okay, that might make things more confusing, but. Alright.” Resurrectedbur muttered. “Well, welcome, I guess.”

Wilbur tilted his head. “Okay then.”

“So where are you from?” Ghostbur asked. “What Server?”

“I’m not from a Server,” Wilbur replied. “I’m from England.”

“Wait, really?” Editor perked up. “Like, Earth?”

“Yeah,” Wilbur nodded.

“Oh, thank fuck,” Editor laughed. “So I’m not just insane.”

“What *is* Earth?” Blue asked.

Editor and Wilbur glanced at each other.

“It’s a planet,” Wilbur said slowly. “With lots of different places, and England is just one of like... almost 200 countries on it.”

“Wow,” Ghostbur whistled, sounding impressed. “That’s a lot!”

“Yeah, it is,” Editor snorted. “And it gets really complicated, but I won’t go into politics and all that right now.”

“It only gets worse,” Wilbur sighed. “You’re from like.. 2018, 2019, right?” He directed the question to Editor.

Editor frowned. “Why?”

“Oh, no reason,” Wilbur smiled.

Editor narrowed his eyes.

“So,” Spirit said, a mischievous glint in his eyes. “Does Editor have a mysterious backstory, Wilbur?”

“Hm?” Wilbur tilted his head. “Oh, yeah, for sure.”

“WHAT?” Editor yelped.

“HA!” Spirit pointed at Editor. “YOU FOOL!”

“HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THAT??” Editor shouted.

“YOU’RE NOT DENYING IT!!” Spirit said gleefully.

“I just know things,” Wilbur smirked. “Ask me a question about one of you, I’ll answer it.”

“Hmm,” Spirit hummed. “Just say a quote from one of us.”

Wilbur pursed his lips in thought, thinking of what quote would be the best to say here. Not one that would make one of them immediately panic, but one that would surprise everyone.

“My L’manburg, Phil, *my L’manburg* !” He decided dramatically, causing Deadbur to stiffen. “My unfinished symphony, *FOREVER UNFINISHED* !”

“How the fuck-” Revivedbur frowned.

“Kill me, Phil, k-” Wilbur continued.

“OKay, that’s enough,” Deadbur interrupted him, laughing nervously. “I don’t- that’s enough.”

“Alright, alright,” Wilbur stops. “Believe me now?”

“I don’t even know the context to that, but based on the reactions you got, I’m going to assume it was scarily accurate,” Editor nodded.

“I could also do Ghostbur’s voice,” Wilbur said thoughtfully. “No echo, but if I had my mic and voice filters then I could.”

“Ghostbur’s voice is just any of our voices but higher pitched,” Phantom frowned. “I bet I could do it.”

“Hmm,” Wilbur hummed. “Phantom, you might be able to. But I doubt anyone else here could actually do it perfectly well.”

“Well then, do it,” L’manbur urged him.

Wilbur cleared his throat, he hadn’t done this voice in a bit. “Hi, I’m Ghostbur!”

“Oh, fuck, that’s scarily accurate,” Alivebur jumped. “How the fuck??”

“I am simply all-knowing,” Wilbur grinned.

“No you’re not,” Spirit said flatly.

Wilbur elbowed him lightly.

Chapter End Notes

spirit please stop trying to kill everyone that axe wasnt resurrectedbur allowing you to murder

mysterious backstories?

Chapter Notes

this was SUPPOSED to be a chapter when i added another wilbur but it got too long so take this and look forward to another bur next chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur frowned at Wilbur. There was something about him that just seemed... wrong. Yet also like he was the only one who was *supposed* to be here.

Spirit also seemed to not like him, only begrudgingly not beheading him with Dream's axe. Deadbur didn't know *why* Spirit didn't like him, but he had a reason. Just not one that he or Wilbur seemed to want to share.

"You said you're from this 'earth' place, right?" Blue asked Wilbur.

"Yeah," Wilbur nodded, standing up straighter from leaning on his elbow on Spirit's head. "Why?"

"Editor said he's from there, too," Blue tilted his head. "And he didn't explain it much."

"I didn't *get* to, Rust interrupted me," Editor said, annoyed.

"I did huh?" Rust looked up at the sound of his name.

"When you joined the group, I was in the middle of explaining shit about Earth," Editor explained. "Then you fell on the ground and *interrupted* me."

“I didn’t fall, I was about to go to sleep,” Rust huffed. “Then I got interrupted by fucking time travel. And now I’m even more tired.”

“When was the last time you slept?” Phantom asked suspiciously.

Rust hesitated. “Uh... not that recently, I’ve been busy.”

“Busy with what?” Ghostbur pushed.

“None of your business,” Rust frowned.

Ghostbur sighed. “Worth a try.”

“Anyways!” Blue exclaimed. “Earth!” He pointed at Wilbur. “Explain!”

“What’s there to explain?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “It’s a planet that I live on.”

“There’s nothing interesting about it that’s not in any Server?” Blue pressed.

“Oh, there’s plenty of stuff that’s not here but is on Earth,” Wilbur nodded.

“And plenty of stuff that’s here that’s not on Earth,” Editor added.

“Like what?” Blue tilted his head.

“Oh, where to start,” Wilbur smiled. “Well, there’s no zombies, or skeletons, or any... hostile mob.”

“No *zombies* ?” Alivebur frowned. “None? At all?”

“Some people think that the apocalypse will be caused by it,” Editor shrugged. “But people also think the apocalypse will be caused by shit like nuclear warfare or robots.”

Deadbur noticed Wilbur glance at Rust, who didn’t seem to show any specific emotion in response to that. Wonder what that meant.

“Or a disease,” Wilbur snickered. “Some people think the world will end when some worldwide disease takes us all out like the Black Plague.”

“Why did you laugh at that?” Editor asked.

“No reason, no reason,” Wilbur smirked.

“I’m suddenly terrified for the next three years,” Editor muttered.

“You should be,” Wilbur nodded. Before Editor could say anything, he continued. “As for things that are on Earth, but not here, there’s so many things. I feel like anything I say would seem really random.”

“Guns,” Editor spoke up. “And working cars.”

“Why are *guns* the first thing you said?” Wilbur turned his head to Editor.

“Because Rust has a gun, and no one else here seems to recognize it,” Editor shrugged.

“You have a gun?” Wilbur raised his eyebrows, looking at Rust. “I guess I should’ve expected that, considering where you’re from, but damn. Don’t give that thing to anyone here.”

“I know that already, thanks,” Rust said dryly.

“What do you mean, where he’s from?” Spirit blinked innocently.

“Oh my god, stop asking that!” Rust elbowed Spirit lightheartedly.

“Not until you explain!” Spirit countered, grinning.

“I won’t,” Rust crossed his arms.

“We’re probably going to end up in his world anyways,” L’manbur shrugged. “Anyone not telling where they’re from is just putting off telling us when we’re inevitably going to find out later.”

“True!” Spirit nodded.

“Wait, we’re going back to our worlds?” Rust perked up. “How do you know that?”

“We’ve gone to all of our times on the SMP,” Resurrectedbur explained. “Multiple times, actually. And now we’re in Revivedbur’s time, so we know we’re not just going to be going to the seven of us’ times.”

“Oh, that’ll be fun to explain,” Wilbur muttered. “”Sorry I didn’t respond to you and caused lots of panic, I just got teleported to the Dream SMP with a bunch of other versions of myself!” Twitter’ll never believe me.”

“Pfft, the Internet will believe anything,” Editor elbowed him.

“But they think I’m lying all the time!” Wilbur complained.

“Take some pictures or something,” Editor suggested. “Hell, take a video.”

Wilbur perked up. “Oh my god, I could make a vlog out of this.” He grinned widely and pulled a weird-looking communicator thing out of his pocket.

“What’s that?” Spirit grabbed it out of his hands and held it up in the air sideways. “Is this your communicator? It looks weird.”

“It’s my phone, give it back-” Wilbur took it back from him. It wasn’t very hard, since Spirit was half his height.

“What can you do with it?” Ghostbur asked.

“Talk to people, take pictures, play games, lots of stuff,” Wilbur tapped on the screen a few times.

“How does it work?” Rust asked.

“It’s complicated, and I’m not really sure,” Wilbur didn’t look up from the ‘phone’. “I wonder if I can message Tommy…”

“I doubt there are cell phone towers here,” Editor looked to Deadbur. “Are there?”

“There are plenty of towers,” Deadbur frowned. “But I don’t know what a cell phone tower is.”

“I’ll take that as a no,” Editor muttered.

“I can try,” Wilbur replied. He tapped on the screen a few times. “Hmm. Okay, yeah, this isn’t working.”

“Told you,” Editor crossed his arms.

“Shut the fuck up,” Wilbur swiped down on the screen. “I’ll just take a picture real quick.”

“Of who? All of us?” Editor asked. “I don’t even know if you’ll be able to get all of us in frame.”

“If I back up enough, then I will,” Wilbur looked up from the phone, and smirked at Editor. “Would you rather I just take a picture of you?”

“I am the most normal looking person here, I doubt that’ll prove anything to people,” Editor snorted.

“Normal looking?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow. “You’re wearing a winter coat and a hat, and it’s barely even fall. It’s not cold at all.”

“All of us are at least wearing a sweater,” Editor pointed out. “You’re wearing a fucking trench coat, who are you to talk?”

“At least it’s not a puffy coat,” Revivedbur shrugged. “I can’t imagine how you’re not sweating buckets by now.”

“I have hypothermia,” Editor said dryly, causing everyone to burst out in laughter with the way he said it. He sounded like he was joking. Kind of. Maybe.

“That’s not how hypothermia works!” L’manbur laughed. “At least, I don’t think so...”

“Yeah, I don’t think it is either,” Editor smirked. “I was just joking.”

“About you having hypothermia, or that being the reason you’re wearing a winter coat?” Phantom questioned.

“That’s for me to know and you to not find out,” Editor shrugged.

Spirit looked at Wilbur.

“What?” Wilbur asked when he noticed Spirit looking at him. “What?? I’m not here to give you everyone’s secrets. I’m not that mean.”

“Not that mean?” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“...Touche,” Wilbur admitted. “But I’m not just gonna tell you everyone’s secrets.” He smirked. “Instead, I’m going to vaguely talk about them until you all figure them out.”

“WHAT THE FUCK??” Spirit shouted.

Wilbur smiled and shrugged.

Chapter End Notes

ghostburs please not everyone has a mysterious backstory and if they do theyre not abt to tell you

a new challenger approaches!

Chapter Notes

WOO new wilbur lets go pogchamp
i am procrastinating writing the next fwiatc main fic chapter so ummmmmmmmm its
probably gonna be long anyways lmao
this chapter is almost 2.2k words enjoy

ALSO ALSO ALSO IMPORTANT look in the end notes for an important question i
need yalls feedback on !!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue thought that Wilbur was fun, even if Spirit seemed to hate him. Blue thought that if he had no reason given to hate him, then he didn't hate Wilbur. And since Spirit and Wilbur refused to give a reason why they apparently hated each other, Blue didn't hate Wilbur. He just had no reason to, it just made sense.

Wilbur had put his 'phone' thing away after he and Editor had messed with it for about ten minutes, using words Blue had never even heard of before. Wife-eye. Inter-net. You-tube. Weird.

"So!" Wilbur cracked his knuckles. "Do you guys just wander around, or do you have an objective, or...?"

"I mean, with all the new Wilburs, I'm sure we all have our own personal objectives," Resurrectedbur frowned. "But we don't have any sort of like... quest, I guess. We're just fucking around until something happens. And shit tends to happen."

"Fun, like what?" Wilbur asked.

"We time travel all the time," Ghostbur spoke up.

“We also tend to spill secrets in the most awkward way possible,” Alivebur added.

Spirit glared at him. “It wasn’t that bad! And I didn’t even tell you all! Ghostbur did!”

“Oh, I’m not just talking about that,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “It’s become a pattern at this point. We’re obviously not very good at telling each other things.”

“You say,” Deadbur elbowed him.

“I’m included in the ‘we’,” Alivebur smirked.

“I would ask what those secrets are, but I think we’ve firmly established that no one here is sharing any secrets,” Ace rolled his eyes with a smile.

“I could share a secret!” Blue spoke up. He tried to think of a secret he had. As the silence as he tried to think of a secret to share drew longer, he frowned. “I don’t have a secret to share...”

“I mean, you only started existing a month ago, I’d be surprised if you already had a secret,” Deadbur pointed out.

“Wait, you’re a *month old*??” Rust raised his eyebrows.

“Oh, did we not explain that?” Resurrectedbur frowned. “Okay, so in case you couldn’t tell, L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, and I are all from the same Server- the Dream SMP. We’re all the same guy but from different times- well, the Ghostburs are a separate person- and it’s a little complicated. Blue is from December 16th, 2020 and he’s only existed for a month because he was technically “born” when Alivebur died.”

“I’m from the same server,” Revivedbur spoke up. “But... I’m not really sure what the difference between me and Resurrectedbur is.”

“You’ve got that weird green stuff on your face that makes you look like a zombie!” Ghostbur pointed out. “And Resurrectedbur has pink hair! You don’t!”

“You’re like... more canon-compliant,” Wilbur tilted his head, and Spirit glared at him. “Resurrectedbur definitely isn’t entirely correct.”

“What?” Resurrectedbur frowned. “What do you mean?”

“It’s complicated,” Spirit said in a way that screamed ‘shut the fuck up’ to Wilbur.

“Wait, is that why you said that coat felt like it was made just for you, but very much not you?” L’manbur pointed to the trench coat Revivedbur was wearing.

Resurrectedbur’s eyes widened. “Oh my god, that makes sense, doesn’t it?”

“What, you have this coat?” Revivedbur frowned.

“Yeah, I-” Resurrectedbur started to say.

He got cut off by the universe deciding it was tired of this conversation, and plopping another fucking Wilbur into existence. Except this one was floating.

“Oh, wow, you’re flying,” Ghostbur looked up at the new Wilbur.

“Wh- the fuck?” The new Wilbur frowned. “Where the hell am I?”

“Welcome to the Dream SMP,” Ghostbur smiled. “I would shake your hand, but I can’t really reach you....”

“Hmm,” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow, but jumped in the air- how did he do that??- and fell to the ground. Blue winced, expecting him to hurt his legs, but he seemed to take no fall damage, not even flinching from the fall. “Hi.”

He was wearing the typical Wilbur Soot yellow sweater, and honestly looked very normal if it wasn’t for the fact that he had just been flying seven feet in the air. He gave off an energy that said ‘I’m more important than you’. Blue wasn’t sure he liked that.

The new Wilbur also had rats on his head. And moles running around his feet. And birds flying around where he had just been floating. And what looked like little ants crawling around on the ground near him.

“The fuck is going on?” He said, sounding fed up even though Ghostbur had only said two sentences to him.

“Uh,” Ghostbur blinked, clearly not expecting the attitude. “Well, this is time travel. I do the introductions, most of the time!” He turned to the others. “So! We’ve got L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Spirit, Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, Phantom, Ace, Editor, Rust, Revivedbur, and Wilbur!” He frowned. “There was also one other Wilbur that kind of just walked off a while ago, but we haven’t seen him si-”

As if on cue, which it probably was, another Wilbur walked up from around a large rock that Blue swore wasn’t there a minute ago.

“Oh, I’m back here!” The Wilbur looked around and smiled. It was clearly the Wilbur that had walked off and disappeared behind Church Prime earlier. He didn’t really have any defining features- in fact, he looked just like the other new Wilbur physically- but Blue could just tell. And he suspected that everyone else could, too. “Cool.”

“Didn’t you fucking disappear earlier?” Phantom frowned. “Behind that church?”

“Maybe,” Old Wilbur, as Blue was calling him in his head, shrugged. “Maybe not. I said I had a video to film.”

“Oh, who the fuck are you?” Wilbur frowned. “Where are you from?”

“The TommyInnit Mod Video Cinematic Universe,” Old Wilbur- TommyInnit Mod Video Cinematic Universe Wilbur?- replied.

Wilbur blinked. “That’s- okay. Fun. Great.” He sighed.

“What?” Spirit tilted his head. “Why don’t you like him?”

“Well, to start, he’s started a bajillion cults, he’s generally confusing to talk to, and he’s probably a pain in the ass,” Wilbur muttered.

“Cults?” Spirit’s eyes glowed. “Do tell?” He turned to Mod Video Wilbur.

“I don’t think of them as *cults* , per say,” He shrugged. “Just fun little things I do.”

“You worshipped the void,” Wilbur said dryly. “You sacrificed Phil, Tommy, and Charlie to it. You had that weird fucking mule bits shop. You had that entire Doctor Malpractice bit with the *chest scissors* . They’re more than ‘fun little things’ you do.”

“Oh, but I think we all know who really did that,” Mod Video Wilbur smiled. It wasn’t a genuine smile. Not to say it was a forced smile, no. It was just creepy. “I may have done that, but you know who else did? Who did that, really, Wilbur?”

Wilbur stiffened, and Spirit seemed to be a little tense as well.

“How the fuck do you-” Wilbur started.

“I think you know the answer to that,” Mod Video Wilbur continued smiling. “Anyone with a little bit of common sense and conclusion drawing skills could figure it out.”

Blue glanced between Wilbur and Mod Video Wilbur. They were just staring at each other, creepy smile with unblinking, light red faintly glowing eyes staring at a taken aback frown, confused and annoyed.

“Yawn,” The new Wilbur- oh yeah, he was here, wasn’t he?- rolled his eyes. “This is fun and all, but I have a challenge to get back to. Can we hurry this shit up? I don’t take well to people slowing me down.” It sounded like a threat.

“And who are you?” Rust frowned at him, looking away from Wilbur and Mod staring at each other.

“I’m Wilbur, although it seems as though you have someone already named Wilbur,” The new Wilbur replied. “So to specify, I’m Wilbur Soot, in charge of 100 Player challenges.”

Wilbur perked up at that, looking away from Mod. “Wait, you’re- oh fucking hell.”

“Great, is he a cult starter too?” Editor asked sarcastically.

“N- well, hmm,” Wilbur hummed. “I guess it depends on what your definition of ‘cult’ is, but no. He’s just...” He pursed his lips. “I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Is he in Creative Mode?” Ghostbur asked. “He was flying just a bit ago.”

“And he didn’t take fall damage,” Blue added.

“I can fly and I don’t take fall damage, does that make me a Creator?” Spirit muttered jokingly.

“He’s definitely in Creative,” Wilbur glanced at the new Wilbur cautiously. “With access to commands and shit.”

“Isn’t that against Server rules?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “Dream’s gonna get pi-”

“Hold that thought,” Resurrectedbur interrupted him, his voice tense. “Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?” Editor frowned.

“Are we time travelling?” Ghostbur asked.

“No, no, that wasn’t like time travelling at all,” Resurrectedbur looked very confused. “It was like.. it was like-”

“Like *DreamXD* definitely heard you,” Revivedbur cut him off.

“You heard it?” Resurrectedbur perked up. “I guess that would make sense, since you’ve been resurrected too- oh, no,” He winced.

“Huh?” Revivedbur tilted his head.

“Nothing, you’ll see- well, feel- when we time travel,” Resurrectedbur waved it off.

“Who’s DreamXD?” Rust asked.

“He’s pretty much the god of this Server,” Spirit answered him. “And he doesn’t like it when Players break the rules.”

As if on cue, Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur stiffened, and a hole in the fabric of the universe was ripped open right by the new Wilbur, and *something* appeared.

A floating white orb with eyes everywhere, two golden rings floating around the orb in an ‘X’ shape, a billowing dark green cape that peeked open to show even more eyes. The god of the Dream SMP.

All of them except the new Wilbur and Mod stared at DreamXD in mild fear. Who wouldn’t be afraid of that appearing in front of you?

“Holy fuck, it’s a biblically accurate angel,” Wilbur remarked.

DreamXD ignored that comment and instead turned to the new Wilbur.

Hello, Wilbur Soot.

The voice came from everywhere and nowhere, a voice that was distinctly familiar, yet like a stranger’s voice. It almost wasn’t a voice, just a thought that they all unwillingly had at the same time.

“Hi,” The new Wilbur said, far too casual for this situation.

I have noticed that you are in Creative-

“That I am.”

Do not interrupt me-

“Or what?” The new Wilbur taunted. “What are you gonna do, kill me?”

I could. Now liste-

“I’m in Creative, though,” The new Wilbur tilted his head.

The /kill command still works on Players in Creative. I ask that you go out of Creative Mode and into Survival Mode. I’m only going to ask once.

“Uh, how about, no,” The new Wilbur crossed his arms. “Fuck off.”

Go into Creative or I will be forced to ban you.

The new Wilbur glared at DreamXD for a few moments before taking out his communicator and typing something.

He looked up from his communicator, and a second later, DreamXD disappeared in a cloud of smoke and one message appeared on everyone’s communicators.

DreamXD fell out of the world.

Everyone stared in shock at the new Wilbur and where DreamXD had just been for a few seconds.

“How the FUCK did you just kill GOD??” Spirit shouted. “He’s literally in Creative too!”

“Like he said, /kill kills Creators too,” The new Wilbur smirked. “Now, I should really get going.” He typed something into his communicator.

...

Nothing happened.

The new Wilbur frowned, then typed something again.

Nothing happened.

“What the fuck?” The new Wilbur tried again, and it didn’t work. Again.

“Are you trying to /stop the Server?” Wilbur asked incredulously. “That’s not gonna work. You’re not in charge here.”

“Wh- the fuck?” The new Wilbur said- almost a shout, but not quite, still angry though- and put his communicator away. “How the fuck do I leave then?”

“Why do you want to leave so badly??” Deadbur asked. “You’ve been here for like, five minutes! What’s so bad about this place?”

“I have shit to do, places to be, people to talk to,” The new Wilbur crossed his arms. “And I’d *appreciate it* if you could show me how to get back.”

“First off, we don’t even know where you’re from,” Rust frowned. “Second of all, you’re kind of stuck here. We all are. No one here *time travelled* on purpose.” He hesitated. “Well,

maybe h- where the fuck did that guy go?”

“The mod video Wilbur?” Blue looked around, and lo and behold, he was nowhere to be seen. “...okay, he’s just. Gone.”

“Yeah, besides him, no one here knows how to time travel,” Rust continued. “So shut the fuck up and deal with it.”

The new Wilbur rolled his eyes, but didn’t argue.

“Now, we need a name for you!” Ghostbur piped up. “Hmm... where did you say you were from?”

“Well, I have many titles,” The new Wilbur tilted his head. “But I’m in charge of the 100 Player Challenges.”

“Hmm...” Ghostbur squinted. “Challenger?”

“Sure,” Challenger shrugged.

Chapter End Notes

meet challenger, the o!ranboo kinnie /silly

IMPORTANT QUESTION HERE should i add pre-dsmp!wilbur..... i would have to do a bit of thinking abt what my personal pre-dsmp!sbi hcs are but i think that might be fun

even if i dont add him theres still at least one more wilbur to add ^ _ ^

RQ EDIT- CHALLENGER DIDNT KILL DREAMXD LIKE FR FR DREAMXD IS
FINE JUST PISSED AKJFHUSDJ

why don't we sit back, mellow again, the sun will marry the moon!

Chapter Summary

it'll be fine!

Chapter Notes

yea . fine

hello kings (gender neutral) weve got more burs ^_^ this one will be um. exciting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur sat on the edge of the cobblestone bridge, his legs dangling off above the void, the moon shining down on him.

“Peter, you’re going to fall into the void someday,” Wilbur said as he looked down at the green parrot slowly flapping its way down to the void. Like normal. “You’ll go too far, and in the blink of an eye you’re gone!”

Of course, Peter didn’t stop. Peter couldn’t understand him. Peter only stopped when he just barely got to the bottom.

“Fine,” Wilbur sighed with fake disappointment. “But when you die one day, don’t blame me!”

He stood up and started to walk down the path to the cobblestone platform, not being surprised when Peter appeared right next to his head, settling on his shoulder and nuzzling his head.

“Aw, is someone tired?” Wilbur cooed. “C’mon, let’s get you a nap, shall we?”

Peter didn’t say anything. Peter didn’t speak or understand English.

Wilbur took that as a good enough answer, and opened the door to the cobblestone house. He held his other hand up to his shoulder in front of Peter, and the bird walked onto his hand. He walked up to the top floor, set Peter down on the bed, smiled, and turned back around. He walked out of the house, closing the door on his way out.

The first thing that greeted him on his way out was Bentley, snotty and crying. Like usual.

“What do you want, Bentley?” Wilbur patted the panda on his head. “I know, I know, no bamboo, but I don’t have any of that right now! The sky gods don’t seem to want to give you food!”

Bentley stared at him. Pandas can’t talk.

Wilbur chuckled and pushed past him, moving towards the sky god temple across the bridge. He jumped up to the top of the temple and opened the trapdoor. He poked his head in, and smiled as he looked at Frasier, who was laying on the floor, sleeping. Wilbur backed out of the hole in the ceiling and jumped back onto the bridge.

He walked down the bridge over to the platform again, and headed over to the fishtank.

He walked up the steps of the tank and walked around the side of the tank to where a certain codfish was.

“Hey, New Milo!” He greeted the fish. “*I promise* I will get you dirt and sand and more coral soon, the sky gods just haven’t given me much of that kind of shit lately... honestly, it’s mostly just been dyes and music discs. Not very helpful.”

New Milo didn't respond. New Milo was a fish. Fish can't talk.

"Yeah, I know," Wilbur continued as if New Milo had said something. "Really unfair. No seeds for Peter, no bamboo for Bentley, no... carrots, I think donkeys eat, for Frasier," He looked down into the water. "And no dirt or sand or coral for you."

He sighed. "I promised you I would get you the closest to an ocean I can imagine, and I fully intend on fulfilling that promise. Sand, coral, kelp, hell, maybe even another fish if the sky gods are feeling particularly generous."

New Milo swam around in the tank, but still didn't respond. New Milo was a fish. Fish can't talk.

Wilbur laughed quietly at the fish swimming in circles below him, and walked back to the steps. "Goodnight, New Milo!"

He walked down the steps, ignored Bentley's gross snot that had dripped on the ground, and went over to the house. He opened the door, and waiting for him was Gubson, sitting right behind the door instead of in his cat bed like he should be.

"Gubson, what are you doing?" Wilbur picked up the cat, dangling him in the air. "Why aren't you sitting in your bed?"

Gubson didn't respond. Gubson was a cat. Cats cannot speak.

Wilbur held Gubson closer to him so he wasn't dangling over the ground, like you're *supposed* to hold a cat, and walked up the stairs to the second floor. He saw that, sitting in the cat bed, was Peter, staring up at him.

"Peter!" Wilbur scolded. "Why are you in Gubson's bed!"

He set Gubson down, then picked up Peter, letting him perch on his forearm. “That’s not your bed, silly bird!”

Peter squawked at him. That was the biggest response Wilbur had gotten out of any of the animals, besides Gubson scratching him the other day.

“Shush,” Wilbur held a finger up to Peter’s beak, hoping Peter didn’t... bite him. Bite? Was that the right word for a bird grabbing your finger in its beak? “I don’t want to hear your excuses.”

Peter nudged his finger, and Wilbur laughed. “What, you mad? C’mon, that’s not your bed! It’s Gubson’s! If you’re not careful, Gubson will get you before you can flap your way into the void far enough!”

Peter flew off of his arm and perched on his shoulder, headbutting Wilbur.

“Stop it, Pe-” Wilbur started to say, but got interrupted, as the world around him shifted and changed in the blink of an eye.

Phantom frowned at Challenger. Something about the new Wilbur just... set off alarms in his head.

For one, he acted like Ranboo, but not like he was a spoiled whiny child. An entitled whiny adult that actually had some level of power, apparently, unlike Ranboo. At least, in the Overworld Ranboo didn’t have any power. Maybe he had some sort of power in the End, he hadn’t really explained to anyone why exactly he was better than all of them.

And he also literally just killed a god. Well, Phantom assumed that this 'DreamXD' guy could probably just come back, considering respawning and the fact that you couldn't just kill god like that. But still. Most people couldn't just *kill* god like that. Or anyone like that, really. No one had access to commands.

Speaking of which, he literally had access to commands! No one's supposed to have that! Maybe it was different on this Server, but no one had commands on Origins. Except Tommy, but Phantom wasn't sure. Tommy didn't use commands, anyways.

And possibly related to that, when Challenger used the commands, Phantom noticed something peculiar. Maybe it was just him, but it seemed like Challenger's eyes and some thin little lines on his face and neck glowed for a few seconds right after. No one else commented on it, though, so he didn't mention it.

Although, maybe he shouldn't be that weirded out by it. Whatever the fuck was up with Challenger wasn't the weirdest thing that was happening. Phantom just *time travelled* to a world where a bunch of other versions of *himself* were also *time travelling*. Using commands really wasn't that weird in the grand scheme of thi-

“-ter-”

Phantom blinked, and turned around to the voice, to see another Wilbur standing there, a green bird on his forearm, mouth open, looking very surprised.

Chapter End Notes

i cannot wait to write next chapter but also a bit scared to

ALSO if u read little blue sheep.....sry for no updates i was busy writing the main fwiadc chapter and then ofc that was LONG as FUCK so it took a while and then i havent had the possessed sheep au words lately... BUT new chapter soon i promise !!!!

i KNOW peter is dead fuck you let me have this (/lh /silly)

overwhelmed

Chapter Notes

im projecting on this bitch..... if its not written well then fuck you (/lh)

anyways new bur. two more after this yeah thats right i ADDED ANOTHER ONE GOD
DAMN YOU ZO /dr

enjoy !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Wilbur noticed after he got... teleported was that there was dirt and grass and plants and *life* everywhere. This place was huge.

However, he didn't have the time to stare at the grass, because with a giant new world came new sounds and sights and smells and *everything* . It was too much. Wilbur had spent as long as he could remember on that island in the void, just him, his pets, and the sky gods, with not much commotion or noise. It's not like this place was full of people who were screaming and shouting, but just the sound of the world and the animals and the sight of so much stuff he had barely ever seen and the eyes of so many people looking at him wasn't something he was prepared for.

He wanted to move, but he couldn't, he was fixed to the spot where he stood, he wanted to say something, but he didn't know what to say, he wanted to *do something* but he couldn't. He couldn't manage to move to do something, no matter how much he desperately wanted to.

He hated the- fucking- fourteen pairs of eyes on him, looking at him expectantly as if he was supposed to do something, and maybe he was, he didn't really know, this was so different, maybe there was something he was supposed to be doing right now while he was standing here looking like a fool-

His vision went a little blurry, and he didn't know why, but he barely noticed anyways, everything was too loud and too bright somehow and too much and he hated this place so

much, and he wondered how this place was so big, he honestly just assumed any other place was also started by just one bedrock block and built from there by gifts from the sky gods, was this place also like that? How long had the people here been going on like this for?

He felt something touch his arm, and he jerked back. "Ow, fuck, that didn't hurt, why did I say ow, I- fuck, sorry, uh-"

"Hey, hey it's okay," Wilbur tried to focus on the voice. He blinked a few times and finally clearly saw who was in front of him- a guy with brown, white, and pink hair, with a concerned but focused look on his face. He was talking, and Wilbur realized he wasn't paying attention. "...an I touch you?"

"Huh?" Wilbur glanced around. "Oh, uh, no, no, please."

"Okay, that's okay," The guy standing in front of him sounded genuine, but with what *very* limited social interaction experience Wilbur had, this guy could be the least genuine person ever and he wouldn't be able to tell. "Are you okay?"

"Uh, yeah, I'm fine," Wilbur nodded, very confused. "Um. Where am I?"

"This is the Dream SMP," The guy started to explain. "It's a Server- I assume you're from a Server? Some of us here aren't, which is very confusing, but I just want to make sure to clear up any confusion."

"Yeah, I'm from the Skyblock Randomizer Server," Wilbur replied.

"Hmm, never heard of it," The guy hummed, but one of the people right behind the guy seemed to recognize the name based off of the way he looked up in surprise. "But you can probably explain it if you want!" He smiled. "I assume you have questions, so ask any you have."

“Okay, yeah, first of all,” Wilbur looked around in amazement. “How the *fuck* do you have so much dirt??”

The guy frowned. “Wh- huh? What do you mean? It’s just dirt?”

“I’ve only ever had one piece of dirt,” Wilbur said excitedly. “And it took *forever* to get.”

“I- how does your world work?” The guy tilted his head.

“I can explain,” One of the other guys behind the first guy spoke up. “So, he’s in a world where you start on this one piece of bedrock, and you slowly get random items and shit to build more of the island. For him,” He nodded to Wilbur, “It took absolutely forever to get dirt, and he only got one block of it. Not the best deal.”

“How did you *know* that??” The first guy muttered, but shook his head and looked back to Wilbur. “Well, um, this world doesn’t work like that, I guess. The world was made with this much dirt and shit.”

“Holy fuck, I wish,” Wilbur squatted down and touched the grass under his feet. He quickly pulled his hand back. “Oh, that’s not at *all* what I thought grass would feel li-”

“Wait a minute, you’ve never fucking touched grass?” One of the other people said incredulously.

Wilbur frowned. “Yeah.” He stood back up. “Uh, I guess the first question I should’ve asked was who the fuck are you all?”

“Oh, we’re all Wilbur Soot, and I assume you are too?” The first guy raised an eyebrow.

“I-” Wilbur blinked. “What?”

“It’s complicated,” The first guy waved his hand in dismissal of the question. “Ghostbur, introductions?”

One of the other- Wilburs?- immediately came over to Wilbur. “Hi, I’m Ghostbur! The other Wilburs are, in order of joining, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, Alivebur, Spirit, L’manbur, Blue, Phantom, Ace, Editor, Rust, Revivedbur, Wilbur- yes, it’s confusing, we know-, Challenger,” He pointed to each person as he said their name. “And now you! We need a name for you!”

Wilbur blinked. Fucking hell, this guy was a lot. Very chipper. “Uh, I don’t know?”

“That’s not a good name,” Ghostbur pouted. “What Server did you say you were from?”

“Skyblock Randomizer,” Wilbur replied.

“Hmmm...” Ghostbur hummed. “Sky?”

“Uh. Sure?” Wilb- *Sky* tilted his head.

“Great!” Ghostbur clapped. “Welcome, Sky, to whatever *this* is!!”

“I...” Sky glanced at Resurrectedbur. “Okay?”

“You get used to it,” Resurrectedbur shrugged with a chuckle.

“So why do you have a bird?” Blue asked, popping up out of nowhere and poking Peter.

“What the fuck kinda question is that??” Sky turned so Blue couldn’t reach Peter anymore. “I have a parrot. I got him from the sky gods. How else?”

“The huh?” Blue frowned.

“Wait, you said you don’t...” Sky trailed off. “Okay, so the sky gods are who give me all the stuff. I got Peter here from a spawn egg from the sky gods.”

“Oh, that’s weirdddd,” Phantom tilted his head. “In a good way, I mean, just... how do you *do* anything with random ass items?”

“...I build out the island?” Sky raised an eyebrow. “The fuck do you mean how do I do anything?”

“So you’re just... alone... on an island in the sky... with a parrot?” Deadbur frowned. “Sounds miserable. Like some sort of limbo.”

Spirit raised an eyebrow, looking at Deadbur.

“I mean, there are other animals,” Sky furrowed his brows. “New Milo, Frasier, Bentley, Gubson...”

“Do you have any sheep?” Ghostbur gasped excitedly.

“I used to,” Sky shrugged. “Then he died.”

Ghostbur’s smile dropped immediately, and Sky felt very bad. But what else was he supposed to say? He almost opened his mouth to say something else about Jim-Jam, but decided that doing that would probably make Ghostbur more sad.

“Anyways,” Resurrectedbur quickly changed the subject. “Uh, anymore questions?”

“Yeah,” Sky nodded. “Can I take some of this dirt?”

Resurrectedbur blinked. “Um. Sure? It’s not like it’s my dirt.”

“Great, thanks,” Sky grinned, then frowned. “..I would need a shovel.”

“I doubt anyone here has one,” L’manbur muttered. “I know I don’t.”

They all checked their inventories (except Challenger, who was floating in the air again, looking bored) as Editor and Wilbur looked on in confusion.

“I think I have one,” Rust spoke up. “Uh... hammer, scrap metal, shirt... here!” A shovel appeared in his hand.

“HOW THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING THAT??” Editor shouted.

All of them except Wilbur looked at him strangely.

“What do you mean?” Ace frowned.

“The fucking- the shovel!” Editor pointed at the tool in Rust’s hand. “How did you make it *appear* in your hand??”

Rust glanced at the others, then back at Editor. “I got it out of my inventory?”

“But that d-” Editor started to say.

“Don’t,” Wilbur interrupted him. “Game mechanics, I guess.”

Editor sighed. “It just doesn’t make any sense...”

“Yeah, but I doubt we’re gonna get much of an answer,” Wilbur snickered.

Chapter End Notes

i spent all day ignoring my civics project and drawing among us fanart in the year of our lord 2021

btw the first guy was resurrectedbur the second guy was ccbur and the third guy was spirit

also yea ^_^ im projecting on sky..... yk that feeling when everythings too loud and Too Much and u dont realize that ppl r talking to you or whatever..... yeah < / 3

the babysitter's club but with 4.5 times more babysitters and they're all technically the baby's dad

Chapter Notes

yes thats the chapter title

SRV FOR NOT UPDATING THE MAIN FIC IN A WHILE.....LOOK IN THE END NOTES !!!

woooo 2k words !!! lets goooo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur sat down on the ground with a sigh and looked in front of him.

Fundy was in front of him, awkwardly waddling- almost a run- towards him on his baby legs, almost tripping multiple times.

When he finally reached him, he grabbed his hand. “Da-da!”

“We’re almost there!” Wilbur smiled. “We’re almost there, I swear! Not much longer...”

Fundy babbled a bit more, and to be completely honest, Wilbur didn’t really know what Fundy understood. He hadn’t been able to send a letter to Phil or anything, and Wilbur didn’t.. really know how to take care of a baby on his own. Well, he knew how to take care of Fundy, he just didn’t know what Fundy was supposed to be able to do by this age.

He sighed again. Sally would know how to take care of a two year old. He paused and thought for a moment, and laughed at himself softly. Sally wouldn’t know jackshit more than he knew. She had been just as clueless and new to this as he was.

He stood up, leaned down, and picked up Fundy. “Let’s go, we still have a ways to go!”

Fundy grabbed his sweater and grinned. “Go!”

Wilbur smiled, and went to take a step forward.

Resurrectedbur watched Sky throughout the conversation the other Wilburs were having. It was something about Tommy, he wasn’t really paying attention. He just found it very funny the way Sky kept looking around at everything as if it were some alien planet. Well, Resurrectedbur supposed, it kind of was to Sky and the rest of the burs who weren’t from this SMP. Especially for Sky, though.

He turned back to the other Wilburs and focused on the conversation.

“...st, you said you knew a ‘Tommy’,” Ghostbur was saying. “Do you know like... Ranboo? Or Tubbo?”

Rust pursed his lips. “I know Ranboo, he’s a nice guy.”

Ghostbur tilted his head. “And Tubbo?”

Rust didn’t say anything, but Wilbur looked like he was *this* close to spilling the beans he apparently was holding.

“I know Tubbo,” Rust finally said in a way that meant ‘let us change the topic right now and never speak of this again <3’.

Wilbur snickered and Rust glared at him. “Something you want to say?”

“No, no,” Wilbur smirked. Resurrectedbur noticed Spirit raise an eyebrow.

“Okay, question,” Editor spoke up. “Who’s this ‘Tommy’ guy you all keep talking about?”

They all looked at Editor.

“You don’t know who Tommy is?” Phantom said in disbelief.

Editor frowned. “No? Should I?”

“I mean, if he’s not in your world, then I guess not,” Ace tilted his head. “You don’t know anyone named Tommy? Tall-ish, blonde, loud, red-and-white shirt, curses a lot?”

“Those are all the descriptive words you could use for him?” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“It’s accurate,” Ace shrugged, and most of the other Wilburs nodded in agreement as well.

“Does *everyone* else here know who ‘Tommy’ is?” Editor asked.

“I don’t,” Sky spoke up. “But based on how different this place is to my world, I have a feeling I won’t know a lot of what you guys are talking about.”

“I mean, you said there’s no one else in your world except the animals and you,” Revivedbur pointed out. “So it just makes sense that you don’t know Tommy.”

“Editor, however,” Phantom looked at the mentioned Wilbur. “Has no excuse.”

“Why do I need an excuse to not know someone?” Editor argued. “You seem so hell-bent that I have some weird thing going on in my world!”

Spirit looked at Wilbur, who smiled and shrugged.

“I think you’re suspicious,” Spirit narrowed his eyes. “You’re not telling the whole truth.”

“Yeah, because everyone else has told you everything about themselves,” Editor said sarcastically. “How am I more suspicious than like- Challenger? He’s literally fucking flying!”

“I can fly!” Spirit retorted.

“No you can’t,” Challenger spoke up. “You’re a ghost. I’m a Creator. I’m an Admin.”

“And I can’t die!” Spirit challenged.

“Because you’re already dead,” Challenger raised an eyebrow. “You’re in Survival like everyone else besides me here. Sucks to suck.”

“...I don’t think Editor or I are technically in ‘Survival’,” Wilbur tilted his head. “On Earth, it’s just... that’s just called living. No one can fucking fly.”

Everyone except Editor looked at him weirdly.

“No one?” Challenger frowned. “No Creators, no Admins?”

“No, that’s called being god,” Editor raised an eyebrow. “And I’m not religious.”

“Even if you were, that doesn’t mean you’re god,” Wilbur elbowed him. “You just believe in a god.”

“Are there no ghosts?” Ghostbur frowned. “Like, no one even hovers?”

“No, ghosts aren’t real,” Editor said, then realized two seconds later what he said and who he just said it to. “Wait, I mean on Earth-”

“I am VERY real, thank you!” Spirit shouted. “Fuck off!”

“I’M NOT SAYING YOU’RE NOT!” Editor shouted back. “I’m saying that on *Earth* , lots of people don’t believe in ghosts! Ghosts are just made up to make sense of things people don’t understand!”

“How do ghosts existing make things make sense?” Blue tilted his head.

“Lots of stuff, depends on how you think ghosts work,” Editor replied, then paused. “Can any of you three go invisible?”

“I am *right here* ,” Phantom said right behind Editor, invisible, causing Editor to jump.

“Fucking hell, sorry,” Editor glared at the hat on top of the head of the invisible ghost. “But none of you three can?” He looked at the Ghostburs.

“Not without potions,” Ghostbur shook his head.

Editor opened his mouth, as if he were about to say something, then closed it. “I forgot that potions exist here.”

“Wait, *potions* don’t exist on Earth??” Alivebur asked incredulously. “What the hell is up with that place?”

Wilbur muttered something to the Editor, who snickered, but Resurrectedbur couldn’t hear him, and no one else seemed to hear him either.

“Anyways, no, potions don’t exist on Earth,” Wilbur continued. “And like I said earlier, neither do any hostile mobs like zombies, skeletons, creepers- hell, some passive mobs don’t exist, eithe-”

Wilbur was cut off by someone appearing next to Revivedbur, causing Revivedbur to jump in surprise.

That ‘someone’ was obviously another Wilbur, looking kind of like Challenger because of the basic just a yellow sweater outfit, but with a guitar on a strap over his shoulder, and.. also holding.. a child. That is a whole entire child. A baby. In that man’s arms. Resurrectedbur felt a pang of familiarity.

“Hi!” Ghostbur immediately went up to the new Wilbur, as was normal at this point. “I’m Ghostbur, I assume you’re Wilbur Soot, we’re all Wilbur Soot! Weird, I know!”

“Uh?” Was all the new Wilbur said.

“Is that fuckin- Is that baby Fundy?” L’manbur’s eyes widened.

The new Wilbur held baby Fundy closer to him. “What the fuck??”

“You’d think you wouldn’t curse around a baby,” Phantom muttered.

If the new Wilbur heard him, he didn't say anything about it.

"Oh!" Deadbur snapped his fingers. "You're just us but from before the SMP, aren't you? Are you headed to the Dream SMP right now?"

"Um. Yeah?" The new Wilbur sounded very confused. Resurrectedbur couldn't blame him. "How did you know that?"

"I'm future you," Deadbur said, probably making the new Wilbur even more confused.

The new Wilbur raised both of his eyebrows. "You look like shit."

They all burst out laughing at that, except Deadbur, who shouted indignantly that he did not, in fact, look like shit.

"What the fuck..." The new Wilbur muttered. "Someone please explain?"

"Right!" Ghostbur spoke up. "So, you're time travelling! Congrats! We're all Wilbur Soot! Seven of us are from the Dream SMP- well, actually, nine, I think, counting Revivedbur and you- and the rest of us are from...who knows where. Different Servers, an entire different world where Servers and Worlds don't exist..."

"Wait, back it up, *time travel* ???" The new Wilbur looked even more confused.

"I think you're the first person out of all fucking sixteen of us to question the time travel thing!" Ghostbur beamed. "Good job on having common sense! I doubt you'll have it for long, seeing how Alivebur turned out!"

"WHAT THE FUCK??" Alivebur shouted, and Spirit started laughing at him.

“Anyways,” Ghostbur continued before anyone could point out the fact that he just swore. “Introductions! L’manbur, Alivebur, Blue, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Spirit, Resurrectedbur, Phantom, Ace, Editor, Rust, Revivedbur, Wilbur, Challenger, Sky, and now you!” He pointed to each bur as he said their name. “What shall we call you??”

“Uh.” The new Wilbur blinked. “I don’t know?”

“That’s not a good name,” Ghostbur frowned. “What do you do in your time?”

“I mean, right now, I’m just walking,” The new Wilbur shrugged. “Going to the SMP. And playing guitar for some people along the way. Pretty fun.”

“So you’re like a bard?” Phantom asked.

“Isn’t that for poems and shit?” The new Wilbur tilted his head.

“I think it’s for songs too,” Ghostbur shrugged. “Doesn’t matter. That’s your nickname now, since I’m running out of Wilbur name ideas and I can’t think of anything else!”

The newly named Bard blinked. “I. Okay...?”

“Welcome to the group!” Ghostbur beamed. “I almost hope you’re the last one, I don’t think I’d be able to handle...” He did a quick headcount. “Seventeen Wilburs!”

“Eighteen,” A voice came from right next to Resurrectedbur’s ear, and he jumped.

“What the fuck??” Resurrectedbur looked around. “Tell me I wasn’t the only one who heard that!”

“Oh no, he’s hearing things again,” Spirit rolled his eyes with a smile.

“Again??” Bard raised an eyebrow at Spirit.

“Are we time travelling or something?” Blue asked.

“No, no no, that was *not* an oh-we’re-time-travelling voice,” Resurrectedbur continued looking for where the voice came from. “That was a Wilbur.”

“Is anyone here a ventriloquist?” Editor snickered.

“Wait, is the voice like.. it’s coming from a really tiny person? High-pitched?” Wilbur asked.

Resurrectedbur frowned. “Yeah. Do you hear it?”

“Fuckin- that’s the mod video Wilbur,” Wilbur sighed. “He can change his size, he’s probably right near your ear or something.”

Suddenly, there was a Wilbur right next to Resurrectedbur. “Bingo!”

“FUCKing hell, man!” Resurrectedbur shouted. “You scared the shit out of me!”

“Suffer, I guess,” Mod shrugged. “Anyways, eighteen. If another Wilbur joined, then there would be eighteen. I’m here.”

“Are you really in the group, though?” Alivebur narrowed his eyes. “You’ve shown up here like, twice.”

“I’m a busy man,” Mod grinned. “I have shit to do, and this is interfering with my schedule, but if I move some stuff around, I can make time for this.”

“Hypothetically,” Rust spoke up. “You could just be walking away, wandering around in this place that you don’t know anything about, and then showing up later with no time travel involved.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if he knew how to time travel,” Wilbur muttered. “My favorite mod, the ‘time travel’ mod.”

“Ooh, good idea,” Mod snapped his fingers at Wilbur. “I’ll have to write that down. Anyways! Just wanted to pop in to say hi, and you gave me the perfect opportunity for an entrance!”

“So you’re just going to not tell us how to time travel?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “Not helpful.”

“You already know how!” Mod smiled. “You just don’t know where to find that information in your head.”

“So you’re telling me we all know how to time travel,” Revivedbur started. “And we all just forgot.”

“I wouldn’t say it’s *forgetting*,” Mod shrugged. “More... you know, you just don’t.”

“Gee, thanks, really clears that up,” Bard said dryly.

“You’re welcome!” Mod said in a voice that could almost be heard as genuine, but you could tell he was joking. “Anyways, I really must be going now! Toodle-oo!” He opened his inventory, took out an enchanted stick, and he was gone in the blink of an eye.

“HOW THE FUCK-?” Spirit shouted.

“Uh... time freeze mod,” Wilbur squinted. “Probably. That’s not... how that stick works, but I guess like. Plot convenience.”

Spirit and Phantom glared at him.

Chapter End Notes

WOOOOO !! BARD IS FINALLY HERE AND I BLAME ZO !! no but fr i cannot wait to write him and the other burs w baby fundy.....please i care them sm

IMPORTANT NOTE PLS READ !!

chapters for this, the main fwiatic fic, and little blue sheep (seperate au i have go read it if u havent and u like ghostbur content !!) will be updating a bit slower !! they r the wips im working on rn and because of school stuff and the fact that after writing that 9k fwiatic chapter i just. Do Not Have The Words, its taking longer to put out chapters !! im having a bit of trouble w writing the next few main fic chapters, and w this i'm trying to get as many of the 17 (soon to be 18 wink wink) burs to have dialogue at least in every chapter !! I DIDNT SIGN UP FOR THIS MANY WHEN I STARTED THE MAIN FIC OR THE SIDEFIC.....but its fun !!

NOTE this does *NOT* mean im stopping writing any of the three mentioned fics or going on hiatus !! im just saying that chapters arent gonna come up semi-daily anymore ksjdhdj

but yea thats all i have to say i think !! please be patient with me i am but a boy (gender neutral) <3

**when the impostor is sus :flushed: :eyes: :zany_face: :smirk:
:flushed:**

Chapter Notes

yes thats the chapter title
no im not joking

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“No, Fundy, you were nowhere near us!” Tubbo argued. “I was with Wilbur in navigation!”

“I was together with you, Scott, who also went t-” Fundy listed.

“No, no,” Wilbur interrupted. “It was me, Scott, and Tubbo in navigation!”

“You stopped in weapons,” Tubbo nodded.

“Yeah, true,” Fundy continued. “And then I went down with you, checked navigation, and then walked down to shields, and then you reported!”

“I- I don’t know about that one,” Tubbo raised an eyebrow.

“Tubbo, what’s your consensus?” Wilbur leaned on his hands on the meeting table.

“I think it’s Fundy.”

Wilbur immediately tapped Fundy’s name on his tablet to vote him out.

“No, no, WAIT!” Fundy sounded panicked.. “Nononono- Wil, Wil, Wil,-”

“IT’S GOTTA BE!” Wilbur shouted. “I’m sorry, it’s just the- Tubbo’s never been wrong!”

“TUBBO!” Fundy glared at Tubbo. “This is *not* right!”

Multiple people tapped someone on their tablet, and a little icon on their name showed up that said ‘I VOTED’.

“You were just nowhere near me!” Tubbo crossed his arms.

“I WAS!” Fundy yelled, and Wilbur burst out laughing.

“Why would you lie?” Tubbo demanded. “Why would you lie?”

Fundy banged his fist on the table.

Everyone voted, and it showed up that everyone except Fundy had voted for Fundy. Fundy had voted for Tubbo.

“Alright, can we have a drumroll?” Wilbur grinned as Fundy was thrown out of the airlock, and everyone looked to their tablets to see if he was the impostor or not. “Drumroll for Tubbo, aaaaand he was aaaa-oh.”

‘ *Fundy was not an Impostor.* ’ displayed on all of their tablets.

Everyone's smiles dropped, and they all turned to Tubbo, who looked annoyed and slightly panicked. Of course, now he looked suspicious to everyone else. He was wrong, after he was so adamant about it being Fundy. It could have been an honest mistake, but oftentimes... it wasn't.

Wilbur winced as everyone walked away from the meeting table, Fundy's shouts echoing in everyone's minds.

He looked at his tablet to look at his tasks, and bumped into a closed door as he wasn't paying attention.

"Fuck's sake," He muttered, but backed up and waited for it to open as he swiped through his tablet. He blinked, and looked up to see if the door was still there.

What he saw was definitely not any part of the ship.

spirit couldn't stop looking at baby fundy.

he was just so cute! he had never seen fundy this small. of course, as ghostbur, he had alivebur's memories of fundy, so he knew what baby fundy had been like, but he had never actually seen him.

however, it was a little annoying how a literal two year old wasn't that much shorter than him.

of course fundy was shorter than spirit and everyone else, he was two years old, but he really wasn't *that* much shorter than the dream smp ghostburs, especially compared to the six and a half foot tall 'burs everywhere. spirit simply didn't think it was fair that a literal toddler was not even a FOOT shorter than him. this was stupid.

but he couldn't be mad at fundy. he didn't choose to be that short, and he was cute being short anyways.

currently, the baby in question was being toyed with by phantom, who was going invisible and uninvisible in front of baby fundy, conveniently sitting under a part of the obsidian grid in the sky so phantom wouldn't burn. phantom called it peek-a-boo, spirit thought it was fucking hilarious watching fundy's smile drop every single time phantom went invisible. babies didn't have very good object permanence, did they?

"oh, where'd i go?" phantom grinned as he went uninvisible again, his hat on the ground next to him. fundy frowned and babbled something that spirit couldn't make out. phantom went uninvisible, and said "here i am!" as fundy smiled again and grabbed phantom's tail.

phantom froze for a few seconds, before picking fundy up and putting him back on the ground away from his tail.

"don't touch that," phantom scolded as fundy stared at his tail. "it's not yours to play with."

fundy stood up and walked around phantom and starting messing with his wings.

"BARD, GET YOUR DEVIL CHILD AWAY FROM MY FRAGILE SHIT!" phantom shouted.

"fucking hell, no need to shout," bard smiled as he walked over from where he was talking with resurrectedbur and a few other burs, picking up fundy and resting him on his hip.

"i'm filing a restraining order against your baby," phantom stood up and glared at the baby in question.

"ten seconds ago you were playing peek-a-boo with him!" bard frowned.

“yes, and then he started touching my wings and tail without permission,” phantom crossed his arms. “that’s too far and i’m suing your child.”

“i... don’t think you can do that,” bard raised an eyebrow. “he’s two years old, he literally doesn’t know any better.”

“okay, then teach him about personal space,” phantom glanced at fundy, who still seemed to be interested in the way phantom’s tail was now waving around a bit in obvious annoyance.

“does your tail work like a cat’s tail?” spirit asked. “like, waving when you’re upset, twitching when you’re excited, and-” he paused. “well, no, you don’t have fur, so it can’t puff up like a cat’s does.”

“um. i guess?” phantom tilted his head. “i don’t control what it does like that, so... i’ve never really noticed it?”

“i mean, based on what i’ve noticed, it does the same shit as a cat’s tail,” sky nodded.

“how do you know what a cat’s tail movements mean, but you’ve never seen grass before?” spirit raised an eyebrow.

“i had a cat,” sky shrugged. “then it fell off the island. like a lot of my pets.”

“fuckin’ hell, sorry i asked,” spirit muttered, and turned back to phantom. “does your tail help you balance?”

“any being with a tail uses it to balance,” phantom nodded. “so yes.”

“interesting,” spirit tilted his head, looking at the tail. “i mean, it seems useful. why don’t humans have a tail?”

“you evolved to not need one,” phantom frowned. “do you not know how evolution works?”

“but why don’t we have a tail if they’re so useful?” spirit insisted.

“because you don’t need one,” phantom raised an eyebrow. “technically, i don’t need one, but i don’t think hybrid traits can be changed like that.”

“well, i don’t need a ring finger, but i still have one,” spirit continued. “i think a tail is way more useful than a ring finger-”

“hold that thought,” phantom interrupted him, nodding to something behind spirit.

spirit turned to see someone in.. an interesting outfit, to say the least, holding a weird looking tablet thingy. “a new wilbur?”

“maybe,” phantom shrugged.

the possible new wilbur froze, put the tablet away behind him like a cartoon character, and took his weird looking helmet off, and- yep, new wilbur. where the hell were all of them coming from? there were too many at this point.

ghostbur popped up in front of him and held out his hand. “welcome, new wilbur, i assume! i’m ghostb-”

“ghostbur, what are you doing?” rust called.

ghostbur frowned and turned to the group of burs behind him. “..what do you mean?”

“why are you introducing yourself to him?” revivedbur raised an eyebrow. “he’s been here for a while.”

ghostbur blinked. “uh. what?”

spirit frowned. “what the hell are you talking about? he just showed up!”

“are you two okay?” deadbur narrowed his eyes.

“are *you* all okay?” spirit countered. “this guy just showed up, i don’t know what the fuck you’re on about.”

they all started arguing, and the new wilbur hadn’t even spoken a single word. as everyone talked at the same time, spirit realized just how fucking many wilbur soots there were. at this point, it was excessive.

blue stood right next to spirit. “um, do we even have a nickname for him yet?”

“nope,” spirit shook his head. “technically, we don’t even know if he’s really a wilbur.”

“i mean, i would assume he is,” blue raised an eyebrow. “why would like- tommy show up or something?”

“don’t jinx it,” spirit muttered, then cleared his throat. “HEY! WHAT THE HELL IS THIS GUY’S NAME, IF WE KNOW HIM SO WELL?”

“wilbur, what else?” ace raised an eyebrow.

“no, his nickname,” spirit frowned. “like, i’m not calling all of you wilbur. if i’m supposed to know this guy, what should i be calling him?”

he didn’t get an answer to that.

“fuckin’ hell,” spirit muttered, and turned to the new bur. “where are you from?”

the new wilbur blinked. “uh?”

wilbur squinted. “where have i...” his eyes widened. “wait a god damn minute.”

“what?” a few wilburs, including spirit said in unison.

“the only thing i can think of where i-” wilbur cut himself off, and spirit gave him a warning glare. “fucking- among us bur??”

“um. huh??”

“what, you fuckin’ sus?” a grin spread across wilbur’s face. “you the fucking impostor?”

“wh- NO!” the new wilbur retorted, and wilbur cackled.

“um. context, please?” ace spoke up.

“yeah, yeah,” wilbur snickered. “this guy’s from some spaceship with an ‘impostor’ trying to sabotage the ship and kill all of them.”

“i KNEW that looked like a spacesuit!” editor exclaimed.

“so are we going to ignore the fact that half of us just thought he’d been here for a while instead of him just showing up?” revivedbur raised an eyebrow.

“are we going to ignore what wilbur just fucking said???” sky pointed out.

“one thing at a time,” ghostbur spoke up. “first, explanation for him,” he nodded to the new wilbur. “second, nickname, third, figuring anything else out we need to figure out. in this case, whatever the hell just happened.”

ghostbur smiled and turned to the new wilbur. “right! i’m ghostbur, we’re all some kind of wilbur soot from some universe, server, or point in time. it’s complicated, it’s time travel, and that’s all the explanation you get because that’s all the explanation i can give you.”

“i-” the new wilbur started, but paused. “hmm. well, i don’t think time travel’s been invented yet, but, y’know... space travel’s been figured out.” he shrugged. “maybe they’ve figured it out back on earth. continue?”

“okay, introdu-” ghostbur beamed, then cut himself off. blinked. “wait, earth?”

wilbur and editor perked up.

the new wilbur frowned. “yeah? what about it?”

“damn, i guess you two aren’t making shit up,” challenger smirked.

“how does our shared experience of an entire fucking planet sound like some fake story??” editor glared at challenger.

challenger smiled and shrugged. bitch.

“anyways, introductions,” ghostbur continued. “i’m manbur, alivebur, deadbur, blue, ghostbur-yours truly-, resurrectedbur, spirit, phantom, ace, editor, rust, revivedbur, wilbur, challenger, sky, bard, and now you!”

“how do you always remember all of us in the order we got here?” bard muttered. “you’d think that with almost twenty of us, you’d forget.”

“the first seven aren’t in that order, they’re in chronological order,” ghostbur corrected him.

“nope,” resurrectedbur shook his head. “blue is before deadbur, and i’m after spirit. spirit’s from october, i’m from january 2022.”

“YOU’RE FROM FUCKING WHAT??” alivebur shouted. “last time we were in your time it was november 2021??”

“and now it’s 2022, don’t ask,” resurrectedbur shrugged. “i think time is just... really weird in my time specifically.”

“and mine,” revivedbur spoke up.

wilbur narrowed his eyes. “no, that makes sense,” he muttered. “since you two are in the prese-” spirit elbowed him. wilbur glared at him. spirit glared back.

spirit glanced around to see if anyone had heard wilbur’s little fourth-wall break, hoping no one did, as no one here needed that realization that they were characters in a story with their author right here right now. but thankfully, none of them seemed to notice anything.

..except rust, who was staring at the ground, eyes wide, looking like he had just seen a ghost.

....bad idiom for this situation, considering the cast of characters they had right now.

.....bad phrase to use considering what they all actually were.

“rust, you good over there?” spirit raised an eyebrow.

“h-what?” rust blinked and looked up at him. “yeah, yeah, i’m- yeah. i’m good.”

spirit stared at him, and decided to not point out that he was a horrible liar. “okay, whatever you say, my good sir.”

“why the fancy talk?” deadbur snorted.

“am i not allowed to be dramatic once in a while?” spirit glared at him playfully.

““once in a while”? you’ve been dramatic plenty of times,” alivebur snickered. “i can think of maaaany times during this that you’ve been very dramatic.”

“confessing my darkest secret about what i did when i was stuck in limbo for decades to you while you play competitive solitaire isn’t being dramatic, alivebur,” spirit smirked.

“i don’t see how the solitaire part is important to this,” alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“it’s incredibly important,” spirit declared.

“we still haven’t given the new wilbur a nickname,” ghostbur called.

spirit blinked. “oh. right. go on.”

“can i suggest one?” wilbur raised his hand.

“uh, sure?” ghostbur tilted his head.

“impostor,” wilbur smirked.

“NO!” the new wilbur shouted. “you’re not gonna fucking call me *impostor* !”

“what, are you mad ‘cause you’re sus?” wilbur teased him. “go on, go fake some tasks! vent, while you’re at it!”

the new wilbur looked distraught.

“sounds great,” spirit grinned. “impostor it is!”

“NO!!!”

“YESSSS!!”

Chapter End Notes

if this is written weirdly no its not if this seems awkward or rushed no its not shut up .
im just here postin my funky little fanfiction dont look at me im going to SLEEP youre
welcome. have this fucking sussy asshole

anyways for those of u who have finished the main fwiadc fic. just want yall 2 know that
aliveburs ending couldve gone a LOT worse and turned into this au my older sibling and
i came up w called "ace race: cold war edition" that stemmed from the thought of
alivebur taking the other burs' warnings abt explosives COMPLETELY wrong and
thinking hmm. i bet manberg has explosives therefore I should get some just in case!
that is why they warned me like that ^_^ and it turns into the cold war but dream smp.
ace race is jus...spacerace was at the same time as the cold war right. so ace race.
and then.....oops!! nuclear fallout

(ar:cwe could happen w/o being an au of fwiadc and instead just being a normal dsmp
au, cwilbur is a paranoid man, especially was during pogtopia)

anyways good fucking night im tired

(EDIT: FUCK SHIT GOD DAMN I FORGOT TO MENTION THIS WHEN I POSTED
THIS LAST NIGHT BC I WAS RLLY TIRED BUT !!! tysm @ bonespell on ao3 for
helping me come up w that whole idea w most of the burs not realizing impostbur wasnt
there before.....i promise itll make sense later mayb u already figured out whats up!
and actually fun fact the scene in the beginning of this chapter is actually from a wilbur
among us vod (w a few things changed and cut to make it make more sense in writing
form) so yeah lmao)

(edit AGAIN bc i realized i kinda made this vague: there is a reason rust was like (. .)
but it might not be the reason you think ;))

an intense fear of ghosts

Chapter Notes

it is 1 am but i have the words. help someone take me out someone smack the shit out of me i want to SLEEP but the wrds have other plans btw this chapter ? 1850 words exactly. applaud m

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m doing good,” Wilbur grinned.

“That’s ‘cause you’re sitting in the van and not going in the house because you’re a coward,” Shelby retorted.

“Hey, hey, alright, fine!” Wilbur exclaimed. “Watch, I- I’m going in on my own! I’ll go in on my own! Gimme an EMF!”

“Go on, I’ll be watching on the cameras!” Shelby laughed.

“I’m going in on my own,” Wilbur turned on his heel after Jack handed him the EMF reader. “Fuck you guys, I don’t need you!”

He walked down the path as he heard the others laughing behind him. He walked in through the open door and continued into the kitchen, looking around.

“Hey, Kenneth!” He called to the ghost. “Oi, big Ken!” He grabbed the doorknob and slammed the door closed. Then opened it. Then slammed it. And so on and so forth. “Ayup, big Ken, I’m slamming your doors, big Ken! What are you gonna do??”

He let go of the doorknob and looked out at the rest of the house that he could see from right inside. “Big Ken?”

He walked around the kitchen. “I ain’t scared of you,” He muttered. “I ain’t scared of you, Kenneth.” He raised his voice. “Kenneth, use this spirit box and talk to me, please!”

The room suddenly went dark, and Wilbur froze.

“My flashlight’s gone out,” He observed frantically, mostly to himself, but to the others if they were close enough to the house to hear. He turned to leave, but the door was closed “The door’s locked!”

“Wil?” Came Jack’s voice from one of the windows by the door.

“HELP, HELP!” Wilbur shouted through the window.

“He’s trying to kill you,” Jack said way too calmly for this situation.

“He’s-” Wilbur glanced back, although he probably shouldn’t. “Am I dead?”

“He’s trying to kill you,” Jack repeated louder.

“I’m just gonna stare at you, Jack Manifold,” Wilbur noticed his vision beginning to sway. “I’m not looking arou-”

He saw giant hands cover his vision and come towards his face. *This is it, this is the end!* Wilbur thought. At least he was with a group of people who knew that ghosts exist and he could fuck around with without actually scaring them. Probably.

Everything went dark for a second, and Wilbur waited to.... turn into a ghost? Whatever happened after death.

However, what he opened his eyes to certainly wasn't what he expected hell to be like.

Challenger really wondered what the hell kind of 100 player challenge this was.

Well, he was the one who *made* them, but every once in a while, Tommy would suggest one. Maybe Tommy thought it would be funny to make him sit through this. He couldn't even do anything because- well, what the hell was he supposed to do?? Build some giant-ass thing to mess around with the other Wilburs with? He doubted any of them would let him do shit, anyways.

Fuck, he couldn't wait to go back to what he was doing. He had *just* started the next challenge, too! This was fucked up and sick and twisted.

"Y'know, one would think that a spacesuit wouldn't look as like... bland," Editor said, snapping Challenger out of his complaining. "Like, aren't spacesuits supposed to have a bunch of shit that makes it look all bulky?"

"Yeah, if you're from the 2020's," Impostor raised an eyebrow. "Which you are. And I'm not."

"What year *are* you from??" Wilbur asked.

Impostor hesitated. "Isn't there some kind of like... rule or something that you shouldn't tell people from the past about the future?"

"Yeah," Spirit spoke up. "It is. I would know." Ghostbur rolled his eyes.

“The fuck is that supposed to mean?” Impostor frowned at him.

“Nothing,” Spirit shrugged with a smile.

“Oh, who the fuck cares?” Wilbur groaned. “What, is DreamXD gonna come back? Challenger just killed him.”

Impostor blinked. “Sorry, what?”

“Oh, right, you weren’t there for that,” Challenger smirked. “Also, I didn’t kill him. He’s a god and an Admin, a Creator like me can’t kill him, whether an attempt be via commands or PVP. Just scared him off for a while or something.”

“I didn’t understand like, half of those words, but alright,” Impostor nodded.

“What, you don’t know basic shit like that?” Challenger raised an eyebrow. “It’s simple, everyone knows it.”

“He’s from an entirely different universe,” Wilbur explained. “There aren’t commands and shit there. Just... I dunno, murder.”

“Oh, come on, it’s not *just* murder!” Impostor retorted.

“I dunno, you’re acting pretty sus,” Wilbur shrugged.

“I’m gon- uhhh,” Impostor groaned.

Wilbur smirked. He opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't get a single word out before someone fucking tripped right into Ghostbur.

"HEY, what the hell??" Ghostbur shouted. "Who the- wait, new 'bur?"

The person sat up immediately. "What the f-"

"Oh, you are a Wilbur!" Ghostbur said excitedly. "Hi, you're Wilbur Soot, correct?"

The new Wilbur blinked and looked around. "This isn't what I expected hell to be like at *all*."

Half the group burst out into laughter.

"Nah, I've been here the whole time, *and* I've been to hell, this is exactly what hell is like," Deadbur smirked, and Resurrectedbur elbowed him.

The new Wilbur stood up and looked down at Ghostbur, who was still sitting on the ground. "Oh shit, sorry-"

"Nah, nah, it's fine," Ghostbur stood up. "You didn't decide to teleport." He raised an eyebrow. "Right? Or did we finally get someone who knows what the hell is going on?"

"Nope, I just died," The new Wilbur muttered. "At least, I thought I did..."

Ghostbur frowned. "What?"

"A ghost just- well, I guess it *tried* to kill me," The new Wilbur frowned. "Maybe I got... whatever? Popped into whatever this is like, a split second before I died?"

Ghostbur's eyes widened. "A- a ghost?"

"Don't you dare say they're not real, I swear to god," The new Wilbur glared at him. "I'm sick of it."

"No, no, I- uh," Ghostbur laughed nervously and glanced at the other ghosts. "I don't think you're going to like me very much..."

The new Wilbur sighed. "Fuck's sake. What the hell will it take to convince you that ghosts exist?"

"Oh, no, I think they exist," Ghostbur shook his head. "It's um, something else."

"Yeah, I'd say we definitely know that ghosts exist," Spirit smirked.

"Oh, for sure," Blue grinned

"Honestly, people who don't think they exist just need to look at the evidence right in front of them," Phantom agreed

The new Wilbur furrowed his eyebrows. "Uh?"

"Hi, I'm Spirit," Spirit held out his hand. "That's Ghostbur, Blue, and Phantom, the resident dead people here."

"Excuse you!" Deadbur shouted indignantly.

“Sorry. Deadbur’s dead too,” Spirit nodded. “He’s not a ghost, though. He’s just dead.”

The new Wilbur blinked. “You can’t possibly expect me to believe you.”

“I can prove it, look,” Spirit turned to Rust. “Rust, give me your gun, I’m about to do something unorthodox.”

“Fuck no,” Rust said immediately.

“Shit,” Spirit muttered. “Anyone got any kind of weapon I can stab myself w-”

“THAT’S NOT FUNNY!” Resurrectedbur shouted, and Deadbur burst out laughing.

“YES IT IS!” Spirit argued. “It’s so funny. Trust m-”

“Sorry, kid, but I think you’ll have to accept the fact that no one here wants to see you stab yourself,” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow with a smile.

“Okay, then can I get Phil to do it?” Spirit smiled an innocent smile. Well, it obviously wasn’t innocent, but he was good at pretending it was.

“SPIRIT!”

Deadbur was cackling at this point.

“I feel like some of us are missing the context here,” Ace muttered.

“Oh, have we not explained November 16th to you?” Deadbur smirked, his laughter seemingly out of his system. “Y’see, I-”

“SHUT UP, L’mambur and Alivebur aren’t there yet,” Resurrectedbur slapped his hand in front of Deadbur’s mouth. “No spoilers.”

“Can we tell everyone *except* L’mambur and Alivebur?” Blue suggested.

“What the hell??” L’mambur shouted.

“Yeah, sure, go for it,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “As long as *everyone* promises not to tell either of them.”

“I think I’ve picked up on what happens by now,” Alivebur said dryly. “Y’know, based on the stab wound and everything.”

“Wait, you- wait, WHAT??” Sky’s eyes widened. “Hold on, back up-”

“Oh great, I can tell the story,” Deadbur grinned. “Since L’mambur and Alivebur aren’t fucking fools and have picked up on it now. Finally.”

“No,” Resurrectedbur warned like someone warn a dog not to chew up a shoe. “Don’t you dare.”

“So, it all started months ag-” Deadbur started.

“Nope,” Resurrectedbur slapped his hand over Deadbur’s mouth again. “Licking or biting my hand isn’t gonna do shit, so don’t try.” Deadbur visibly deflated a little. “Anyways. Ghostbur, introductions, explanation, and name, please.”

“Right!” Ghostbur nodded and turned to the new Wilbur. “Uh, I hope you don’t hate me, since you apparently just got? Killed by a ghost?”

“No, no, if anything, I find it interesting,” The new Wilbur’s eyes gleamed with obvious curiosity. “I’ve never met a *friendly* ghost, ghosts are typically very territorial and want you out of their place no matter what it’ll take to get you out.”

“So you’re trespassing into some dead guy’s house?” Phantom’s voice came from behind the new Wilbur, his hat tilting like his head was tilting.

The new Wilbur jumped and turned around. “The fuck??”

“Oh, yeah, I go invisible,” Phantom’s hat went up as if he was straightening up. “‘Cause I burn in the sun. The hat is here to let you guys know where I am. And fashion. I look GREAT in it.”

“Um,” The new Wilbur glanced at Ghostbur. “Okay, cool...”

“Anyways! Introductions!” Ghostbur exclaimed and did his standard simple introductions while pointing at each bur as he said their name, as long as a short and sweet explanation of what was going on.

“And finally, where are you from?” Ghostbur tilted his head. “What should your nickname be?”

“Um,” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “I mean, where I’m from is just... Earth, I guess.”

“Wait, what the fuck??” Wilbur spoke up. “Ghosts don’t actually exist on *Earth* !”

The new Wilbur pursed his lips. “I’m going to ignore that comment.”

“Maybe he’s like, from an Earth slightly to the left,” Editor suggested. “Where ghosts are real.”

“Oooh, maybe,” Wilbur nodded, and after a small pause, his eyes widened. “Wait, you’re from Phasmophobia, aren’t you??”

“Isn’t that like, the fear of ghosts?” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “I don’t know if you can tell based on the fact that I’m having a nice conversation with a ghost, but I don’t have phasmophobia.”

“No, no, th-” Wilbur cut himself off. “Nothing, nothing...” He glanced at Spirit.

“Okay, how about like... Phasmophobiabur?” Spirit narrowed his eyes. “Never mind, too long.... Phasmo? Phas?”

“I’m not scared of ghosts!” The new Wilbur exclaimed.

“Oh, I know,” Spirit dismissed the thought. “This makes sense though, trust me.”

“Trust you?” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “A ghost?”

“What are you implying?” Spirit frowned.

“Nothing, nothing,” The new Wilbur muttered. “Uh, Phas is fine.”

“Sweet,” Ghostbur grinned.

Chapter End Notes

haha omg hiii <3333333 (waves cutely) i dont know what im doing. im going to sleep
im so tired not bc of this chapter this chapter was actually very fun to write but i am
sleepu. gn

42.5

Chapter Summary

OH, THE HUMANITY!

Chapter Notes

Now, for the news at 10! We're going live to the Void, with witness DreamXD and reporter Walter Crondale!

btw idk if its cromdale or crondale but im goin w crondale . i dont particularly care that much

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Millions of eyes opened all at once. A hand came out from under a green cloak quickly, and two golden halos shone in the dark.

.....*why are they doing this again.*

Kristin?

There was no answer.

Clara? Sally?

No answer.

Fuck's sake. I don't want to have to figure this all out on my own.

Another presence joined the void, and another eye open, but it didn't belong to the original entity. It was a new eye.

...hello?

“42.5, don't touch that dial!”

And... who would you be?

“This is 43.5, you're listening to Walter Crondale!”

Doesn't ring a bell.

“The best news reporter on this side of the country!” The other presence- Walter Crondale- moved towards DreamXD.

News reporter? I think you have the wrong place.

“Nope!”

...you sure? Kid, this is the Void.

“One of many.”

...

“...”

What did you just say?

“One of many! There are plenty of Voids, honestly it’s rather naive of you to think this one is special!”

Kid, I don’t know what you think you’re saying here, but you need to leave. Right now.

“Uh, no, I don’t think I will!”

Walter.

“That’s me! :3”

How did you make that sound with your mouth?

“I think you’d know more than anyone that we aren’t using our mouths, Mr. XD!”

How did y-

“How did I know your name? Oh, well, it’s simple, really! I’ve been watching you.”

...you’ve been what?

"I've been watching since you first decided to mess with the timeline."

I didn't do that!

"No, no, I mean after it all started. When you decided to 'fix' it."

Do you know who started this mess??

"Mhm!"

Who???

"Why, that would be rather rude of me to tell you, would it not?"

Wh- no, I'm god. Whatever I say goes, I know all, hear all, and see all.

"Then why didn't you know I was watching you?"

...

";)"

That's my smile, not yours.

"It's actually Dream's, you're a copycat!"

Shut up and leave.

“Fine, fine. This is Walter Crondale, 53.5 at 11! I haven’t talked to a woman in twenty three years!”

That’s certainly a way to end it.

“Dear readers, DON’T TOUCH THAT DIAL!”

Walter left the Void.

...

Wait, didn’t he say 42.5 the first time?

Chapter End Notes

you heard the man
don't touch that dial ;)

details

Chapter Notes

ayup ive been waiting SO long to write this ever since me and one of my friends (@bonespell on ao3 GO CHECK HER OUT SHES SO COOL N POGGERS) came up w rusts backstory (mostly her but . i helped)
it was as fun as i thought it would b to write <3
enjoy !

ALSO small tw for body horror(?) not rlly descriptive, if i should tag this as smthn else let me know !!

from ["Yeah really," Revivedbur rolled his eyes. "Although, now I can do this!"] to ["I have a question," Sky raised one of his hands in the air.] if you wanna skip it !! its not important lmao most of this chapter is just a few design details i wanted to mention...!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Well, now that that's done with," Phantom spoke up. "I'm fucking starving. Anyone got any food?"

To that question, he got a resounding 'no'. Or at least, lots of answers he took as a 'no'.

"I've got something that I don't think a lot of people would like me to let you eat," Ghostbur muttered, and Alivebur snorted. Resurrectedbur flicked him in the back of his head with his finger.

"I probably do," Rust pulled up his Inventory after failing to do so three times. "Uhh.... nope. No cooked food, at least."

"Not even some human meat?" Wilbur elbowed him, and Rust gave him a glare that seemed like he was this close to taking out that knife again and actually using it this time. Wonder what that meant.

“Wait, Challenger’s a Creator!” Blue exclaimed. “He can just use the Creative Inventory!”

“Yeah, sure, the question is ‘do I want to?’” Challenger raised an eyebrow. “Why should I?”

“Because I’m this close to starving to death,” Phantom said immediately. He wasn’t lying. Kind of an exaggeration, but it wasn’t a *lie*. “Being invisible is incredibly taxing.”

Challenger stared at him for a few moments looking unimpressed before pulling up his Inventory. “Steak sound good?”

Phantom grinned. “Yessss!!”

A few moments later, they all had food and most of them decided to eat it. Not that they had to save it, Challenger had given each of them an entire stack of cooked steak.

However, Wilbur, Editor, Rust, Sky, Impostor, and Phas were just... staring at it. While it was on the ground. Not picking it up. They all looked mildly disgusted.

“You not gonna eat that?” Deadbur raised an eyebrow at Wilbur.

“You expect me to eat *that* much steak after it’s been on the fucking ground??” Wilbur asked incredulously.

“That is... a lot,” Sky quietly agreed.

“Where the fuck did you get this much??” Impostor’s eyes widened, turning to look at Challenger.

Challenger frowned. “My Inventory. I’m in Creative, I have unlimited resources.”

“Then why do all of *you guys* think this is a normal amount??” Phas looked around at the other ‘burs.

“I mean, even if you don’t have Creative, there are cow farms,” Spirit frowned. “I don’t know why you think this is so weird, it’s literally just food. Pick it up before it disappears.”

“Before it *what* ??” Rust stared at Spirit.

“Now, I can’t speak for Sky or Rust,” Editor spoke up. “But nothing just... disappears on Earth. Despawns, I guess is what you would call it here. And no one in their right mind is going to eat sixty four entire steaks at once, especially after they’ve been on the fucking *ground* .”

“Well why not?” Bard tilted his head, looking up from where he was trying to not let Fundy eat an entire steak at once. “It’s perfectly fine food.”

“No, it’s all gross and dirty and bacteria-ridden now,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “And in this economy? *No one* except a dumbass would do that.”

“This economy?” Editor snickered. “The hell do you mean by that?”

“You’ll see,” Wilbur smirked at him. “You’ll see.”

Editor’s smile dropped.

“So do you not want it?” Challenger raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll take it,” Sky opened his Inventory and took some. “Fucking hell, I don’t think I’ve ever had this much food at once.” He paused. “I mean, I’ve never really needed it...”

“You live on an island in the void, what the hell are you gonna use food for?” Revivedbur pointed out. “Regen? From what?”

“Once I got a little endermite spawn egg,” Sky mentioned. “I don’t know what the hell happened to him, though. He bit me then disappeared or something.”

“Probably jumped off the island,” Spirit shrugged. “From what I’ve heard about your world, I can’t blame him.”

“Spirit,” Resurrectedbur sighed.

Spirit grinned. “Yes, Resurrectedbur?”

Resurrectedbur took a deep breath. “Please shut the fuck up.”

“No,” Spirit stuck his tongue out at him. “I can make that joke. You can’t.”

Resurrectedbur gestured to the stitched-up stab scar on his sweater and raised an eyebrow. “Really now?”

“Sorry if I’m interrupting something here, but speaking of which,” Ace spoke up. “What *is* that?”

“What’s what?” Spirit turned to him.

“The fuckin- thing on your sweater,” Ace pointed to Resurrectedbur. “And you, Spirit. And Revivedbur. And Deadbur. And Phantom.”

“Why do you think I’m called *Dead* bur?” Deadbur smirked.

Ace blinked. “Wait, I thought Alivebur was joking-”

“I wish,” Revivedbur snorted. “You know how much being dead *sucks* ??”

“It’s really not that bad,” Phantom rolled his eyes. Not that anyone could see him do that, since he was. Y’know. Invisible.

“It really is,” Revivedbur insisted. “And you can’t really leave it behind when your fuckin’ face reminds you of it constantly.”

“Speaking of which,” Ghostbur butt in. “Why do you have the weird green stuff on your face?” He paused. “Uh, no offense.”

“None taken,” Revivedbur shrugged. “I dunno. Something to do with revival.”

“Damn, whoever put your body back together really fucked up,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “I practically got a brand new one.”

“Yeah really,” Revivedbur rolled his eyes. “Although, now I can do this!” He rolled his sleeve up to show that his left arm up to the elbow was green, and it looked like it and the rest of his arm above the elbow was stitched together. He pulled on his arm at the elbow, and it... came off. Just, entirely came off from the elbow down.

“WHAT THE FUCK??” Half of the group shouted, and Revivedbur laughed.

“People always get freaked out by that,” Revivedbur smirked. He used his right hand to hold out his left forearm. “It’s kind of funny, in a dark kind of way.”

“Yoooo, I can do that too,” Mod suddenly said from right beside Phantom, making him jump about five feet in the air, with the help of his wings that didn’t do much other than be fragile.

“Where the FUCK do you keep coming from?!” Phantom shouted.

“Places,” Mod grinned. “The Hunger Games. Just got done with those, actually. Got a nice tragic death! Or at least, I can pretend it was dramatic and tragic.”

They all stared at him, unnerved.

“So are you gonna show us your arm thing, or-” Impostor finally broke the vaguely uncomfortable silence.

“Yep!” Mod replied, and his right arm just. Disappeared. He didn’t pull it off like Revivedbur, he just... made it disappear. He got a similar reaction as Revivedbur did.

“Oh right!” Wilbur exclaimed. “Wait, wait, can you make your head disappear?”

“Sure,” Mod grinned, although that grin soon disappeared as his arm came back and his entire *head* disappeared.

“Can you still talk and hear shit without a head?” Ghostbur asked curiously.

“Yep,” Mod said, although his voice did kind of sound a little muffled. “I can actually still see, too, it’s just all blurry.” His head reappeared, and his voice became clear again. “It isn’t convenient at all, and I have no real reason, but it's fun!”

“Like pretty much all the weird shit you can do,” Wilbur muttered.

“Incorrect,” Mod shook his head at Wilbur. “I can do *plenty* of useful shit. Like jump really high, or turn into any mob I want.”

“Or fall into the moon,” Wilbur continued for him. “Or steal someone’s lungs, or ignore the apocalypse for a card game.”

“It wasn’t a card game,” Mod rolled his eyes. “Completely different, you uncultured fuck.”

“I *made* that game, and you know it!” Wilbur retorted.

“Then why don’t you know the proper terminology for it?” Mod tilted his head.

“Cause that was a while ago,” Wilbur frowned. “I’m not exactly doing it every day.”

“Can you two stop arguing about your card game or whatever?” Deadbur interrupted them. “No one else here knows what the fuck you’re talking about.”

“You’re one to talk,” Spirit muttered, and Deadbur gave him a lighthearted glare.

“Yeah, yeah, sure,” Wilbur glanced at mod warily. “What were you saying, Revivedbur?”

Revivedbur pulled his sleeve back down after putting his arm back in the... socket? Somehow? and looked up. “Oh, I’m done, I don’t have anything else to say.”

“I have a question,” Sky raised one of his hands in the air. “How come Revivedbur has the weird green stuff but Resurrectedbur doesn’t?”

“I don’t actually... know,” Resurrectedbur frowned. “That shit is from resurrection, obviously, like part of the white hair and the stitched up stab scar that we both have. One of

my eyes is also lighter than the other, but Revivedbur's eyes are the same as before he died."

"Wait, really?" Editor turned and looked at Resurrectedbur's face, since he was standing the closest to him out of the group. "Oh, that's weird... kinda looks like you're blind in one eye."

"I'm not," Resurrectedbur shrugged. "Nothing really changed besides my physical appearance and having to get used to the Overworld again."

"Yeah, really," Revivedbur muttered, and Spirit and Deadbur seemed to share the irritated sentiment.

"Oh, that reminds me," Wilbur spoke up. "What's with the weird color scheme, Spirit and Deadbur?"

"Fuck if I know," Spirit shrugged. "This is just the colors of my Afterlife."

"That's funny," Wilbur smirked. "'Cause that also happens to be the colors of the cover art for one of my music albums."

Spirit's eyes widened, then narrowed. "You little *shit* -"

Wilbur's grin widened.

"Uh, context, please?" Phantom spoke up.

"Nope, sorry," Wilbur snickered. "I don't think I'm at liberty to say."

"You sure as hell aren't," Spirit muttered.

“Aaaaanyways,” Ghostbur pulled the conversation away from whatever that was. “I’ve just realized what Revivedbur’s weird face thing reminded me of- *Rust’s* weird face thing!”

Eighteen pairs of eyes turned to Rust.

“Sorry to be rude and point,” Ghostbur apologized in advance, but Rust didn’t seem to care about that detail. “But see the thing? Red-pinkish thing? It’s in the same place as Revivedbur’s green revival stuff on his face!”

Rust raised a hand to the mentioned area on his left cheek, and Phantom couldn’t make out the rollercoaster of emotions he seemed to be going on at the moment.

“It’s just a sunburn,” Rust assured. “Dunno how I got it, but it’s nothing.”

“How’d you manage to get a sunburn in that specific of a place?” Ace asked teasingly.

“Who knows?” Rust rolled his eyes with a smile.

Out of the corner of his eye, Phantom noticed Wilbur looking very... confused? Why? His eyes were narrowed, looking at Rust, before they suddenly widened and he gasped.

“Wait a goddamn minute,” Wilbur walked up to Rust and looked at his face closer, to which Rust immediately backed up. “You liar!”

“What the fuck do you mean??” Rust asked defensively.

“You know fully well what that is,” Wilbur narrowed his eyes.

“I have no clue what you’re talking about,” Rust crossed his arms.

“You idiot- that’s a radiation burn!!” Wilbur exclaimed. “Rust, that’s serious!”

Rust’s eyes widened, surprised, but not in the ‘oh shit, wait really?’ kind of way, more in the ‘oh fuck, you figured it out’ kind of way.

“Wait, what??” Everyone else looked and sounded very confused.

“That’s none of your fucking business,” Rust hissed, backing up more. “And you don’t even know if that’s true.”

“Based on your reaction, I was absolutely correct!” Wilbur retorted.

Rust pursed his lips. “Well what the fuck difference does it make?? Sunburn, radiation burn, same difference!”

Wilbur’s eyes widened in the fed up kind of way. “You do understand that a sunburn is just a not as serious type of radiation burn right.”

“Okay, you’re just proving my point!” Rust argued. “What difference does it make!”

“It makes all the difference!” Wilbur shouted. “I haven’t done my *research* on radiation burns, but I can assure you this is serious.”

“With what evidence?” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Google is a powerful source,” Wilbur smirked, and Editor snorted at the remark.

“....what?” Rust blinked.

“Nothing, nothing,” Wilbur crossed his arms. “But as soon as we get to a place with a doctor, we’re getting you proper medical treatment, because dammit, that’s a serious matter.”

“And I suppose everyone else here is in perfect health?” Rust raised an eyebrow. “Really, you’re making a big deal out of nothing. I’ve got it, it’s none of your business, it’s my business and my business only as well as anyone *I decide* to share it with. So drop it.”

They all went silent, and Wilbur and Rust just stared at each other, both looking pissed at the other, neither looking away.

“Uhm,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “I hate to- *fuck* - interrupt, but I think we’re time travelling!”

“Wait, huh?” Rust looked away from Wilbur.

“Oh my GOD, what the hell is that??” Revivedbur’s eyes widened. “Fucking hell- ow??”

“Wait, you- that makes sense!” Resurrectedbur grinned. “Fellow undead man, welcome to the hell of time travelling.”

Revivedbur looked at him with an emotion in his facial expression that caused Phantom to have to really try to hold back his laughter. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Sky move to try to comfort Revivedbur, who looked like he had a very bad headache. Phantom winced sympathetically.

“I feel like this is worse, though,” Resurrectedbur winced. “Nowhere *near* as bad as it was this one time before Phantom or any of you guys after him joined.”

“We get it, old man,” Spirit smirked. “You’re in pain, your bones are old and weird.”

“Says the one whos been in hell for way longer than I was,” Resurrectedbur muttered.

Spirit’s smirk fell.

Phantom blinked, and suddenly, everything was different- they were in a different place, everything was brighter and louder, and it sounded like 40 people were all talking at once.

What the hell??

Chapter End Notes

soooo where do you think they are ? whos world ? bc o boy.....a few of these burs r
Not about to have a fun time <3

also . sry if it seems like im focusing too much on rust hes just my favorite bur.....and
he has the most fun backstory trust me /silly

ALSO if i dont update any of my fics in the next few days its bc i got my covid booster
earlier today and last time that happened it was Not Fun and i basically spent the entire
time lying in bed wishing it was the next day so . wish me luck that that doesnt happen
again ig

and the crowd goes wild

Chapter Summary

you okay, kings ?

Chapter Notes

when i said a few of these burs werent gonna have a good time-

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur looked around where they were to see... the Decision Dome? What, were they in MCC?

That was the first thing he noticed. The second thing he noticed was that they could hear *everyone* in the Dome talking at once- all almost forty people.

“Ace!” He called- nearly shouted to be louder than the cacophony of people talking- but he didn’t see Ace anywhere. Where the fuck was he??

Fucking hell, this was loud. He glanced around and noticed a few more things. One being that Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur looked like they were in pain, another being that Challenger was just flying, another being that Rust looked like he was about to throw up, and finally, another being that Spirit was staring up at- Wilbur followed his line of sight- Dream.

This couldn’t be good.

But pressing matters first, small things later. Wilbur first turned to Rust, who was the closest to him.

“Are you okay??” Wilbur asked- once again practically shouting.

Rust, who was leaning against the side of the circle in the middle of the Dome floor, a hand up to his forehead with his other arm over his stomach, looked up at him with one eye open.
“Sure.”

“What, you got the same thing as Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow jokingly.

“Nope, just radiation poisoning,” Rust muttered and opened his Inventory.

Wilbur froze.

“I know, I know,” Rust rolled his eyes. ““You’re an idiot’, whatever. Now’s not the time.”

Wilbur sighed. “Fine. You okay, though?”

“Well, I’m out of pills,” Rust closed his Inventory. “But I’ll be fine.”

Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

Rust rolled his eyes again. “Fuck off.”

“Fuckin’ hell, fine,” Wilbur muttered, raising his hands up defensively.

Revivedbur rubbed his head to attempt to make the headache and shit from?? Time travelling??? go away. It wasn't working as well as he wished it would, but it was slowly going away.

He looked around, trying his best to ignore his pounding headache and instead survey his surroundings. It looked like they were in some big room. A dome? With... lots of people talking all at once. Fuck, this wasn't helping his headache at ALL.

Where were they? *When* were they?? Which Bur's world were they in? This certainly wasn't the Dream SMP, so where were they?

He also saw the other Burs, and noticed a few things happening. First of all, Ace- who had been right next to him before they time travelled- was nowhere to be seen. Second of all, Sky- who was now the closest Bur to him- was standing as stiff as a board.

Revivedbur frowned and immediately went over to Sky, and noticed that he was breathing very fast, and he seemed like he was kind of freaking out. Like when he had first joined the group. A lightbulb went off in Revivedbur's head.

"You okay?" He muttered as quietly as he could without being drowned out by the what seemed like a million other people talking at once.

Sky didn't respond for a few moments, before turning to him, and whispering, "No." Revivedbur almost didn't hear it.

Revivedbur felt a twinge of sympathy. He felt the exact same way when he had first been revived and had to get used to the sounds, sights, and *everything* about the Overworld again. He was honestly surprised how well Deadbur and Spirit seemed to be with the whole thing, considering they had both been in the Afterlife right before this- Spirit even longer than he had been- but he also assumed that by now, they were just used to it again.

"Can I touch you?" He asked.

Sky seemed to hesitate for a few moments, eyes darting to the floor for a moment before nodding.

Revivedbur smiled and took his coat off, and put it over Sky's head. It seemed kind of odd, but it made sense. Helped to block out sound and sights, and even if just by a little bit, it still helped. At least, in Revivedbur's experience.

Sky froze, but soon relaxed. Revivedbur moved closer to him, and started rubbing his hand on his back in repetitive circles. Sky froze again, but soon kind of melted into it, leaning on Revivedbur a little bit.

Soon, Sky pulled the coat off from his head and silently put his head on Revivedbur's shoulder. That shocked Revivedbur for a few moments, but didn't try to move him off.

The two of them watched as everyone else in the room seemed very confused at everything else happening. Wilbur and Rust were quietly arguing. Resurrectedbur and Spirit were arguing louder, but Revivedbur still couldn't hear what they were saying. People were shouting and talking, and it seemed like everyone was in separate VCs, but since the Burs weren't, they heard everyone all at once.

Revivedbur glanced at Sky, who didn't actually seem to be watching anything, just staring.

Resurrectedbur grabbed Spirit's hand, who turned to glare at him.

"Spirit, I know what you're thinking, don't you fucking dare," Resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes.

“But he’s *right there* !” Spirit pointed at Dream, who, like everyone else except the Burs, was in some kind of little... cage? That wasn’t what it was, obviously, but Resurrectedbur didn’t know what else to call it.

“And he’s probably not an asshole!” Resurrectedbur glanced around. “This is an entirely different world, we don’t know where we are, we don’t know what anyone here is like, so stop jumping to conclusions!”

“Fuck you!” Spirit shouted, but stopped trying to pull his hand away from Resurrectedbur. “Let go, please.”

“I’m not sure if I trust you,” Resurrectedbur replied.

“What??” Spirit squawked. “Why not?”

Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“Whatever,” Spirit muttered and looked at the floor.

Suddenly, all the noise disappeared, except a baby crying, three people shouting confusedly instead of 40, and Rust and Wilbur arguing.

“WHAT THE FUCK-”

“Everyone shut up!” Ace shouted through *someone’s* communicator, but Resurrectedbur didn’t know whose. Everyone except the baby- Fundy, of course, there was only one baby here- shut up. “Uh, a few things- Wilburs, this is my time, Tommy, Phil, and Ranboo, I can explain! I think. But uh, right now, I am stuck in Ace Race, and I require assistance.”

“Wait, you’re *what* ??” Phil’s voice asked. Out of the corner of his eye, Resurrectedbur saw Deadbur flinch.

“I’m stuck in Ace Race right where I disappeared,” Ace repeated. “And I have no clue how to get out.”

“Okay, okay, lemme ask Noxcrew,” Phil muttered.

“What the fuck is happening?” Tommy demanded.

“Uh, time travel!” Ace explained, although it really wasn’t much of an explanation.

“That is not helpful,” Ranboo’s voice came through the communicator. “Please, how is ‘time travel’ an explanation for you disappearing, then showing up like five minutes later after ‘WilburSoot joined the game’ pops up twenty times in chat??”

“Nineteen times,” Ace corrected. “And that was only five minutes?? Felt like way longer than that...”

“I can definitely see how ‘time travel’ could be an explanation for that,” Phil spoke up. “If time travel was possible.”

“It definitely is,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Believe me, I’ve been in this weird group the entire time, and I think I’ve time travelled at least thirty times by now.”

“That’s an exaggeration,” Deadbur snorted. “Only like, fifteen times.”

“Okay, what the f-” Tommy started.

“Time travel,” Ace said. “I already explained it, that’s probably the best explanation you’re going to get. Buncha different versions of me from different worlds, Servers, and times. A

few of these guys aren't even on a Server or World or anything, they're from this weird place called 'Earth'."

"It's not that weird!" Editor shouted.

"Yeah, whatever," Ace snickered.

"Who's fucking baby is crying?" Tommy asked.

"That'd be mine," Bard spoke up. "You ask that as if there's another baby here."

"There are three other babies here," Alivebur smirked. "Ghostbur, Blue, and Spirit."

"Shut the fuck up!!" Spirit flipped him off.

"Blue is literally a month old!" Alivebur grinned. "He is, by definition, a baby!"

"Anyone under the age of 18 is legally an infant," Phas mentioned.

"Well, I'm older than that," Spirit stuck his tongue out. "If you count the yeaaaars I've been in the Afterlife. The decades, th-"

"I get it, I get it," Wilbur muttered, and Spirit smirked.

"I swear to all that is good and holy, if that baby doesn't shut up, I'm gonna throw my coat over him," Revivedbur pinched the bridge of his nose, and Sky, who was kind of just leaning on him, holding his coat, snickered.

“Please don’t,” Bard muttered. “Shh, it’s okay, it’s okay! Look, it’s fine, your dad’s right here!” He kissed Fundy on the head, and the baby finally quieted down.

“Man, it’s so weird seeing what Alivebur used to be like,” Spirit snickered. “Bitch, what the hell happened to you?”

“The fuck do you think?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“I’m suddenly concerned for my future mental health,” Bard glanced at Alivebur.

“You should be!” Alivebur, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit chirped in unison.

“Fuckin- Watch out, Wil!” Tommy shouted, and the sound of something falling on the floor came from the communicator.

“Ow, fuck,” Ace muttered. “Oh, good!”

“What happened?” Phantom asked.

“Nothing, just got teleported out of Ace Race,” Ace replied.

“I’m this close to coming up there to see what the hell is happening myself,” Challenger announced.

“How would you even get up here?” Ranboo asked.

“Like this,” Challenger said, and while looking like he was doing literally nothing, flew like ten feet up in the air to be level with the weird things everyone else was in.

“WHAT THE FUCK??” Tommy shouted.

“He does that,” Ace chuckled. “Ignore him, he thinks he’s important or whatever.”

“I could smite you if I wanted to,” Challenger said calmly.

“So do it,” Ace taunted. “You won’t.”

“You’re right, I won’t,” Challenger crossed his arms. “Because I have some level of impulse control.”

“Imagine,” Phas fake-yawned. “Couldn’t be me.”

“Lame,” Spirit booed as well.

“Loser,” Revivedbur stuck his tongue out at him.

Challenger rolled his eyes and dropped to the ground again, not taking fall damage. Lucky.

“Okay, sure, this is happening,” Phil muttered. “Anything else we need to deal with besides, y’know, this whole thing?”

“Rust’s about to throw up,” Wilbur spoke up calmly.

“No I’m *not* !!” Rust retorted. He certainly sounded like he was.

“You okay, king?” Impostor raised an eyebrow, glancing at Rust.

“I’m fucking fine,” Rust muttered. “Get out of my business, you fucking assholes.”

“Fucking hell, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed,” Editor remarked.

“Did you forget how I got thrown into this whole thing?” Rust rolled his eyes.

“Oh riiiiight,” Editor snapped his fingers. “You interrupted me.”

“Is there context to this at *all* ?” Tommy asked.

“To what?” Blue asked. “This whole thing or Rust being pissed?”

“Ooooooh, he said a swear,” L’manbur snickered.

“Either, at this point,” Tommy replied.

“Okay, well, I don’t have more explanation for this whole thing than Ace gave you,” Blue shrugged. “But Rust is mad because he was arguing with Wilbur because Wilbur called him out because he lied about his health and now apparently he’s doing it again.”

“NO I’M NOT!” Rust shouted.

“You *literally* have radiation poisoning, how the hell are we supposed to ignore that??” Wilbur shouted back.

“What the fuck??” About ten different people, Burs and not, asked at once in varying tones and levels of volume.

“Oh my *god*, it doesn’t matter,” Rust rolled his eyes and stood up straighter. “Can we *please* just try to figure out what’s going on and get out of the spotlight?”

“As much as I think that’s not something to ignore,” Phil spoke up. “I do agree that there’s a more pressing matter right now. No one’s gonna die in the ten minutes it’ll take to get this sorted out.”

“You never know,” Challenger shrugged, and about seven Burs and Phil glared at him.

Chapter End Notes

look they r ok . they r fine :] just got a little bit of radiation poisoning and being Very Overwhelmed Very Quickly and a fucking 2 year old and seeing ur killer across the room . its fine

btw fun fact i have literally done so much research on radiation burns and poisoning like :sob: multiple times during class MONTHS AGO like in november i wanna say idek i would pull my phone out during class just to read the wikipedia page for radiation burns, poisoning, and related things and its very interesting. one can die from it but i promise rust wont lmao he didnt absorb THAT many rads

chicken little more like chicken BURS

Chapter Notes

!!DISCLAIMER!!

-i dont know how babies work

-i dont know how guns work

-im only willing to put in so much work into researching random shit for this fic

-i dont know how scott/noxcrew would respond to this

-if something is a little inaccurate i dont care sry < / 3

that being said, TW for guns, nothin big, just rust n impostor fooling around w their respective projectile weapons a bit

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m not putting you down,” Bard tapped Fundy on the nose.

Fundy frowned and tried to get him to let go. “Whyyy?”

“We don’t know where we are, silly!” Bard rolled his eyes with a smile. “I’m not gonna let you wander off in this giant place.”

Fundy pouted.

“You seem tired,” Bard said teasingly. “You need a nap?”

Fundy made a face. “No!”

“Yeah, you do,” Bard patted his back. “I get it, it’s been a long... half a day? ...I dunno. But you’re tired!”

“No I’m not!” Fundy shook his head.

“Mhm, sure,” Bard murmured. He looked around, ignoring Fundy’s complaints for the time being, and noticed Sky staring at him about six feet away from him.

“Um,” Bard made eye contact, mostly by accident. “Do you need something?”

“Hm?” Sky hummed, making Revivedbur, of whom Sky was leaning on, jump. “Oh, no, just looking at your kid. I’ve never seen a baby before.”

Bard stared at him for a moment. “You constantly surprise me.”

“Look,” Sky started.

“No, no, I get it,” Bard walked towards them. “I’d be awfully confused if there was just a random baby on an island in the void.”

Sky snorted.

“So, your kid is named Fundy?” Tommy spoke up from the mysterious communicator that didn’t exist.

“Yeah, why?” Bard frowned.

“I mean, there’s a guy named Fundy here,” Tommy said. “In Aqua.”

“Is he a fox hybrid?” Alivebur asked.

“I mean, he’s a furry,” Ace snickered.

“Eyyy, so is the Fundy I know,” Alivebur grinned.

“Same,” Impostor smirked.

“I...” Bard sighed. “Okay.”

“Oh shit- are they not gonna do anything??” Ace suddenly said.

“What?” Editor looked up at where Ace and his team were.

“I- we can vote now,” Ace sounded confused. “But we couldn’t a second earlier- I assume they paused it after Ace Race?”

“Yeah, we were trying to get you a replacement, but it was taking too long, so we finished Ace Race and said we would get you one between games,” Phil replied. “But since you’re back, now...”

“And there are eighteen versions of myself in the voting area?” Ace snorted.

“Wait, wait, idea-” Tommy spoke up. “Can you all kill the other chickens?”

“Isn’t that cheating?” Phil cautioned.

“Tubbo was down there earlier,” Ranboo pointed out. “And that was fine, apparently.”

“True,” Ace agreed. “I’d say, they’re down there, technically they could side with any team, they just so happened to side with us!”

“Oh great, I can use this thing now,” Rust grinned and unslung his rifle from his shoulder.

“You’re gonna fucking shoot a chicken??” Editor raised an eyebrow. “Isn’t that a bit much?”

“Why shouldn’t I?” Rust smirked.

“Y’know, what, fair,” Editor raised his hands. “You do you.”

“Ooh, I have a gun too,” Impostor pulled out a smaller gun.

“So you *are* the impostor, Impostor?” Wilbur grinned.

“No!” Impostor glared at him. “All crewmates have one, no one uses it on the ship unless they’re the impostor.”

“Fair enough,” Wilbur backed off.

“If anyone else wants a weapon, I’d be happy to supply,” Challenger opened his Inventory, smirking.

“You know you could just pick up the chickens and put them in the right one, right?” Phil chuckled.

“But this is more *fun*,” Rust grinned. “Don’t get me wrong, killing isn’t fun, but it’s just a chicken! And it’s for good reason. Sports!”

“Hmmm,” Mod hummed. Oh, yeah, he was there too. Why not. “Let’s see here, I have the chest scissors, TNT, lasers...”

“I’m sorry, *what* was that first one?” Phantom turned to stare at him.

“Chest scissors?” Mod tilted his head. He pulled up his Inventory and picked out an object that looked like shears. But, um. Bloody. “These bad boys?”

“I’m not sure I want to ask this,” Sky spoke up. “But what are those for?”

“Surgery,” Mod shrugged. “I’m a doctor.”

“No you’re not,” Wilbur called.

“I never said I was a good doctor,” Mod grinned.

“Maybe... don’t use those,” Deadbur pushed the tip of the scissors away with his index finger.

“Your loss,” Mod shrugged, putting it away.

“Can I have a weapon??” Spirit turned to Resurrectedbur. “Pleaaaaase? For the chickens!”

“...no,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“You fucking suck,” Spirit muttered.

“So I’ve been told,” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes.

“Don’t you literally have an axe that you tried to behead me with?” Wilbur mentioned.

Spirit lit up and beamed. “Oh, right!” He opened his Inventory, and an enchanted netherite axe appeared in his hand.

Resurrectedbur facepalmed.

Revivedbur glanced at Sky, then back at the other Burs, who were currently talking about the chickens. He didn’t say anything, but they were probably gonna run out of time to do anything to the chickens if they didn’t hurry up. He glanced back at Sky.

He looked very calm, holding his coat with a slight smile. Revivedbur couldn’t help but notice that his hair was an absolute mess.

“Uh,” Revivedbur attempted to kind of shrug his head off of his shoulder. “Sky?”

“Hm?” Sky glanced up at him, frowning.

“Can you... get off?” Revivedbur asked awkwardly. “Not for any reason, I just-”

“Nope,” Sky declared.

Revivedbur stared at him. Sky's smile came back, bigger and more mischievous this time.

"Please?" Revivedbur asked.

"You're warm," Sky replied.

"It's not cold here," Revivedbur pointed out.

"You're soft," Sky continued.

"Because I'm wearing a sweater??" Revivedbur raised an eyebrow. "Go lean on someone else, literally all the other Burs are wearing a sweater identical to mine!"

"Rust's not," Sky grinned. "Editor's not. Alivebur's not. Deadbur's not. Impostor's not."

Revivedbur sighed. "Whatever. Please?"

"No," Sky frowned. "I feel hurt. Why do you want me to move? Your shoulder will be cold."

"For one, your hair is annoying me," Revivedbur brought his hand up to Sky's hair and combed through it a bit. "It's tangled as fuck."

"What the fuck am I supposed to brush it with?" Sky raised an eyebrow, looking up at him.

"Your hand, at least!" Revivedbur exclaimed. "For fuck's sake, it's a mess!"

"Deal with it," Sky shrugged. "My hair, not yours."

Revivedbur sighed.

He suddenly heard a loud bang, laughing, and shouting, and he jumped, a certain memory flooding back like water breaking through a dam.

Revivedbur felt his breathing quicken, his chest felt like it was splitting open in phantom pain, he heard even more sounds that he *knew* he didn't actually hear, but did it really matter if there was something to hear if you still heard something anyways? If there was nothing to hear, yet he still heard something, then it just made sense that it didn't matter.

He felt someone touch him, and at first he froze, but as whoever's hand that was touching him went to his back in comforting circles, he took a few deep breaths and glanced to the left to see Sky, looking concerned.

"Are you okay??" Sky whispered.

Revivedbur blinked, taking a few more deep breaths, before nodding. "Yeah, yeah, that just-what was that??"

"Hm?" Sky glanced back at the other Burs. "Oh, they're being stupid, I dunno... something with Rust and Impostors' weird bow and arrows and the chickens."

"Oh," Revivedbur glanced around, and saw Resurrectedbur also looking a little freaked out, and Deadbur was looking a good bit more freaked out. "Just a sec."

He made his way over to Deadbur, then tapped him on the shoulder. "You okay, king?"

Deadbur flinched, then quickly turned to look at Revivedbur. "Uh-"

“Look, it’s ok, you’re fine,” Revivedbur smiled.

“Oh, yeah- I-” Deadbur looked around and let out a breath. “I just thought- it’s been s- I mean, it’s b- I didn’t think-”

“Hey, look at me,” Revivedbur grabbed him by the shoulders as gently as he could. “You fucking died. That’s not something you just ‘get over’. Yeah, it’s been a while, but hey, doesn’t matter. You’re fine, and everything’s okay. Okay?”

Deadbur blinked, smiled, and nodded. “I- yeah.”

Revivedbur let go of him. “Great.” He glanced at Resurrectedbur, who looked a little shaken, but generally fine. He turned and walked back to Sky by the edge of the circle-floor thing.

“What the fuck’s that about?” Sky frowned.

Revivedbur shrugged. “When you blow up a country then immediately get killed, hearing something similar to the sound of TNT isn’t exactly pleasant. Especially combined with the bit of sensory overload y’got already.”

Sky’s eyes widened. “Wait, what??”

Revivedbur smirked. “Long story.”

Impostor closed one eye and aimed. Probably not the best way to use a weapon like this, but hey, it wasn’t like he was experienced with this thing. Crewmates weren’t supposed to use them except in emergency situations, and apparently the actual impostor was sneaky enough that no one noticed them until it was too late.

“Nope, nope nope,” Resurrectedbur grabbed the gun by the barrel. “Just fucking pick the chickens up, no need to do *that* .”

“Rust got to!” Impostor frowned.

“And he gave me a mini crisis in the process,” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes with a smile. “Long story. But anyways, no more killing chickens.”

“You’re n-” Impostor took the gun back and put it away.

“No fun, yeah yeah,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “It’s called being responsible.”

“I’m responsible!” Rust exclaimed.

“You just shot a chicken,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

“With good reason,” Rust put his rifle back over his shoulder and crossed his arms.

Resurrectedbur snorted, but didn’t say anything else.

Sky walked past the group and picked up a random chicken. For some reason, even though he was holding the bird incredibly wrong, the chicken didn’t try to get out of his hands like a chicken should. “Awwww, look at him!” He turned back to them with a smile. “Look, how could you ever hurt this little guy?”

“Wait, aren’t chickens supposed to hate being picked up?” Phantom frowned. “Like, don’t they try to get out of your arms?” He went over and picked up a chicken, and the chicken proceeded to scream bloody murder and slap Phantom in the face so that Phantom seemed to go invisible out of shock and drop the bird.

Spirit burst out laughing. “HA, you dumbass!”

Phantom’s hat disappeared, and something pushed Spirit.

“Wh- you fucker!” Spirit shouted. He got pushed again. “Stop it!!”

“You deserve it,” Blue grinned.

“I didn’t do anything, it was his fault!” Spirit complained.

“It was the chicken,” Phantom went invisible, his hat on his head again. “Sky didn’t get slapped in the face!”

Sky tilted his head. “Maybe that chicken just hated you.”

Phantom frowned. “What have I ever done to that fucking bird??”

“What are we even supposed to be doing with these chickens??” Ghostbur spoke up.

“Rig the vote,” Ace grinned from up in the red team thing. “Uhhh- what do we want??”

“Hole in the wall?” Tommy suggested. “Cause we want games that we can have a big redemption.”

“Sounds good to me,” Ranboo agreed.

“Great,” Ace snickered. “Okay, throw your eggs, Burs, just- grab all the chickens and put them in the thing under the one that says ‘hole in the wall’.”

“I think Sky’s gonna be the only one who can do that,” Bard snickered.

“We can herd them over,” Ghostbur pointed out.

“Okay, what’s going on?” Scott’s voice suddenly came from whatever communicator. At this point, maybe it was just magic. “How did this happen?”

“No clue!” About five Burs, including Ace, said in unison.

“I- unhelpful,” Scott muttered.

“Time travel,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “Don’t have any more explanation for that, but uh. We are stuck down here.”

“Right, right...” Scott hummed. “So, there are a bunch of... versions of Wilbur?”

“Yep!” A few Burs said in unison again. Damn, they were in sync.

“Okay,” Scott continued. “How’d you all like to be in the audience?”

“Can I get an actual explanation of what the fuck this is?” Impostor spoke up.

“Minecraft Championship,” Scott explained. “An event where 40 people come together to compete in a series of minigames to get two final teams who fight it out in Dodgebolt, for one final winner.”

“Fight it out as in-?” Challenger started.

“No,” Scott cut him off. “Like dodgeball, but a little different.”

“And with higher stakes,” Ace mentioned.

Scott chuckled. “Sure. So, you all okay with being in the audience?”

“Yes, that sounds way better than being down here,” Sky said immediately.

Various sounds of agreement came from the Burs.

“Okay then,” Scott sounded satisfied. “Get ready!”

Chapter End Notes

sry if this chapter didnt flow that well i wrote this over the span of 4 days and the words did not exactly favor me the entire time
btw baby fundy is 2 years old and i promise im doing a little bit of research abt toddlers .
if he does not react how a 2 year old would to any situation or whatever then im sorry i dont have a baby and i dont remember being a baby so i cant guarantee accuracy,

ALSO ALSO ALSO !! since we now have all the burs (mod isnt gonna b disappearing anytime soon again unless we get another mod video and i decide that it would just make sense for him to go do that for a bit then come back later w whatever mod that was), here r some burs that i was going to add but ultimately decided not to and the reasons!

1. simpbur (egirl trilogy!wilbur): didnt feel like it
2. free trial smp!wilbur: he wouldnt add much tbh the server didnt go on for long enough he died immediately
3. passerine!wilbur: id have to ask the author for permission and while i did read passerine i p much just skimmed it sooo
4. hunger games video!wilbur as seperate from mod: i dont need more burs help

5. poltergeist (revived!ghostbur from the main fic): im not in the mood to figure THAT time travel out

6. ghostbur but from right before being killed/revived: wouldnt add that much except a dramatic entrance...and ;) (sips tea) youll see :)

also also !! i know recently theres been a bit of osmp lore for phantombur, and while i wont be *ignoring* it, i might not use some specific lore bits in the future since zo (I_Likes_This on ao3) & i came up w a cool backstory for phantom already so... yeah !!! unless wilbur reveals smthn rlly cool i wanna incorporate into this, dont count on everything being exactly accurate to new lore! everything thats been revealed so far fits w the backstory we've already got for my boy phantom here, but i have a feeling that it may not stay the exact same forever !

THE SAME GOES FOR RUST! if sleepyrust gets started back up again, keep in mind that kayla (bonespell on ao3) & i (mostly kayla) came up w a cool backstory for rust already! if smthn new contradicts what we've already came up with, don't count on everything being exactly accurate to possible new lore!

woo long end notes.... u have a good day or night or whatever, drink water grab a bite to eat <3 luv ya /p <3

spectator sport

Chapter Notes

aaaa school is kicking my ass rn (not in the getting bad grades sense i just keep stressing over midterms n shit lmao) so sry for the longer times between chapters.....but enjoy this ! ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue blinked, and suddenly he was falling from the sky, and as he looked down, he saw that he was not about to land on the floor. Nor was he about to land comfortably. Instead, he was about to land on Spirit, who already looked dazed.

He landed. OW.

“FUCKING HELL!”

Blue didn’t know who said that, but he agreed. He quickly scooted away from Spirit, and quickly realized that it was not just Spirit he landed on. Instead, there was a very awkward half-pile of Burs, some of them sitting off to the side, looking like they also just fell from the fucking sky.

“Get *off* of me!” Alivebur shouted, as he happened to be on the bottom of the awkward pile. Seems like Blue was conveniently the last one to get there.

“Sorry, sorry,” Sky winced and got out of the way. The rest of the Burs moved, as well.

“Fucking *hell*,” Alivebur muttered impatiently, a busy man, grabbing L’manbur’s hand to stand up. “Prime, what the fuck *happened*?”

“I guess we got teleported to... where the audience watches,” Blue looked around. They were in an audience stand with a bunch of other people, looking down at a big... Blue wasn’t quite sure. There was a big building in the middle, and a bunch of smaller buildings? Towers? surrounding it.

“This is really weird,” Wilbur commented. “Didn’t think this was how it worked. Seems really complicated.”

“Eh,” Rust shrugged and sat down in the stands. “Now we can actually sit down.”

Blue and the rest of the Burs sat down. Blue happened to be sitting on the end, next to Sky. After a few moments, they all ended up talking to the Bur sitting next to them in quiet conversation.

“See, this is what I’m more used to,” Sky murmured. “Calm, not forty fucking people talking all at once. This place is even in the void kind of, too!”

“How big is your island?” Revivedbur, who was sitting next to Sky, asked.

“Ehh,” Sky made a so-so gesture with his hand. “It’s kinda small- especially compared to what *you* people are used to- but the cobblestone part I built on it is bigger. It’s big enough.”

“I have a feeling that when we go to your time, I’m going to be surprised at how small it is,” Revivedbur smiled.

“Pshh,” Sky rolled his eyes with a smile, then straightened up. “Wait, you guys will get to see New Milo, and Bentley, and Peter, and Gubson, and Frasier...”

“Didn’t you have a bird named ‘Peter’ earlier?” Blue spoke up.

Sky jumped, apparently not having seen Blue sitting there a moment before. “Oh, uh, yeah,” He frowned. “I dunno where he went, though.”

“Maybe he’ll show up sometime soon,” Revivedbur shrugged. “Don’t parrots teleport to your should-”

As if on cue, a green bird was suddenly on Sky’s shoulder.

“Peter!!” Sky exclaimed, and the parrot flew off of his shoulder and onto his head. “Where have you *been??* ”

Peter pecked on his head a few times, and Sky winced. “What do you mean, I didn’t do shit! You were the one who disappeared!”

Peter squawked.

“You were the one who didn’t stay on my shoulder, you little shit,” Sky said teasingly, holding his arm up to Peter. Peter jumped onto his forearm.

“Look, I’m *sorry* ,” Sky rolled his eyes. “But it’s your fault.”

Peter tilted his head at Sky.

“Better than you dying in the void,” Sky snorted.

Peter flew up and landed on his shoulder.

“One day, you will, mark my words,” Sky raised an eyebrow. “And when you have to come back to me as a ghost, it’ll be your fault.”

Blue and Revivedbur shared a glance.

Sky frowned at them. “What?”

“Birds don’t talk,” Blue pointed out the obvious. “And you’re talking to one as if you’re having a conversation with it.”

“First of all, I know that,” Sky gave Blue a kind-of-glare-but-not-really look. “Second of all, Peter’s a he, not an it. Third of all,” He hesitated. “Uh, fuck you. I don’t know what else to say.”

“Why are you talking to your bird as if he’s a person?” Revivedbur snorted.

Sky’s face heated up. “Look, it’s not like there’s anyone else to talk to in my world... I’m just used to talking to my pets, I guess.”

“I get it, I get it,” Blue nodded thoughtfully. “I talk to Friend like he’s a person sometimes. And he doesn’t talk.”

“Who’s Friend?” Sky asked.

“My sheep,” Blue beamed. “He’s my beeest friend! He’s a blue sheep and he is very soft and fluffy!!”

“Aww,” Sky smiled. “I used to have a sheep.”

“Oh yeah, you mentioned a sheep earlier when you first got here,” Blue tilted his head. “I forget what their name was, though...?”

“Jim-Jam,” Sky’s smile dropped. “But he died. Due to a misunderstanding.”

Blue frowned as well. “What kind of misunderstanding kills someone??”

“Well, I thought he pushed my cat off of the island,” Sky explained. “So he hung for his crimes for a while. Then I realized that he had been framed, so I tried to save him, but he died in the process.” He shrugged. “May he rest in peace.”

Blue was mildly horrified.

“Oh, come on, you’ve terrified him!” Revivedbur elbowed Sky.

“I didn’t mean to,” Sky turned to Revivedbur, frowning.

“I’m not terrified!” Blue squeaked, his voice giving him away.

“Really now?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow. “It’s okay, we alllll believe you.”

Suddenly, Sky stiffened and slowly opened his Inventory, then closed it and facepalmed.

“I’m going to kill someone,” He muttered. “I’m actually going to kill and murder and maim and injure. I’m going to slaughter and stab and threaten and fuck someone up, this is- whatever. Whatever. I don’t care!” He took a deep breath and stuck a middle finger up at the sky.

“Um. You okay, king??” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow.

“I GOT DIRT!” Sky shouted, surprising pretty much all the Burs, making all of them jump. “Literally as *soon* as I have all the dirt I could ask for from your time, the sky gods decide to give me *dirt* !”

Wilbur burst out laughing from halfway across the bleacher-island thing, and Sky flipped him off too.

Blue snickered. “I’m sorry, but you have to admit, that is kind of funny!”

“It’s not *funny* , it’s- it’s- ugh!” Sky slumped down in his seat, making Peter fly off of his shoulder and land on his head. “Peter, you’re not helping.”

Turning back from over where Sky was, Phas looked at Spirit. “Right, where were we?”

“Territory,” Spirit replied.

“Right, right,” Phas tilted his head. “So if you like... haunted wherever you died, you wouldn’t try to kill someone if they were there?”

“I mean, I guess it depends on where and who and why they were there,” Spirit frowned. “And it’s a little weird for me specifically, ‘cause I’ve died like... four or five seperate times, and not as three different canon lives. One time when Alivebur died, twice with the failed resurrection attempt, and lastly with the.. successful resurrection... attempt.”

“And if someone was just... there,” Phas nodded. “Then you wouldn’t try to kill them?”

“As long as it’s not Dream,” Alivebur elbowed Spirit lightly, who returned the playful gesture.

“That’s a weird name,” Phas snorted. “Who the fuck’s named ‘Dream’?”

“So true,” Spirit applauded him. “Dumbass name!!”

“And I suppose ‘Ranboo’ isn’t any weirder?” Ghostbur raised an eyebrow with a smile.

“Ranboo’s a dumb name,” Phantom nodded. “He’s a bit of a bitch.”

“What?” Spirit frowned. “I mean, I haven’t talked to him that much, but he’s nice!”

“I think the Ranboo in your world might be a lot different from the one in mine,” Phantom rolled his eyes. “The Ranboo I know is a whiny bastard.”

“Fuckin’ hell, he can’t be that bad!” Alivebur snickered.

“He says he’s the ‘Prince of the End’ or whatever,” Phantom put air quotes around ‘Prince of the End’. “Thinks he’s so high and mighty and that Enderians are better than any other origin. Especially humans.”

“Can you have chocolate?” Phas asked. Kind of off-topic, but whatever. “Since you’re not human, and chocolate is basically poison for any animal or creature besides humans.”

Phantom frowned. “Uh, I don’t know? I’m not sure I want to test that.”

“Fair enough,” Phas snickered.

The first thing Mod noticed as he sat down was that they were in the Earth's Wound.

The second thing he noticed was that he felt a warm, itchy sensation behind his eyes.

The third thing he noticed was that he was sitting right next to Wilbur, who would no doubt know what he was up to as soon as he tried anything.

"This is so weird," Wilbur muttered. "I never thought to wonder how this would actually work."

"What do you mean?" Rust leaned back, resting his arms on the back of the seats.

"Nothing, nothing," Wilbur waved the question away. "Nothing you need to know."

"And you get upset with me for having my secrets," Rust rolled his eyes.

"My secret isn't pertinent to anyone's health and safety," Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

"I'd argue that that's not true," Mod spoke up.

Wilbur and Rust looked at him, Wilbur narrowing his eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You caused it all," Mod tilted his head. "So your secret directly affects all of our health and safety."

"I can't even change anything about that stuff right now," Wilbur frowned.

“If you could go on Reddit, you could,” Mod nodded towards Spirit.

Wilbur’s frown deepened. “How do you even *know* this shit?”

Mod shrugged. “What’s it to you?”

Wilbur scoffed.

“Um, context, please?” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“No,” Wilbur said immediately. “Sorry, but I can’t tell you”- he glared at Mod- “and he won’t tell you either.”

Mod raised his hands defensively.

“You bitch,” Rust muttered.

“Hey, I have my reasons,” Wilbur defended himself.

“Yeah, sure,” Rust glared at him. “That you refuse to share.”

“Says you,” Wilbur countered.

“How did you even come to your conclusion with *no* evidence?” Rust retorted.

Wilbur opened his mouth as if to say something, then closed it and pressed his lips together.

“Exactly,” Rust crossed his arms.

Mod rested his arms on the railing in front of the weird bleacher-balcony thing they were sitting on and leaned over to look down at the void. “Long time no see,” he muttered without really meaning to.

“Oh shit, right,” Wilbur grabbed his arm. “You still got those laser eyes?”

“You’d best believe it,” Mod didn’t look up at him.

“Oh, jeez,” Wilbur muttered. “Well, please don’t kill all of us. Or just yourself. Or any amount of us.” He paused. “Just don’t use them.”

“Um, what?” Rust glanced at the two of them.

“Long story,” Wilbur shrugged. “I truly don’t even know how to explain this one.”

Mod nodded.

“...I kind of wish you *weren’t* staring at the void?” Wilbur said, almost sounding unsure of himself.

“Would you rather I look at you?” Mod looked up at Wilbur.

“Oh fuck,” Wilbur jumped. “Shit, sorry, I just- jeez, I dunno, I didn’t expect that-”

Mod smirked. He knew his eyes were proooooobably red. “It’s fine.”

“I-” Wilbur started, but didn’t get to finish as they all blinked and the world warped around them.

Differently from earlier, more similar to normally being teleported by an Admin or an ender pearl. Well, no, they felt different. It was most like a command block, which probably was what it was.

Chapter End Notes

bro theyre not even watching the fucking game guys cmon i know build mart isnt the most interesting game to watch but really youre not even gonna look /j

win it all (or... not)

Chapter Notes

ayup besties sry this took so long i kept getting stuck and i was workin on some other stuff + other fics so ^_^
(SPEAKING OF WHICH !! maybe go take a look at my new fic :D not wilbur-centric for once lmao 's cbeeduo-centric and im rlly excited abt it so ^_^ [check it out if u want !!](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Impostor opened his eyes to the weird dome they were in at first. But from a different perspective. He was looking *down* at it from the audience's seats where he and the other Burs (except for Ace) were seated. Somehow, they weren't all in an awkward pile this time. Wonder what the difference between the two... teleportations(?) had been.

“-ON'T FUCKING KNOW!” Ace was shouting, Tommy, Ranboo, and Phil laughing at him in the background. “I only just *met* them like, a few hours ago or something!”

“You were gone for like, five minutes!” Ranboo laughed.

“It felt *way* longer than five minutes to me,” Ace retorted. “That was not five minutes, five minutes was not enough time for all that shit to happen!”

“You’ve barely told us what happened at all!” Tommy cackled.

“Well for one, Wilbur almost got his head fucking chopped off,” Ace listed. “Rust’s got some disease-”

Wilbur burst out laughing at that. “Some *disease* -”

“It’s true, is it not??” Ace snickered, then stopped. “Oh wait, you guys are back in the VC? Where the fuck did you guys go anyways?”

“Some weird audience stands,” Rust spoke up. “And I am not *diseased* !”

“To be fair, if any of us were diseased, it would be Wilbur,” Mod smirked and elbowed Wilbur.

Wilbur looked at him confusedly, before his eyes widened and he laughed. “Oh, come *on* , I don’t have COVID!”

“Wait, what?” Editor asked.

“Nothing, nothing,” Wilbur waved the thought away. “I’m not diseased, unlike someone here.”

“I’m not- whatever. Whatever.” Rust crossed his arms and slouched down in his seat.

“I feel like we’re missing some context here,” Ranboo spoke up.

“Rust’s got radiation poisoning,” Wilbur said as if he was bragging.

“I… cool, okay, sure,” Ranboo sounded mildly confused. “How do you…??”

“Long story,” Rust muttered.

“Anyways,” Ace snickered. “What did you all think of your first MCC game?”

“I don’t think half of us were watching,” Phas snorted.

“Fundy liked it,” Bard smiled, mentioned child sitting on his lap looking around with nothing but pure wonder in his eyes.

“Okay, to be fair, Build Mart isn’t the most *exciting* game to watch,” Ace admitted. “But c’mon, you wouldn’t’ve known that!”

“We need to vote, Wilbur!” Tommy called. “Er, I guess- what’re you called again?”

“Ace,” Ace replied. “But it seems kinda odd to have you guys call me Ace, huh?”

“You really let your lover down, huh?” Phil snorted.

“Fuck off,” Ace muttered.

“ *Anyways* ,” Tommy emphasized. “The vote?”

“Right, right,” Ace sounded focused again. “Sands of Time?”

“Sands of Time,” Tommy agreed, and Phil and Ranboo sounded like they did too. Eggs were thrown from both their team and all the other teams, along with some shit Impostor didn’t know what it was.

“The fuck is sands of time??” Alivebur asked.

“It’s a game,” Ace answered. “It’s uh... complicated, but basically the goal is to get as much money in the bank before you run out of sand in the hourglass and get trapped. It’s kinda hard to explain the entire thing.”

“I can probably explain,” Wilbur spoke up.

“And how does he know?” Ranboo asked.

“That’s also complicated,” Wilbur shrugged. “And I’m not going to explain it, so please don’t push.”

“I think that’s rather suspicious,” Impostor raised an eyebrow.

“Says you,” Wilbur smirked.

Impostor narrowed his eyes at him. “You shit-”

“You walked right into that one, to be fair!” Wilbur cackled. “ *You* were the one who called me *sus* !”

“I didn’t call you fucking sus!!” Impostor shouted. “I said that you not explaining yourself is suspicious!”

“To be fair, he is kinda sus,” Spirit grinned.

“Oh shut up!” Wilbur elbowed him.

“I once again feel like I’m missing context here,” Tommy chuckled.

“You’re missing just as much as the rest of us are,” Deadbur muttered, rolling his eyes. “I think it’s some sort of inside joke between Wilbur and Spirit. Even though they met each

other like, an hour ago.”

“That had to have been more than an hour ago,” Sky frowned. “Granted, I doubt I have the best internal clock-”

“You live on a fucking island in the void, you have no internal clock!” Revivedbur elbowed him playfully.

“The fucking sun and moon exist!” Sky retorted.

“And I’m sure you understand the concept of time at all,” Revivedbur said sarcastically.

“Yeah, I do,” Sky stuck his tongue out at him. “Hours n’ seconds n’ minutes n’ all that shit.”

“ *Anyways* ,” Ace said loudly to get their attention before bringing his voice down to a normal talking level. “See you all later, we’re off to win this thing!”

Before any of the Burs could say bye, Impostor blinked and was suddenly somewhere completely different.

“So, what’s up with this game, anyways?” Rust asked. “Ace’s explanation was... not a good one.”

“Well,” Wilbur said thoughtfully. “Like he said, it is complicated. The basic gist is that out of a four player team, one person is the sand keeper, and the other three look for vaults and money and keys n’ shit. The sand keeper watches the giant hourglass to make sure they don’t run out of time, because if they do, they only get the money they already put in the bank as their score, and they get to be publicly shamed and get tomatoes thrown at them.”

“Sounds wonderful,” Spirit said sarcastically.

“I know, right?” Wilbur smirked. “So, to stop the hourglass from running out of time, the sand person puts more sand in the hourglass. That sand is found all over the place, and it’s the sand keeper’s job to find most of it, but the other team members also look out for sand to bring back if the sand keeper runs out of sand. While the sand keeper is doing their time, the rest of the team goes into vaults to find coins, sand, and puzzles to find more keys and money for new vaults. The game ends when all the teams are out, or run out of time.”

Rust stared at him. “...complicated.”

Wilbur shrugged. “I wasn’t lying.”

“I didn’t think you were,” Rust muttered.

“Sands of Time is pretty fun to watch, in my opinion,” Wilbur smiled. “Although, I already know how this one turns out...”

Rust frowned. “What?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Wilbur shrugged.

“You’re a dumbass,” Spirit snorted.

“Fuck off,” Wilbur flipped him off.

“Right back at ya,” Spirit rolled his eyes.

“C’mon, just watch the game,” Wilbur elbowed him.

“Fucking *hell*, that game was confusing,” Sky snickered as he sat down in the audience seats for the... whatever this thing was called. With the two teams who got first and second.

“Yeah, really,” Revivedbur snorted. “I didn’t understand half the shit that was happening.”

“It wasn’t that bad,” Blue elbowed Revivedbur gently. “You could pick up on the basic gist with context clues and a vague explanation from Wilbur.”

“Whatever,” Revivedbur shrugged. “What’s this part called, again?”

“Uh... dodgeball or something?” Blue frowned. “I know it’s not that, but I forget...”

“Dodgebolt,” Sky heard Ace’s voice and looked towards it to see him walking up to them. “Hi! Didja actually watch Sands of Time?”

“Where the *FUCK* did your wings go?!” Phantom suddenly shouted, running up to Ace. “What the hell???”

“Wh-” Ace narrowed his eyes, before widening them again. “Oh, those were elytra! Could you not tell??”

“N-” Phantom’s eyes widened too, and he looked mildly terrified of Ace for a couple long, uncomfortable moments of silence as he backed up a couple of steps. Sky almost couldn’t hear what he said next, and the rest of the Burs not as close to the two of them probably couldn’t hear him at all. “But... they were fake, right? Not- not real?”

Ace looked confused for a couple seconds, before he seemed to realize something and he smiled. “No, no, Noxcrew wouldn’t do that... They were fake, don’t worry.”

Phantom didn’t seem entirely convinced. He probably was, but he looked very uncertain.

Sky shared a glance with Revivedbur. The fuck??

“Anyways,” Ace changed the topic immediately. “Did you guys actually watch Sands of Time?”

“Yes,” Sky nodded. “What the *hell* was going on??”

Ace laughed. “It’s a confusing game!”

“I’ll say!” Editor snorted. “Jesus, it was confusing.”

“It’s really *not* that bad!” Wilbur shouted from higher up in the seats. They had decided to, instead of being in one long line, to instead be in one little section of the seats. It just made more sense.

“Of course *you* think that,” Spirit rolled his eyes.

“Lay off, will you??” Wilbur snickered.

Ace sat down next to Blue. “Well, normally I would go cheer for a team, but I feel like this is a different situation.”

“”Situation” makes it sound like something bad,” Revivedbur chuckled.

“I mean, this isn’t bad so far,” Ace grinned.

“What, you expect this to go to shit?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow. “How in the world would we do that?”

“We’ve already had one big argument, one almost-beheading, and we’ve barely started,” Ace pointed out. “This whole thing could go a multitude of different ways.”

“Well, the good thing is that we’re in charge of how it goes!” Blue said in his trademark cheery voice. “If we disagree, we’ll talk it out!”

“Let’s just hope no divine power decides otherwise,” Revivedbur smirked.

Chapter End Notes

ummmmm sry if it flows kinda weirdly tbh i dont careee so ^ _^^
is that ending foreshadowing ? maybe maybe not wink wink sips tea

a geography nerd, a 1930s radio host, and an ancient deity walk into a bar

Chapter Summary

well, a void, but it's close enough

Chapter Notes

NO BEGINNING NOTES I GOTTA GO

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur looked around where he was. Suburbs with neat little lines of houses and yards... and yep, there's a flag. Fucking easy.

“Oh, easy one chat, this is America,” He grinned and pulled out his map to lock in his answer. “Uhh... I’m not gonna guess the state, let’s just go- alright, cool, it was North Carolina.”

He put his map and waited to be plopped in the next location around the world. He opened his mouth to talk to Chat, but before he could say anything, he was teleported to the new place. However, this was not any sort of place he recognized, and not in the normal kind of way.

This time, he was in the fucking void.

He looked around and didn’t see anything, but did hear a bit of talking far away. That was weird; he never heard talking. Or, well, anything. He never heard anything except him from the surrounding area no matter where he was.

“...the fuck?” He muttered, walking towards the voices. Well, trying to walk. It didn’t really seem like walking. He felt like he was about to fall with every single step. In fact, he didn’t really feel like he was *saying* anything. It was like he was just thinking things that he wanted to say out loud and they just... were said. With his voice. In the way that he would say it. But not by him. And the other voices kind of seemed to be the same way- like no one was saying them, but like he was hearing them somehow.

Why the hell are you back.

“That’s a kind of rude thing to say, dontcha think?”

It’s a simple question. Why are you back.

“And you’re asking it with a period instead of a question mark!”

Can you stop?

“Nope! Well, I mean, I could but that wouldn’t be any *fun* , now would it?”

You’re not fun anyways.

“Yes, I am.”

No, you’re not.

“Yes, I am!”

No, you're not.

“Yes, I am! Just ask my listeners! 52.5, you're listening to Walter Cromdale, don't touch that dial!”

...Didn't you say your name was Crondale last time?

“I like to change things up. Keeps things interesting.”

No, it leads to chaos.

“And you're saying you don't like chaos, Mr. XD?”

....

“Um, what the fuck?” Wilbur spoke up. “I'm all for a good, tricky game of Geoguessr, but this isn't any place I know on Earth.”

Who the fuck are you ?

“Wilbur Soot, geography extraordinaire, at your service!” Wilbur grinned.

Oh, great, another one, and this one has a flair for the dramatics.

“So does Mod. And me!”

You're not a Wilbur.

“As far as you know.”

Wait, what?

“So, Wilbur, care to choose another name? That one’s kind of taken.”

Wilbur blinked. “Huh?”

“It’s... complicated.”

It’s really not, why do people keep saying it is? It’s simple time travel and teleportation.

“Humans find concepts such as those complicated and hard to understand.”

Fair enough.wait, aren’t you human?

“God, I wish.”

...

“...” Wilbur didn’t know when he should speak. “Well, you mentioned teleportation? I think I understand that more than the average human.”

Oh, really?

Wilbur smirked. “Watch.” He tried his hardest to concentrate all his energy into one place and very quickly and abruptly moved it to a different place. A close place, unlike usual. Since he didn’t see any change of scenery in this weird void, he could only tell when he successfully did it when he felt the energy explode. Well, obviously it didn’t *explode* , but that’s how he liked to describe it. He didn’t know how else to explain it. Like a firework, he supposed.

Oh, what the fuck .

“YOOOO, do that again!”

“Sorry, can’t do it that quickly,” Wilbur grinned. “So, who are you two!”

DreamXD, the god of this Server. Well, one of the many, but I’m kind of the “main” one.

“And I’m Walter Cromdale, radio host for 42.5- don’t touch that dial!

“I *knew* you sounded like a 1920s radio host!” Wilbur gasped.

“1930s, but yes, if you want to use human time measurements for when I currently am.”

“...I think that’s the most confusing sentence I’ve ever heard someone say that still somehow made sense,” Wilbur admitted.

Sigh. He’s like that.

“Can you not physically sigh?”

Not when I’m here, no. Only in my true physical form.

“Wait, where *are* we?” Wilbur asked.

“*The Void*,” both voices said in unison.

Where I come to try and figure out how to fix the timeline.

“And I’m kind of just here to annoy DreamXD and give the author a reason to have me here.”

“Wow, you sound like a flat character,” Wilbur muttered.

“Am not, I provide humor.”

I think it’s the dynamic that does that, not just you.

“But you have to admit I carry.”

“...Correct me if I’m wrong, but I feel like that’s not something someone in the 1930s would say... isn’t that more modern slang?” Wilbur frowned.

“I wish I could tell you, but I get all the times confused myself. 1930s, 2020s, 3060s, it’s all weird.”

Wait, WHAT?!

“Anyways! Wilbur, long story short, there’s a bunch of other versions of *you* ! So you need to choose a nickname, because they’re all named Wilbur, too.”

“Oh, um, okay,” Wilbur tilted his head. “Hmm... Geo!”

“Sounds good to me!”

...am I going to have to deal with both of you, now?

“I’m not leaving!”

“And neither am I!” W- *Geo* declared.

....

“You’re listening to Walter Crondale on 42.5 at 11. I miss my wife! Don’t touch that dial!”

“Um... what?”

Just go with it.

Chapter End Notes

HOPE YOU ENJOYED <3 GO CHECK MY TUMBLR (klesek.tumblr.com) AND SEARCH "GEOGUESSR" TO FIND HIS DESIGN (THANK YOU ZO !!!!!) BYE

concerning conversation

Chapter Notes

hi sry for not updating in a bit ive been rereading this one fanfic so if alivebur/deadbur/revivedbur/really any of the more snarky burs become 10x more of a snarky asshole, blame a certain other snarky asshole with fluffy hair and a trench coat anyways !! enjoy ^ _ ^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phantom sat down beside Phas and Alivebur again.

“...you okay, king?” Phas asked him after a few awkward seconds of silence.

“Yeah,” Phantom glanced at the ground.

“Not to pry,” Alivebur said. “But what was that about?”

Phantom pursed his lips. “Um... nothing. It’s nothing.”

Thankfully, Alivebur and Phas didn’t try to push more.

Phantom tried to ignore that and instead paid attention to someone else’s conversation. Call him nosy, but he was bored, and he didn’t know what to talk about himself, so there weren't really any other options in this scenario.

“...o, do you know what ‘dodgeball’ is?” Ace was asking.

“Nope,” Revivedbur replied.

“Hmm,” Ace hummed. “Well, it’s like... they throw these projectiles at the other team, and whoever’s the last one standing wins a point for their team, and first to three points wins. Or, at least, in Dodgebolt.”

“Ohhh,” Sky nodded. “Makes sense.”

“Yeah, and then whichever team wins gets a coin and a crown,” Ace grinned. “I’ve won twice, and let me tell you, it’s an *amazing* feeling.”

“How hard is it to win?” Blue asked.

Ace tilted his head. “I mean, it’s hard to say. All the games are different and require different skill sets to be able to win. Like, someone who’s good at PVP would be better at like, Battle Box than Build Mart, or someone who’s good at puzzles would be better at Grid Runners than Ace Race.”

“Question,” Phas suddenly said, taking Phantom’s attention away from his eavesdropping.

“Hm?” Phantom looked at him.

“What kind of ghost are you?” Phas asked.

“Didn’t you just ask me that?” Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“No,” Phas frowned. “I was asking about territory. Completely different thing.” He paused. “Well, they’re kind of related, but thatdoesn’tmatterrightnow. What kind of ghost are you?”

Phantom tilted his head. "I... A phantom hybrid?"

Phas squinted, then pulled out a book from a bag that Phantom didn't see two seconds ago. "Hmm..." He glanced up at Phantom again. "Can you possess people?"

"What?? No!" Phantom said indignantly.

"Sounds like something someone who can possess people would say..." Alivebur smirked.

"How the hell would I *possess* someone?" Phantom raised an eyebrow.

"Hey, you're the ghost, not me," Alivebur raised his hands defensively.

"I'll make you into a ghost if you don't shut the fuck up," Phantom retorted immediately.

"What the hell?!" Alivebur shouted. "I didn't even say anything!"

"I know," Phantom crossed his arms. "I just wanted to say it, when else am I gonna get the chance to?"

Alivebur snorted. "Oh. Fair enough."

"Oh, there you are, Wilbur!" Phantom looked up to see Phil running over to them, talking to Ace.

Phantom heard a shout behind him, and turned around to see Rust with one hand over his mouth- Phantom guessed he had just accidentally shouted- with his eyes wide, full of an emotion Phantom hoped he was wrong about.

Wilbur, who was sitting right next to him, raised an eyebrow. "...you okay?"

Rust slowly turned his head to Wilbur, without moving his stare away from Phil, and lowered his hand. "Um. Yeah."

Wilbur glanced at Phil, then at Rust. "You have something you wanna share?"

Rust glared at him, then pursed his lips, leaned over to Wilbur, and whispered something. Wilbur's eyes widened, and as soon as Rust backed away, he shouted, "HE'S FUCKING WHAT??"

Rust sighed.

"You're kidding!" Wilbur's jaw dropped.

"Why the hell would I *ever* joke about that?!" Rust frowned.

"But I didn't-" Wilbur cut himself off, then glanced at Spirit, then Ace, then Phil, then Rust, then Phil, then Spirit, then back at Phil and stopped looking around. "What the *fuck* ??"

"Care to share with the class?" Alivebur called.

"NO!" Rust immediately shouted before Wilbur could even open his mouth.

"Then why'd you tell me??" Wilbur frowned at him.

"Cause then I'd look like a fucking idiot if I didn't explain!" Rust sounded exasperated.

“Yeah, now you just look like an idiot to everyone else,” Deadbur joked. Rust didn’t look like he took it as a joke.

“Can you tell me?” Spirit grinned, poking Rust. “I’ll take the secret to my grave!”

“That’s the most obvious trick someone’s ever tried to pull on me,” Rust rolled his eyes with a faint smile. “And I’ve met a lot of fucking idiots.”

“You’re no fun,” Spirit pouted.

“To be fair, that was *very* obvious,” Mod pointed out.

“...did we ever give you a nickname?” Ghostbur asked. “‘Cause I’ve just been calling you ‘Mod’ in my head.”

“Really? I’ve been calling him ‘the weirdass fucker who scared the shit out of me’,” Resurrectedbur muttered, causing them all to laugh.

Mod smirked. “Well, I go by many names and titles... Keith, Dr. Malpractice, The Wound Expander, Wil-bee-”

“WILBY??” A couple Burs shouted in surprise, immediately followed by laughter. Most of them seemed to get the joke, but a good amount of them didn’t- Alivebur, Phas, Editor, L’manbur, Challenger, Sky, and Bard, it seemed like.

Phantom snickered. “You want us to call you *Wilby* ?”

“You’re thinking of Tommy’s nickname, Wilby,” Mod rolled his eyes. “No, I mean Wil *bee* . Like, the insect.”

“How the fuck did you get that name?!” Spirit laughed.

“You’d be surprised,” Mod smirked.

“Don’t start the pollen bit,” Wilbur groaned.

“Watch me,” Mod taunted.

“ *Anyways* ,” Rust said quickly, before they could start arguing about whatever ‘the pollen bit’ was. “Name?”

“I feel like ‘Keith’ wouldn’t fit in with the theme we’ve got here,” Revivedbur pointed out.

“And ‘Mod’ does?” Challenger raised an eyebrow. “Or ‘Rust’, or ‘Phantom’, or ‘Sky’? What kinda names are those?”

“Keith is just a name,” Revivedbur explained. “Everyone’s nickname here makes sense according to their world.”

“And I don’t think anyone here wants to call you fuckin’... Dr. Malpractice or whatever,” Editor added, then frowned. “Wait, do you have a doctorate, or whatever?”

“That’s for me to know, and you to not find out,” Mod smiled pleasantly.

“He doesn’t,” Wilbur rolled his eyes.

“You don’t know that,” Mod continued smiling.

“Uh, yeah, I do,” Wilbur looked at Mod with a raised eyebrow.

Mod turned to him, the now-creepy-looking smile still on his face. “No. You fucking don’t.”

Wilbur frowned and looked away, resting his chin in his hand, with his elbow on his leg.

There were a few beats of silence.

“Anyways!” Ace broke the uncomfortable, sudden quiet. “Phil, did you need something?”

“No, I was just stopping by,” Phil looked over at all the Burs. “I’ll go back to watching Dodgebolt now, since it seems like you’re all good here.”

“Alright, seeya!” Ace waved as Phil turned and walked away.

Spirit poked Rust. “So, you gonna spill it, or will I have to resort to mental torture?”

Rust put his head in his hands, and Spirit burst out laughing. “Torture it is!” Spirit exclaimed gleefully.

“Why’d you sound so fuckin’ happy about it!” Deadbur laughed.

“‘Cause now it’s *my* turn,” Spirit grinned. “Oh, how the universe wishes it spared me!”

“Rust didn’t fucking kill you!” Revivedbur rolled his eyes.

“You’re right,” Spirit smirked, then looked at Wilbur, whose eyes widened. “But I know who did!”

“Are you okay?” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “Wilbur isn’t even on the SMP, and he sure as hell isn’t Dream.”

“Once again, you’re right,” Spirit sighed. “But he’s still resp-”

“I thought you said you *wouldn’t* be giving them all identity crises,” Wilbur interrupted him. Spirit scowled at him. “What?! It’d be your fault!”

“No, it wouldn’t, you fucking asshole,” Spirit stood up, although he was incredibly short, so it didn’t mean much. Damn, now he was taller than Wilbur when he was sitting down. Terrifying, really.

“Yes, it would,” Wilbur also stood up. “Because whether you like it or not, you’d be the one explaining it!”

“I wouldn’t *have* to explain it if it weren’t for you!” Spirit retorted.

“Yeah, because you wouldn’t fucking exist,” Wilbur shot back. “*You’re welcome.*”

Spirit narrowed his eyes. “Like I would ever be thanking you.”

“Would you rather be more than dead?” Wilbur taunted. “More than double dead?”

“First of all, I’m technically triple dead,” Spirit’s frown deepened. “And if you really wanna get technical about it, I’m dead seven times over. But I digress.”

“Doesn’t matter how many times you’ve died, ‘cause that means you’ve lived, maybe you are still alive, somehow,” Wilbur smirked. “But I could change all that if I wanted to.”

“And then you’d probably die or just *disappear*, too,” Spirit argued. “You’re not in your world right now.”

“We’re not on the SMP, either,” Wilbur grinned. “That wouldn’t affect here. In fact, I don’t think I could really change this place at all. I’m not Noxcrew.”

Spirit pursed his lips, and the two had a staring contest. Well, not really, they both blinked as much as they pleased, so it was more of a ‘who-would-look-away-first’ contest.

“Um, okay,” Sky laughed nervously. “That was a lot, I’m not sure I want to ask for an explanation-”

“You don’t,” Both Spirit and Wilbur said at the same time, then glared at each other. Fucking hell.

“Can you please calm down?” Rust raised an eyebrow. “This is already chaotic enough without the two of you arguing.”

“We’re discussing, not arguing,” Spirit didn’t look away from Wilbur.

“Didn’t you call him a ‘fucking asshole’?” L’manbur pointed out.

“Discussing,” Spirit insisted.

“Damn, just a fight between besties, nothing more,” Alivebur rolled his eyes. “Sit your asses down, no one knows what the hell you’re talking about.”

Spirit and Wilbur stared at each other for a few more moments, before Wilbur sat down, and Spirit followed suit. They pointedly looked away from each other.

“...I’m going to assume we’re also not gonna get an explanation for that?” Sky raised an eyebrow. “Fuckin’ hell, always with the secrets in this weirdass group!”

“I wish I had a comeback for you specifically,” Revivedbur frowned. “But I doubt *you’re* hiding anything.”

“I don’t have anything *to* hide!” Sky exclaimed. “My life, in comparison to like, any of yours’, is pretty fucking boring! I just take care of my pets and swear at the sky gods!” He suddenly had a piece of blue... coral? in his hand. “Speaking of which...” He frowned. “Well, no, that’s alright.” He put it in his Inventory.

“...how the fuck does that even *work* ??” Impostor stared at where the coral had just been. “It just appears in your hand, and then poof, it’s gone.”

Sky frowned. “I just put it in my Inventory.”

“Your what?” Impostor stared at him.

“That is too complicated to explain,” Phantom flicked Impostor in the back of the head. “If you don’t get it, you don’t get it. Simple as that.”

“But I wanna understand!” Impostor frowned at him, putting his hand up to the back of his head where Phantom had flicked him.

“Fine, explain fucking *space travel* ,” Phas countered. “And that weird I-Pad thing you’ve got.”

“The what?” About three Burs asked at the same time.

“Nothing, nothing,” Phas waved the question away.

“This?” Impostor took out his weird tablet thing and held it up a little bit. Phas nodded. Impostor frowned. “It’s just to keep track of tasks ‘n’ all that.”

“Oh, yeah, ‘cause you’re definitely not faking those,” Wilbur muttered with a smirk. Impostor didn’t seem to hear him.

“This is a nightmare,” Blue sighed. Phantom couldn’t agree more.

Chapter End Notes

the burs who arent arguing throughout this whole chapter: can i please get a waffle....can i PLEASE get a WAFFLE

some awfully fucked up teleportation magic

Chapter Notes

ummmm ! pay attention 4 some hints 2 some certain stuff some certain burs r sayin ^ _ ^
thats all i'll say

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Geo rocked back and forth on his feet, though it's not like there was really a floor to this place. It really was just pitch black. "So, anything you two do for fun in here?"

Walter isn't supposed to be here, and he just got here too.

"That I am, and that I did."

"And you're supposed to be here, uh... DreamXD was your name, right?" Geo frowned.

Yes and yes. I'm usually not here, but what with this timeline bullshit going on, I've kinda got important stuff to do here.

"What kinda important stuff?" Geo asked.

Fixing the timeline, what else?

"You can do that?" Geo raised his eyebrows.

Yes. I'm literally god.

“One of many.”

Can you shut up?

“I could. I won’t!”

“What was that, Walter?”

“DreamXD here is acting as if he’s the only god. He certainly isn’t!”

And you’re acting as if you are.

“Oh, I’m really not. Ha! As if.”

And you’re human, huh? Really. We all believe you.

“I never said that, my good sir!”

Why do you talk like that?

“Like what?”

You know what I mean.

“It’s just how I speak. Do you have a problem with it?”

...*No.*

Geo listened to the banter, only half paying attention. He fidgeted with his scarf, only for the end of the scarf to not be in his hands, and instead half a foot away from his hands and multiple colors. He sighed. “Um, I hate to interrupt- really, I do- but I’ve kinda gotta go now! Bye!”

Wait, what?

Geo watched his bag as it also started to glitch. “Maybe I’ll explain later!”

He felt himself leave the void. Maybe this time he’d land in a place that actually had an image in Google Maps.

“give that BACK!”

spirit giggled and clutched the weird communicator-thing tighter, holding it as high as he could.

“you little shit,” wilbur scowled. “give it back now!!”

“why should i?” spirit smiled.

“because it’s mine, and it’s expensive, and it’s got a bunch of important shit on it,” wilbur explained, reaching for it, but spirit backed up more.

spirit tapped on the screen and pressed the buttons on the side until it turned on, and then swiped up on the screen like it said, right there. it had a number pad and a blank. “what’s your password?”

“i’m not fucking telling you!” wilbur tried to grab it again, but spirit held it out of his reach again.

spirit felt it be taken out of his hands, and he frowned and turned out to see rust holding it.

“what the hell is this?” he frowned, directing the question to wilbur.

“it’s my phone, give it back,” wilbur repeated.

“this is a *phone* ??” rust raised an eyebrow. “you’ve got to be kidding me. this thing???”

wilbur frowned and raised an eyebrow. “huh?”

“c’mon, phones don’t look like this,” rust snorted. he tossed it over spirit back to wilbur.

wilbur caught it, then looked back at rust, confused. “you know what a phone is?”

“yeah, and it’s not that,” rust frowned.

“the fuck are you on?” editor glanced at him. “what else would a phone look like, a rotary phone?”

“um, yeah??” rust narrowed his eyes. “that’s-”

before he could finish his sentence, he was cut off by someone appearing- well, that doesn't quite encapsulate what actually happened- in front of all the burs. the man, who was wearing a sweater, trench coat, scarf, goggles on the top of his head, boots, and holding a bag around his shoulder, seemed to almost... glitch in. if that made sense. it was like he had teleported, but something went very wrong, and parts of him weren't quite... there. he was also wilbur soot. what a surprise.

he looked around, and frowned. "what the FUCK! this isn't any place on earth either!"

"huh?" editor blinked.

"where am i?" the wilbur immediately asked him.

"um. minecraft championship?" editor replied, glancing at ace, who nodded.

"and i doubt that's just a weird street name," the wilbur muttered. he turned to the other burs.
"and who are all you?"

"...wilbur soot," alivebur frowned. "and i'm assuming you are, too. why are you... why *aren't* you surprised?"

"by what, teleporting?" the wilbur raised an eyebrow. "or seeing a bunch of different versions of myself? i'll admit, that second part is a new one, but otherwise, this isn't that weird." he snorted. "puh-lease, i just got teleported to a void with god and some guy who sounded like a radio host from the 1930s."

"walter crondale?!" wilbur shouted.

"yeah, i think that was the guys name," the wilbur smiled. "what, do you know him?"

"*know* him?" wilbur narrowed his eyes. "what the hell was he doing in a *void*?"

“annoying god, apparently,” the wilbur shrugged. “and being incredibly upsetting. he keeps making these depressing comments about how lonely he is.”

“sounds like him,” wilbur smirked.

“well, if you know him, do you know dreamxd?” the wilbur frowned. “he’s god, apparently, but i don’t really get what he’s doing in the void. honestly, i don’t know how i got there, either. or here. i only ever teleport to places you can go to in google maps.”

“...lots to unpack in that sentence,” editor commented.

“um, i do know dreamxd, i guess,” wilbur raised an eyebrow. “and he’s god, not sure what he’s doing in the void...”

“didn’t challenger literally fucking kill him?” l’manbur spoke up.

“he WHAT?!” bard shouted in surprise.

“/kill,” challenger said by way of explanation. “he’s god. i’m sure he’s fine.”

“if anything, he seemed like he was fed up with me and walter,” the wilbur grinned.

“why are you wearing so many layers?” blue called.

“ *that’s* what you’re choosing to focus on?” deadbur muttered.

“i mean, i never know where i’m gonna end up, with my weird teleportation,” the new wilbur smirked. “so i gotta be dressed for the arctic c--cle while being ready for the sa--ra desert!” he ‘glitched out’ in the middle of his sentence a couple times.

“at least it’s not infinite sweaters,” alivebur glared at ghostbur, who gave him a big smile.

“what’s with the weird glitching thing?” phas frowned.

“teleportation,” the new wilbur shrugged. “it’s weird, i only kind of control it. i mean, i can control it, but most of the time i just let it do whatever. spices up my life a bit.”

“a bit?” rust raised an eyebrow with a smirk.

the new wilbur smiled. “at this point, teleporting is just a normal part of what i do. it’s like breathing or talking.”

“when the fuck did you start teleporting??” ace frowned.

“uhh, around when i quit being a geography teacher,” the new wilbur tapped his chin. “honestly, i should go back to doing that sometime. i’ve got even more experience now!”

“i don’t think they’re looking for ‘teleportation abilities’ in the job application,” wilbur snorted.

“you nev-” the new wilbur started, but cut himself off when the glitch effect came back, like an animated cartoon character when a shiver goes down their spine. but with a glitchy effect.

spirit blinked, and suddenly his everything was fucking burning.

Chapter End Notes

wuh oh ! whats happening ! boy i sure do wonder ! :)

(edit 3/14/22: changed 'geo' to 'the new wilbur' in spirit's pov lmao)

"it's cum" -spirit

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT QUESTION IN THE END NOTES !! please look :]

also ive just realized that i may have to add a 'major character death' tag to this fic. um. i mean its only temporary so

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur opened his eyes to nothing but white and pain. Holy. Fuck.

“OW!” He shouted, along with Blue and Spirit.

He looked around and finally figured out that it was snowing, and immediately floated off the ground and looked up to dodge the snowflakes.

“Holy shit, what was that for??” Phas jumped. “Are you okay????”

“Um, sure,” Ghostbur almost smacked right into Spirit, who was also dodging the snowflakes, but was noticeably worse. Probably lack of practice. Ghostbur doubted there was snow in Limbo. “You could say that.”

“...I think that is the least appropriate response I’ve ever heard to that question,” Phas commented.

“Where the hell are we??” Someone asked, but Ghostbur wasn’t looking and they all pretty much sounded the same.

“Oh, easy,” Someone else said. “England, near the O2 arena, by the looks of it.” Ghostbur looked away from the sky for a couple moments to see that the new Wilbur had said that.

“This is my world, I think,” Editor spoke up. “That’s my house, right there.”

“So I was right!” The new Wilbur grinned.

Editor grimaced. “Disturbingly so.”

He led them up to the front door, and after a good ten seconds of messing with his keys that felt like ten hours to Ghostbur, he opened the door, and Ghostbur, Blue, and Spirit ran in immediately.

“Finally, I don’t have to be invisible!” Phantom took off his hat and shook the snow off of it.

“Don’t get the snow all over the floor!” Editor frowned at him.

“What the fuck *is* this??” Sky asked, holding some snow in his hands, his voice filled with wonder. “It’s like, wet, and white, and cold, and weird...”

“It’s cum,” Spirit said immediately.

“SPIRIT!” About five people shouted at the same time.

Spirit grinned. “What??”

“Don’t lie to him!” Revivedbur sounded exasperated. “He literally has no fucking clue what *snow* is!”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, but someone had to say it!” Spirit laughed.

“I don’t think I like this,” Sky frowned as the snow melted in his hands.

“It’s just frozen water,” Blue elbowed him lightly. “I hate it too, though. Can’t blame you.” He paused. “Well, no, I don’t hate it, it just hurts.”

“It hurts?” Sky raised an eyebrow. “It didn’t hurt me.”

“Oh, no, that’s just because I’m a ghost,” Blue hummed.

“The fuck?” Phantom frowned. “I’m a ghost, snow doesn’t hurt me.”

“It’s anything wet, not just snow,” Ghostbur spoke up.

“I think the difference is that one of you is a different kind of ghost,” Challenger pointed out, walking over to sit on Editor’s couch.

“Don’t get snow on the couch, either!” Editor called. “If you people make a mess of my house…”

“We won’t, calm down,” Wilbur smirked and sat down next to Challenger. “Nice house.”

“Um, thanks,” Editor took a pair of glasses out of his coat pocket and put them on. Wilbur frowned at that.

“Now I know why you’re always wearing that coat,” L’manbur chuckled.

“You’re also wearing a coat all the time,” Ace pointed out.

“That’s different, this is a uniform,” L’manbur smirked. “That’s just a winter coat.”

“And one of them is significantly warmer, I’m sure,” Editor raised his eyebrow, crossing his arms across his chest.

“Wait, can we have a snowball fight?” Ace gasped.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” Rust grinned. “Shit, I haven’t *seen* snow in fucking forever, it’s always so warm where I am!”

“Where do you live?” Wilbur frowned.

“Where I live and where we would be if we went to my world are two different things,” Rust took out a water bottle from somewhere and took a long sip. “But for the second one, some island near South America.”

“Wait, what?” Wilbur blinked.

“What?” Rust glanced at him.

“You’re not from Earth,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “Right?”

Rust glanced around the room. “Um, yeah? I am?”

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. “Why the hell are you on some island near South America?”

Rust grimaced. “Ah, uh... it’s complicated. Like, a really long story that would take ages for me to explain.”

“And what else would we be doing with that time?” Deadbur pointed out.

Rust glared at him.

“Yeah, go on, explain,” Spirit grinned, suddenly right next to Rust, elbowing him.

Rust jumped in surprise. “Um, no.”

Spirit narrowed his eyes at Rust, and Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Uh, does anyone want hot chocolate?” Editor spoke up as the two had a staring contest. “I probably have some.”

“Ooh, yes!!” Phas grinned.

“What’s that?” Bard frowned.

Editor stared at him, then shook his head and muttered something to himself. “It’s a drink, it tastes really good, and it- as the name implies- is hot. Perfect for a snowy day.”

“I made that once,” Revivedbur sounded annoyed. “It tasted like shit.”

“How the hell did you make hot cocoa?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

“Put cocoa beans, milk, and sugar in a cauldron and put it over a fire,” Resurrectedbur listed. “Then mix it up. It’s not *that* bad, but certainly not my go-to drink. I’ll pass.”

“That is not how you make hot cocoa,” Editor deadpanned. “You boil water, put it in a mug, then take a little packet of cocoa powder and mix it in there. Easy.”

“Cocoa *powder* ?” Ghostbur frowned. “What’s that?”

Editor sighed. “I’ll go make some cocoa. Who wants some, a raise of hands?”

Everyone’s hand went up, except Challenger, Phantom, and Impostor, and for a few seconds, Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur, but the two put their hands up as well.

“What, you don’t want any?” Spirit frowned at Phantom.

“Don’t wanna risk the whole chocolate thing,” Phantom shrugged. “I don’t really know if I can have any.”

Spirit hummed. “What, ‘cause you’re not human?”

“Yeah,” Phantom nodded. “I mean, most *animals* can’t have chocolate, so I guess it would make sense if I couldn’t, and I don’t want to risk that.” He paused. “Not that it would kill me or anything, since, y’know.”

“How did you even die?” Deadbur asked curiously. Resurrectedbur elbowed him, and he turned and frowned at him. “What? It’s just a question!”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Phantom bit his lip. “The thing is... I don’t really... know?”

“You don’t *know*? ” Revivedbur almost seemed offended at the thought. “How do you not know how you fucking died?!”

“I dunno, I just forgot, and then I never asked Phil,” Phantom frowned.

“Okay, look,” Blue raised an eyebrow. “I know that out of all people, Spirit, Ghostbur, and I can’t really speak here, but how do you *forget* how you *died*?? ”

“Look, I dunno, alright?” Phantom shrugged. “One moment I was.. running... the next moment, I’m..” He pursed his lips. “Never mind.”

“What?” Ghostbur tilted his head. “What were you running from?”

“Phantom, if you want them to stop prying, just say so,” Resurrectedbur called.

“We’re not prying!” Spirit frowned. “We’re having a conversation!”

“A conversation where you’re invading someone’s privacy,” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

“It’s fine, it really is,” Phantom assured him. Resurrectedbur didn’t look convinced. “It’s just... memories, and all that, y’know?”

“I think you’re talking to the group of people who would understand *death* the best,” Deadbur smirked.

“I think that most of us actually don’t know shit about death,” Bard raised an eyebrow with a smile, bouncing Fundy on his lap.

“Speak for yourself,” Challenger snorted.

“Oh, and why don’t you tell us how you’re so well versed in death?” Alivebur gave Challenger a look. “You haven’t really shared anything about your world with us, c’mon, share!”

“Okay,” Challenger smirked. He pulled out his communicator. “Do you really want to know?”

“Don’t you dare kill everyone in this goddamn room,” Wilbur said immediately. “One, you’ll die too, two, we’re on Earth, no one fuckin’- respawns- so either none of us or only some of us would respawn, and three, where the fuck would anyone respawn if some of us did?”

Challenger frowned at him, then sighed very dramatically and put it aside. “Fine, but now I guess you’re not gonna know how.”

“You’re capable of telling *stories*, ” Wilbur rolled his eyes. “Use your words.”

“But actions speak louder than words,” Challenger pointed out.

“And we’re inside,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “Use your inside voice.”

Challenger smirked. “Very well. Which challenge do you all want to hear about?”

“The most interesting one,” Ghostbur said immediately.

“They’re all *interesting*,” Challenger rolled his eyes. “Here, I’ll give you a list. Hmm...” He hummed. “Rats, ants, birds, or moles?”

Blue gasped. “Is that where all those animals came from? Are they your chat?”

“In a way,” Challenger shrugged. “Choose one.”

“Moles,” Phas suggested. “They’re cute.”

“They’re fucking disgusting, what do you mean?” Rust scrunched up his nose.

“They’re the worst,” Challenger agreed. “Well, one day I was called in as an exterminator, and I decided to have a little fun with it.” He smirked. “I set up this *challenge* where the first of the one hundred moles to find a gold block would win.” He squinted. “Maybe they got invincibility. I forget, honestly.” He shrugged. “It didn’t really turn out as I planned it to go, but that really just made it better!” He grinned. A shiver went down Ghostbur’s spine.

“...interesting,” L’manbur finally said.

“Hot chocolate’s ready!” Editor called. “Come get it, I’m not carrying twenty mugs in there.”

“I’ve got Fundy on my lap, can you get mine?” Bard asked.

“Yeah, yeah,” Editor grabbed two mugs.

Ghostbur jumped up to go get his hot cocoa.

“Oh- what the *fuck* ?!” Bard’s voice suddenly shouted. Ghostbur turned to see Editor handing Bard a mug, with Bard’s hand drawing back from it.

“Oh yeah, sorry, it’s hot,” Editor turned the mug so that the handle was actually facing Bard. “Be careful.”

“No, it’s not the hot chocolate,” Bard took the mug, then grabbed Editor’s hand, surprising him. “I mean, duh, it’s hot, but your hand is freezing fucking cold, it caught me off-guard.”

Editor took his hand back with a frown and a glare that didn’t really look like it was supposed to be a glare.

Ghostbur frowned and looked at Editor closely as he sat down with his hot chocolate. Something seemed... different about him, and not just the fact that he was wearing glasses for some reason now.

“Editor, why’re you wearing glasses?” Ghostbur asked. No better place to start.

Editor glanced at him with a cold (haha) frown on his face. “Because.”

“That’s not a good reason,” Ghostbur pouted.

“What kinda fucking question is that, anyways?” Editor seemed upset. Was he angry with him? “”Why do you wear glasses”, what do you think?”

“Because you weren’t wearing them earlier,” Ghostbur glanced around, feeling a little upset as well now. What did he do?

“It’s none of your business,” Editor muttered.

“Editor,” Wilbur frowned, a warning in his voice.

Editor pursed his lips and sat down next to Bard on the couch, taking a sip of his hot chocolate. How?? It was still burning hot!

“...So!” Spirit spoke up to change the topic. “The new guy! He needs a name!”

“Oh, right!” Ghostbur smiled and turned to the new Wilbur. “I think it’s safe to assume that you’re Wilbur Soot?”

“That’s me,” The new Wilbur grinned.

“Well, we’re all Wilbur Soot, as you may have noticed by now,” Ghostbur tilted his head. “Where are you from, so we can name you?”

“Oh, I already figured that out in the void,” The new Wilbur beamed. “You can call me Geo.”

Ghostbur blinked. “I- I mean, okay! Welcome to time travel, Geo!”

“Hmm, that’s nothing new,” Geo hummed. He frowned. “I mean, kinda. It is and it’s not.”

“You remind me of Mod,” Wilbur muttered. “And I’m not sure if that’s a compliment or not.”

Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT QUESTION !! should i add scu!wilbur from the 100 days in a zombie apocalypse video ??

i kinda really want to, but i also need a name for him, and. yknow. that would make it 20 burs (not including geo and walter)

im not really sure what he would add in the long run, yk ? like sure his introduction would be fun maybe but i dunno....i feel like id run out of ideas for him really quickly, since he doesnt have a lot of like. content. not a lot to take from ykyk

(btw if i were to add him i'd add him RIGHT after he died)

also these are the name ideas that ive decided im probably not gonna do already-
bachlelor/bachelorbur/[anything related to the show] (because i feel like the first thing
he would talk about is. yknow. the zombie apocalypse and the fact that he just died. not
the show)

fred (i cant call any burs 'fred' with a straight face im sorry)

wimp (really)

wimpfred (it would get confusing, the burs would give him a different nickname)

survivor (with the worldbuilding ive set up, 'survivor' is just a kind of person for the
minecraft burs (creator/survivor/adventurer/spectator, based on their gamemode))

but yeah ^_^ ty for input !!

a long conversation over shitty hot chocolate (in a certain dead man's opinion, but he can't really taste anything that well, so his opinion on the taste of something isn't really the best thing to rely on)

Chapter Notes

AGH sry for not posting 4 a bit :[i had a few big tests n shit and ive been trying 2 work on some other wips as well..... but heres this chapter ! a little longer than usual :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur squinted at Phantom. He took a sip of his hot chocolate. It felt hot and cold at the same time. He wasn't sure he liked it. "Phantom, I just don't get how you *don't know* how you died."

Phantom frowned at him. "Look, I just don't know, okay?"

"Have you never thought to ask anyone how you died?" Deadbur asked. "I'm sure *someone* must know, right?"

"Yeah, at least Phil knows," Phantom nodded. "And maybe Tommy. And maybe others if Phil told them. But I've never asked."

"Why?!" Deadbur asked, sounding exasperated. He wasn't really, but he accidentally sounded like it. "Just ask someone!"

"...I kind of don't want to," Phantom admitted, looking a little sheepish.

“Well, why not?” Deadbur tilted his head. “I know how I died, and it’s not like I wished I didn’t. It’s kind of obvious.” He gestured to the stab scar in the middle of his chest.

“There’s no way you wouldn’t know how you died,” Resurrectedbur pointed out.

“What do you mean?” Deadbur frowned.

“How could you forget that?” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow.

Deadbur hummed.

“I mean, I remember what death *felt* like,” Phantom spoke up. “It’s the worst I’ve ever felt in my life.” He paused. “Um, or, not life. I’m not really sure what counts as ‘life’ at this point.”

“Well duh,” Wilbur snorted. “Obviously death is gonna feel horrible.”

“No, death is nice,” Deadbur said thoughtfully. “It’s the Afterlife that absolutely fucking sucks.”

Wilbur looked a little surprised.

“Speak for yourself,” Phantom rolled his eyes. “Death is horrible, but then the Afterlife- or, just being a ghost, in my case- is *way* better.”

“Really?” Deadbur raised an eyebrow, frowning. “For me, death was like a cold hug, then a nice release from an embrace, then the Afterlife is...” He trailed off, grimacing. How did he describe it...?

Phantom looked like he understood, though. “For me, death was like a billion hands pulling me apart, and a billion knives stabbing me all over.” He shuddered. “And my Afterlife is... just being a ghost, I guess.”

“Hmm,” Revivedbur hummed. “Maybe it’s about the way you died?”

“I literally got stabbed in the chest, I don’t see what would hurt more,” Deadbur smirked.

“Plenty of things hurt more,” Spirit muttered, and Deadbur wasn’t sure if he was supposed to hear that.

“I mean, you’ve got wings, right?” Ghostbur spoke up, poking one of Phantom’s wings. “If those got hurt, they probably hurt more, right?”

Phantom jumped and pulled away from Ghostbur. “Um, yeah…”

“Quick question,” Ace asked. “What’s the difference between an alive phantom hybrid and a dead one, like you?”

Phantom perked up. “Oh, there are a few big differences, but they’re hard to notice a lot of the time. That’s why a lot of the time, alive Phantom hybrids are mistaken for, say, Avians or Elytrians.”

“Um… what?” Phas looked very confused. A good amount of the Burs did. Oh, right, different universes. Probably without hybrids, huh?

“Alive Phantom hybrids have wings that look like Elytra,” Phantom continued. “Really, nothing obvious at first. Like, phantoms don’t attack Phantom hybrids. When the hybrid dies is when it becomes really obvious.”

“Wait, can you like… talk to phantoms?” Bard asked.

“Yeah, but I don’t really care if someone else kills one,” Phantom shrugged. “They’re all kinda mean.” He paused. “I think that’s how it is for most hybrids, like, they don’t really feel any more bonded with their ‘species’ than anyone else would.” He frowned. “Well, no, actually... Ranboo knows a lot of Endermen by name, but he seems like he hates all of them anyways. Fragrance Man doesn’t care about killing spiders... I have this theory that the reason Tommy and Phil have such an obvious parental instinct to really anything smaller than them and alive is because they’re Avian and Elytrian. Y’know, mother hen.” He giggled. “You should see Tommy with Sneeg, and Charlie when he’s really small!”

“Who the fuck is ‘Fragrance Man’?” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“He just smelled everything,” Phantom shrugged. “Not really sure what was up with him.”

“Back to your death,” Spirit spoke up. “You obviously got stabbed, right?”

Phantom looked down at his sweater. “Um, sure.”

“There are a limited number of things that could be,” Spirit smiled. “So, excuse me as I interrogate you. Were you wanted when you were alive?”

Phantom blinked, looking surprised. “Uh, no?”

“Okay, did someone have something against you?” Spirit continued. “Like, someone really just hated you?”

“No,” Phantom answered.

“Were you in an ax-throwing club?” Spirit asked.

Phantom looked at him oddly. “What??”

“You can’t rule out any possibilities,” Spirit shrugged.

Phantom sighed. “No, I wasn’t.”

“Hmm,” Spirit hummed. “I dunno, then.”

“Being wanted, being extremely hated, and being in an ax-throwing club accident are the only ways you can think of where one could be stabbed in the chest?” Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“Look, I’m sorry I don’t have a lot of experience in *dying*,” Spirit defended himself.

“Yeah, you do,” Resurrectedbur spoke up. “You definitely do.”

Spirit glared at him.

“I’m just saying,” Resurrectedbur smirked. “How many times have you died? Three, four times?”

Spirit crossed his arms and pouted. “Fuck you.”

“Wait, what??” Sky asked. “How many times have you died?!”

“Uh, the two failed resurrection attempts,” Spirit listed. “Then the prison, then th-” He cut himself off, his face suddenly filled with a lot of emotions. Horror, regret, and fear. “Um, a- and if you count Alivebur’s canon deaths, then those three as well.”

“Wait, question,” L’manbur spoke up. “What’s m- your second canon death?”

Alivebur glanced at him, then at Resurrectedbur, who shook his head. Alivebur looked back at L’manbur, smiled, and shrugged. “Sorry, can’t tell you. Rules are rules.” L’manbur narrowed his eyes at him.

Deadbur took another sip of hot chocolate, but scrunched up his nose and put the mug down. “I don’t like this shit.”

“Excuse you,” Editor raised an eyebrow. “Are you insulting my cooking?”

“Cooking?” Deadbur looked at him. “Really?”

“I can make some amazing box mac n cheese,” Editor smirked.

Deadbur rolled his eyes with a smile.

“I really like this,” Sky put down his now empty mug. “Deadbur, can I have yours since you don’t want it?”

Deadbur blinked. “Uh, sure.” Sky grabbed his mug and started drinking the hot cocoa.

Sky took a big sip, then leaned onto Resurrectedbur and smiled. “Editor, you better give me some of whatever this is so I can take it back to my island. Would really be a step up from whatever the fuck the sky gods decide to give me.”

“Yeah, about that, what the fuck do you eat?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“Uh, I mean, I don’t really need to eat anything,” Sky frowned. “There’s nothing to get hurt on, so...”

Resurrectedbur stared at him for a good five seconds, leaving Sky squirming. “Sky. You need to eat.”

“But I don’t *need* to,” Sky glanced at the other Burs, as if asking them to help. Deadbur shrugged in response. Resurrectedbur was just like that.

Resurrectedbur stared at him for another five seconds before sighing. “Sky, I swear to god, that is not how the human body works.” He paused. “You are human, right?”

“I mean, I would assume,” Sky shrugged.

“How would a human survive uh,” Spirit started to say, but paused and frowned. “How long have you been on the island, do you know?”

“Um, a little under a week?” Sky tapped his chin. “I think. Haven’t really been keeping track.”

“Damn, a week-year-old and a month-year-old,” Deadbur muttered. “Fun.”

“Oh yeahh, Blue’s a month old,” Ghostbur smiled. “Well, Blue, we’ve finally found someone younger than you.”

“How are you a *week old*, yet you look like you’re in your mid-twenties like most of everyone else here??” Blue asked Sky.

“How are you a month old, but you obviously look like you’re way older than that?” Spirit pointed out.

“Oh, and you look any different,” Blue rolled his eyes with a smile.

“I’m older than probably all of you,” Spirit grinned. “What, I’m thirty-something? Maybe late twenties?”

“No, if you count Afterlife years, then Resurrectedbur and I are at least like, forty,” Revivedbur grinned.

“Old man!” Phantom cackled. “Older than Philza Minecraft himself!”

Challenger snickered.

“Something you wanna add, Challenger?” L’manbur asked.

“You think forty is old?” Challenger smirked. “Try *centuries* .”

They all stared at him.

“Fucking *what* ?!” Ace asked.

Challenger shrugged with a smile on his face.

“I mean, I guess a Creator lives forever, doesn’t he?” Blue pointed out.

“We’ve certainly got a diverse cast of characters when it comes to age, of all things,” Wilbur laughed. Spirit gave him a glance, but didn’t say anything.

“You’ve got a diverse cast of characters when it comes to things other than age,” Geo smiled and raised an eyebrow. “Really, in anything.”

“That comes with having almost twenty Burs,” Alivebur snorted. He frowned. “Wait, no, you make twenty, I think!”

“Oh, no, I don’t plan on staying around for long,” Geo smiled politely. “Not that I’d really have a choice, with my teleportation shit being all weird.”

“Oh yeah, you didn’t really explain that,” Phas frowned.

“I can’t really explain it,” Geo shrugged. “Just something that h--pens.” He did the weird glitchy thing in the middle of his words. “Like that. Can’t really control it. Most of the time.”

“Interesting...” Phas narrowed his eyes.

“Well, that means that the next Bur would really be the twentieth,” Geo smiled.

“Oh, please no, I don’t want there to be *more*,” Resurrectedbur groaned. “I’m sorry, but there are already so fucking many of us.”

As if on cue, just to make Resurrectedbur miserable, a shout came from the other end of the couch.

“Wh- YOU’RE SAYING I DIDN’T FUCKING DIE FROM THAT?!”

oh gee wonder who that could be :)

condolences to gentle hearts who couldn't bear to try (i don't wanna live like this, but i don't wanna die)

Chapter Notes

h. hey guys. guys check when i posted the first chapter of the main fwiadc fic. guys im going insane guys its been a year

sry for not posting for a while but heres this (1k words exactly lmao) and CHECK THE END NOTES !!!!!!!!!!!!!

edit 4/30/22: changed the chapter title lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

L'manbur jumped back at the sudden shout right next to him. He had sat down next to Bard on the couch earlier so he could play with Fundy, but now he was kind of regretting that decision now that there was a panicking man standing right next to him.

“Wh- YOU'RE SAYING I DIDN'T FUCKING DIE FROM THAT?!” The man- the new Wilbur- shouted.

“What?!” About seven Burs shouted at the same time.

“Unless this is hell, which-” The new Wilbur looked around the room. “This is awfully calm for hell, so I really doubt it-”

“Calm??” Editor raised an eyebrow. “You just showed up shouting in my living room!”

The new Wilbur either didn't notice him or just ignored him. “But I- there's NO way that didn't kill me-”

Resurrectedbur stood up and went over to him in a way that was reminiscent of the way he did when Sky first showed up. “You okay?”

“I-” The new Wilbur flinched back. “Who the fuck-” He cut himself off.

Resurrectedbur frowned. “Can I touch you...?”

The new Wilbur’s eyes widened. “Y-you’re not gonna-” He backed up, and so did Resurrectedbur.

Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “What?” He asked patiently. “I won’t touch you if you don’t want me to.”

The new Wilbur blinked. “Uh?”

Resurrectedbur held up his hands. “Look, it’s fine. Can I get your name?”

“Um, Wimpfred,” He replied. “And you?”

Resurrectedbur blinked. “Wilbur Soot. But call me Resurrectedbur. It’s, uh, complicated.”

Wimpfred glanced around. “Uh, yeah, mind explaining this?”

“Mind explaining why *you* showed up shouting about how you’re supposed to be dead?!” Alivebur asked.

Wimpfred laughed nervously. “Oh, uh, yeah, that...”

“What, did you,” Deadbur gestured towards himself as if he were stabbing himself in the chest. “Y’know??”

“Deadbur.” Resurrectedbur pinched the bridge of his nose. “Not funny.”

“Yes it issssss,” Deadbur grinned.

“*Anyways,*” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes. “Wimpfred, what did you mean?”

“I- I just blew myself up with a fucking grenade launcher! HOW did I ever survive that?!” Wimpfred seemed more upset that he survived than that he *did* that.

“You fucking WHAT????” Half of the Burs shouted at the same time. Damn, they were getting good at shouting in surprise in unison.

“Why the *fuck* did you do that?!” Deadbur asked. “Listen, king, I’ve blown myself up too, and it’s not fun!”

“And you had your reasons,” Revivedbur pointed out. “I’m sure he had his own as well.” He looked at Wimpfred expectantly.

“I- I-” Wimpfred just stammered instead of saying anything coherent.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Resurrectedbur smiled comfortingly. “Sit down.”

Wimpfred blinked and sat on the couch next to Resurrectedbur.

“The fuck’s with your face?” Sky asked, then immediately blushed. “Uh, shit, that was kind of rude...”

“What’s wi-” Wimpfred looked confused. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, damn, you look like Tubbo,” Spirit commented.

L’manbur frowned and looked at Wimpfred’s face to see half of his face was red with what looked- and probably was- an explosion scar.

“WHERE THE FU- oh, right-” Wimpfred shouted, but cut himself off immediately, his voice quieting. “The grenade launcher.”

“Spirit,” L’manbur frowned. “What do you mean, he looks like Tubbo?”

Spirit froze. “Uh-!”

“Yeah, what’s that supposed to imply?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

Spirit glanced at the two of them, then turned to Resurrectedbur. “Resurrectedbur, help!”

“You dug yourself into this hole,” Resurrectedbur smirked. “Your problem. Apologies.”

Spirit looked downright betrayed. “You- you- you-!”

“So, Wimpfred,” Resurrectedbur changed the subject. “I guess we don’t have to change your name.”

“Huh?” Wimpfred frowned. L’manbur was surprised he didn’t seem to be in pain, seeing *that* scar.

“We’re all Wilbur Soot!” Ghostbur piped up. “Except, apparently, you!”

“Don’t forget Fundy!” Blue grinned and nodded over to Bard, who was desperately trying to get Fundy to not drink his hot chocolate.

“Fundy, no,” Bard held the hot chocolate up in the air. “You can’t have this.”

“But you can!!” Fundy pouted. “Why can’t I? That’s not fairrrr!”

“Because it’s a drink for adults,” Bard smiled. “Not you.”

“I’m grown up!” Fundy declared. “I can have it!”

Bard chuckled. “No. No, you can’t.”

“Aw, c’mon, let him have some cocoa!” Challenger smirked.

“He’s a *fox hybrid*, ” Bard frowned at Challenger. “You know he can’t have any.”

“Oh, what’s the worst that could happen?” Challenger shrugged, smile still on his face.

Bard narrowed his eyes at the Bur. “Challenger.”

“Yes?” Challenger looked him in the eyes.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Bard asked.

“What, do you not like a little fun?” Challenger tilted his head.

“...” Bard stared at him for a few more moments before getting up and moving to the other side of the couch, next to Alivebur.

“...Right, no death threats in my house unless you're joking and they deserve it,” Editor spoke up. “Anyways, who's up for a snowball fight, like Rust suggested?”

“A what?” Sky asked.

Half the Burs turned to look at him.

“You just throw snowballs at people,” L'manbur explained.

“But... why?” Sky frowned. “That doesn't sound very fun...”

“No, see, it's great,” Mod grinned. “And, depending on the rules, you can also dump snow on people, put it down their shirts, put it in their coat hoods...” He smirked at Editor.

“But some of us can't touch the snow!” Ghostbur sounded disappointed. “We'll miss out on the fun!”

“Hmm,” Editor hummed. “You four ghosts c-”

“Three,” Phantom cut him off. “I can touch snow.”

Editor raised an eyebrow. "Okay, you *three* ghosts can borrow some coats 'n' shit."

"What, only the ghosts can?" Revivedbur raised an eyebrow, smiling. "Some people here only have a sweater, we're all gonna get fucking hypothermia or something."

Editor stared at him for a moment before turning and walking down the hall, coming back a minute or so later with a bunch of coats draped over his arm. "If you need a coat, I have plenty."

"...why do you have so many of the same coat?" Blue asked.

Editor shrugged and tossed the coats onto the footstool.

Chapter End Notes

AYO !!! IM POSTING ALL THE F(X)WIATC DESIGNS ON MY [TUMBLR!](#)

GO CHECK EM OUT :]] (might not b able 2 post em for like a week tho lmao)

**castaways we are castaways ahoy there ahoy we are castaways
we're stuck where we are with no house no car castaways ahoy
we are castaways we were out at sea on a sailing ship then the
rain began to rain and the wind began to whip we felt the ship tip
it w**

Chapter Summary

aka wilbur soot gets bit by a shark and then bleeds out in a random guys yard

Chapter Notes

i wrote this on a plane

if the formatting is weird then ignore it im posting this on mobile lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"WILBUR!"

Wilbur turned to Tommy's voice. "Tommy!"

"The shark is here!" Tommy called, grinning and grabbing a spear.

"Stab it!" Wilbur smirked.

"On it, captain!" Tommy ran towards the shark and stabbed the shark in the side. The shark swam away, but Wilbur knew it wouldn't be long before it came back.

"Nice," Wilbur grinned and gave Tommy a fist bump as the teen set the bloody spear down.

"All in a day's work," Tommy said dramatically. "All in a day's work."

"Mhm, mhm," Wilbur hummed, perking up as he spotted something on the horizon, pointing to it. "Tommy! An island!"

Tommy grinned and went to go turn the sail to direct them towards the island.

As they neared the island, Wilbur made sure to grab a melon and a bottle of water. Just in case he was on the brink of death as they explored the island.

About half an hour later- Wilbur couldn't know for sure, it wasn't like he had a watch on hand- the raft was close enough to the island so that they could swim the way over there.

"Wil, just wait until we actually get there," Tommy rolled his eyes.

"No," Wilbur bounced on his toes. "I'm going to swim over there! I will see you on the other side, men."

"If the shark gets you, don't say I didn't warn you," Tommy messed with the ropes a bit.

"Very well," Wilbur smiled, and gave a mock salute as he jumped into the water.

He started swimming, keeping his head below the water. He wanted to break his record for holding his breath underwater. His current record was just under a minute. He glanced around and didn't see the shark anywhere. He kept swimming straight forward.

Suddenly, a horrible, yet familiar pain went racing up Wilbur's arm. He pulled his arm back as quickly as he could, and swam up to the surface, gasping for air. He smelled the blood in the water, but he couldn't do shit about it right now.

He was almost to the island. Just a few more strokes, and he'd feel the sand under his feet.

Before he could touch a single grain of sand, though, he felt something wet and cold hit his face, and everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

btw the designs i said id post on my tumblr r gonna have 2 wait until i get wifi and some free time lmao

yall might have 2 wait until next week but i promise itll b worth it ^_^

snowball fight!

Chapter Notes

ayo sry for not posting 4 a bit i dropped my phone in the grand canyon ^_^ anyways enjoy this !! been workin on it for a bit and its 3k words lmaooo

sry if the formatting/spacing is weird el em ay oh..... dunno why its weird like that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Okay, a few rules," Editor stood in front of them all, arms crossed in front of his chest. "One, no Creative Inventory," He glared at Challenger. "Only snowballs made from the snow here. Two, you can do shit like dump snow on someone's head or down their shirt, but not to the Ghostburs not including Phantom. I don't need melted ghost goo and another charge of murder on my hands. Three, no teams at first because there are too many of us for that kind of organization, but you can create allies once we start. Everyone good with that?"

A chorus of 'yes's sounded from the group.

"Great," Editor clapped. He picked up a handful of snow and tossed it at the nearest person to him, who just so happened to be Challenger.

Challenger blinked, looking a little shocked, before grabbing some snow as well, scowling. "Oh, you're on, four-eyes!"

Editor ran away cackling, and from there, it delved into chaos.

Sky was right next to Revivedbur, kind of just trying to learn how to do this as Revivedbur attempted to explain it to him.

"There's a technique to making snowballs," Revivedbur said as he threw a snowball, hitting a Bur. It was incredibly hard to tell who was who in the snow, especially since half of them were either wearing a trench coat or a coat that looked just like Editor's.

"Nice aim," Sky remarked.

"Thanks," Revivedbur grinned, picking up some more snow. "But as I was saying... there are some ways to make really good snowballs, but I don't really care. I just grab some snow, make it so that it's not just a handful of powder, and throw it."

He threw another snowball, missing his target.

"Shit," He muttered, then looked at Sky. "So, what that means is that all you need is some snow and a dream, and you can hit someone with a snowball. You don't need anything fancy, it's real simple. Just snow."

"And good aim," Sky smiled.

"And good aim," Revivedbur sighed.

Sky giggled, then picked up some snow, packing it into a vaguely ball-shaped form like he saw Revivedbur do. He chose a random Bur- although, he could tell it was a Ghostbur because they were short-, aimed, and threw it.

The shout as the snowball found its target was loud and shrill, and as the Bur fell to the ground, Sky blinked, and suddenly the person he hit was taller and blonde and they were swearing at him and they picked up some snow to throw it at Sky in retaliation and Sky felt a distant feeling of recognition and the name of the person was on the tip of his tongue- but suddenly he felt something cold and wet hit his face, and he fell to the ground, overcome with the echo of love for a face he couldn't put a name to.

He heard a loud laugh, and looked up to see Revivedbur looking across the snow- covered yard.

"Ha! I wish you could see your face!" Someone shouted, and Sky recognized the voice as Spirit.

"C'mon, Sky!" Revivedbur held his hand out to him. "Don't just lay there in the cold!"

Sky stared at him for a moment, mouth open in shock from what he just saw, then smiled and took Revivedbur's hand.

Wilbur grinned as Spirit's snowball hit its target. "Nice!"

Spirit grinned as well. "Thanks!"

Wilbur chuckled as he packed a snowball. "You'd think that us two wouldn't make a nice team, considering, y'know."

Spirit shrugged, picking up some snow. "I've just elected to ignore... all that for now. We've kind of got other things to worry about."

"I mean, what better time to talk about it than now?" Wilbur pointed out.

Spirit frowned at him. "I don't know if you've noticed, but we're kind of in the middle of something right now." As if on cue, a snowball hit the back of Spirit's head. Thankfully, he was wearing a hat, but there was still a little sizzle sound that made Wilbur wince.

"Well, yeah," Wilbur threw his snowball. "But no one else is right around us to overhear. What other better time are we gonna get?"

Spirit didn't say anything.

"What if we started with, why did you try to fucking chop my head off?" Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

"That was a bit of an overreaction on my part," Spirit mumbled into his sweater. "But I had my reasoning."

Wilbur frowned, trying to think how Spirit could possibly know about the whole 'he's just a character in a Minecraft roleplay' thing. "Care to explain?"

"I think you have more explaining to do," Spirit replied, voice cold.

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. "Explain exactly what you know, then I'll try to explain."

Spirit didn't say anything for at least a minute or two. For a moment, Wilbur wasn't sure if he even heard him. Then, Spirit took a deep breath. "I know that to you, we're all just characters in a story that you control." He glared at Wilbur. "And you're a bitch."

Wilbur tried not to let out a laugh at the second part and instead cleared his throat. "I don't think you quite have... the whole story. For one, I'm not the only one writing the story. I only write you guys. Some of you all aren't even characters, they're just..." He frowned. "Well, I don't really know. Like, Geo? He's not a character I made, he's just me playing Geoguessr. Same for Phas, Rust, Sky, Ace, Impostor..." He picked up some snow. "Anyways, second, it's not like I have a... bad ending planned."

"Oh really?!" Spirit turned to face him, voice suddenly loud. "Could've fucking fooled me! What kind of ending would you describe my time as, then?" He paused and sighed. "...sorry."

Wilbur frowned. "No, it's fine... I wasn't really referring to you."

Spirit opened his mouth to respond, before his eyes widened and he pointed behind Wilbur. "Watch out!"

Wilbur turned around to see Ace and L'manbur standing there, snowballs in hand and smirks spread across their faces.

Rust held out his hand to Phantom, who put another snowball in his hand. He aimed, threw, and grinned as someone shouted, "FUCK YOU!" from across the battlefield.

"You have a very impressive aim," Phantom commented.

"Thank you," Rust replied. "You make very good snowballs."

Phantom raised an eyebrow with a smile as he gave Rust another snowball. "This snow is very good for it."

"That it is," Rust threw the snowball, hitting his target again.

"I thought you said you hadn't had a snowball fight in years," Phantom picked up some more snow, packing it together.

"I did say that," Rust nodded, putting his hands on his hips and looking down at Phantom. "What about it?"

"How are you this good at it if you haven't had a snowball fight in that long?" Phantom offered him another snowball.

"I've had practice doing other things," Rust took it, aimed, and threw it, once again hitting his target, the Bur falling down backwards because of it.

Phantom raised an eyebrow at the Bur he just hit. "You just killed a man."

"Not the first time," Rust grinned as he held his hand out for another snowball.

Phantom almost dropped another in his hand before freezing. "Wait, what?!"

Rust's eyes widened as he realized what he said. ...hadn't meant to share that tidbit of information. "Just give me the snowball."

Phantom stared at him for a few more moments before sighing and giving him the snowball. "I swear, one day I'll figure out all you peoples' weird stories."

"Oh, and you've told us your life story," Rust snorted.

Phantom frowned. "There are some things you just don't share with people."

"Exactly," Rust nodded. "And I'm not going to share my entire life story with you, either."

Phantom rolled his eyes, then frowned. "Um, whoever you just hit still hasn't gotten up..."

Rust frowned, narrowing his eyes. "Go check it out."

Phantom nodded, went invisible, and a few moments later, popped back up next to Rust. "Yeah, I think there's a new a Bur that you just fucking killed or something." Rust sighed. "I guess we should sort that out."

Ace couldn't help but laugh at Wilbur and Spirit's faces. They looked so surprised! He shared a glance with L'manbur, who was also laughing, just not as loudly.

"You should see your faces!" L'manbur snickered.

"That's *my* line!" Spirit frowned.

Wilbur flicked him in the back of his head. "Wrong thing to focus on right now!"

L'manbur tossed the snowball in the air and caught it in his hand again, smirking. Well, he wasn't really smirking, he was just smiling, but he was obviously smug.

"Well, don't you look like you're sure you can beat us?" Spirit taunted. "I've got news for you two, though, you don't have shit on us! Let's go, Wilbur!"

Wilbur grinned and was about to follow him when Ace had a thought. A very good thought. An amazing *idea*.

"Wait!" Ace called, and they both stopped for whatever reason. If Ace were them, he would've just kept running. "I have... a deal for you."

"A deal?" Wilbur turned to him, a sly smile on his face. "Do tell."

“Wilbur!” Spirit gasped.

“I know you hate each other,” Ace smirked. “If you join us-” he pointed at Wilbur. “-we can team up against Spirit.”

Wilbur frowned and put one hand on his hip, the other one went up to stroke his chin thoughtfully.

Spirit’s jaw dropped. “What- you aren’t *actually* considering that, are you?!”

“Join us!” L’manbur grinned. “I can promise you that we won’t behead you.”

Spirit rolled his eyes and crossed his arms.

“Alright, I’m in,” Wilbur smirked. He turned to Spirit. “Sorry, but it was never meant to be.”

Spirit and L’manbur groaned at that, then went right back to the dramatic acting.

“How could you do this to me?” Spirit put one hand over his chest and the other up to his forehead. “I thought I meant something to you!”

“I don’t give a FUCK about Spirit!” Wilbur smirked.

Spirit burst out laughing at that. He couldn’t help himself.

However, his laughter was gone as he saw that all three of the Wilburs- which, to reiterate, were all almost three feet taller than him- were looking down at him, snowballs in hand, and evil-looking expressions on his face.

He turned and ran. Screaming.

Phas picked up some snow and packed it into a snowball, throwing it at the nearest person to him. Unfortunately for him, he missed, and the person was coming straight for him.

"Phaaaas!-" Deadbur grinned, holding a snowball.

Phas froze for a few seconds before backing up slowly. "No, don't you dare-"

Deadbur's grin widened as he stepped towards Phas, raising up his arm, about to throw it straight at Phas' face.

"Wait, wait!" Phas shouted. "Truce! Truce!"

Deadbur seemed to think about it for approximately three seconds before Phas grabbed some snow and threw it at him, not bothering to pack it into a snowball. He then turned around and ran, not looking back until he ran straight into another Bur.

Phas fell onto the ground, but immediately jumped up. In front of him were Rust and Phantom.

"You okay?" Phantom asked.

"Yeah," Phas glanced back behind him to see Deadbur running after him. "Ah! Gotta go!"

Rust looked at where he was looking, then shook his head. "I mean, I think we might have to pause the fight anyways."

Phas frowned. "What? Wh-" He suddenly felt something hit the back of his head, and he turned around to see Deadbur laughing.

"That b-"

Rust snickered.

Phas whipped around to face him and narrowed his eyes. "Don't you laugh."

Rust seemed to find that even more amusing and put a hand up to cover his smile as he walked past him. Phantom followed him.

Phas frowned and also followed. He looked around, but it seemed like Deadbur had gone off to fight with someone else. "So, what did you mean by 'we might have to pause the fight!?'"

Rust glanced at him. "Uh, you'll see. Probably. Unless it's a false alarm and I didn't kill someone."

"Didn't you say it wouldn't have been the first time?" Phantom narrowed his eyes at Rust.

"I could have been joking for all you know," Rust said.

Phantom didn't look convinced. "Y'know, the guy was bleeding."

"And now he's bleeding out in the snow?" Rust sighed.

"And now he's bleeding out in the snow," Phantom nodded.

Wilbur felt incredibly uncomfortable.

He was wet, cold, he hurt all over, and he didn't really know where he was. One moment he was in the middle of the ocean, the next moment he was laying down in the snow.

He opened his eyes. Well, one of his eyes, and what he saw caused him to open his other eye and sit up immediately in surprise.

In front of him was someone who looked kind of like him, but with light gray skin, gray hair, a hat, and a sweater on, as well as bright green eyes. With no pupils.

"Ah! Sorry, sorry!" The guy exclaimed, backing up to stand next to... more people who looked like him. The fuck?

"Wh- Uh-" Wilbur went to stand up, but one of the people stopped him.

"No, no, don't stand up, you're fucking bleeding," The guy said, then paused. "A lot. The fuck have you been up to?"

"We could ask you the exact same thing, Rust!" Someone else laughed.

"Shut the fuck up," Th- ' *Rust* ' muttered as he pulled out a roll of bandages and knelt down by Wilbur. "And I told you I didn't kill him!"

"You're still explaining that to me later," The guy who had been right in front of Wilbur's face called.

Wilbur blinked. "This... isn't the middle of the ocean."

Rust gave him an odd look, but took his arm to bandage it. Oh, yeah, that happened.

"What, are you from the ocean?" Another person with gray skin and hair and no pupils sat down in front of him, then immediately winced and pulled his hand back out of the snow.

Wilbur glanced around. This... certainly was a predicament. He narrowed his eyes. "Did I die or something?"

"What's with all the people thinking they're fucking dead?" One person asked.

"Oh, come on, it was only Wimpfred and this guy," Someone else elbowed the other person. Fuck, this was confusing. His head hurt.

"And Phas," *Another* person reminded him. Holy shit.

"Can I please get a fucking explanation?" Wilbur asked.

"Yes!" The second guy with no pupils exclaimed. "I'm assuming you're Wilbur Soot?"

Wilbur blinked. "How did y-"

"Because everyone here except me, Blue, Spirit, Fundy, and.. uh.." He frowned and glanced back at the others. "I guess Wimpfred, are Wilbur Soot too!"

Wilbur didn't say anything.

"So! We've got L'manbur, Spirit, Deadbur, Blue, Resurrectedbur, Wimpfred, Ace, Phantom, Rust, Editor, Impostor, Phas, Alivebur, Geo, Wilbur- yes we know it's confusing-, Revivedbur, Bard over there with Fundy, Sky, Challenger, Mod, and yours truly, Ghostbur!" 'Ghostbur' grinned, pointing to each person as he said their name. "And now, you!"

"Oh, also," Geo spoke up. "There's a guy named Walter in the void who I suspect is also a Wilbur."

Wilbur noticed Spirit glance at.. uh.. Wilbur, who nodded. Jesus Christ, this was getting more and more confusing.

"Uh, if everyone here is Wilbur, why is only one person called Wilbur?" Wilbur asked.

"I dunno," Ghostbur shrugged. "He and Spirit won't tell us." He smiled. "Anyways, now you need a nickname! Tell me where you're from or what you were doing right before you got teleported here, and I'll give you one!"

Wilbur closed his eyes, thinking. "Mm.. fuck, my head hurts."

"I would think so," Rust muttered. "Like I said earlier, you're basically bleeding out in the snow, you don't even have a coat on."

"Well, yeah," Wilbur turned his head to look at Rust. "Where the hell would I find a coat in the middle of the damn ocean?"

"So you are from the ocean!" Ghostbur beamed.

"I wouldn't say I'm 'from the ocean'," Wilbur frowned. "If I was, then everyone on the planet is."

"Wait, are you also from Earth?" Someone asked. Wilbur didn't care enough to see who it was. He was tired.

"Yeah," Wilbur tilted his head. "W-why wouldn't I be?"

"Jesus fuck, why does it look like something took a bite out of your arm?!" Rust suddenly exclaimed, not letting the person answer

Wilbur squinted. "Um, because something did?"

Rust stared at him for an uncomfortable amount of time, then muttered, "and Wilbur says / need to go to the fucking hospital..." under his breath, then sighed. "Dare I ask what bit you?"

"A shark," Wilbur hummed. "Not the first time, not by a long shot."

"And Phantom thought I killed you," Rust laughed.

"He could've gotten hypothermia or something," Someone pointed out, Wilbur assumed they were Phantom. "I think it takes a bit to die from that," Rust argued.

"And I think it wouldn't take as long if one is already bleeding and soaking wet," Phantom retorted.

"Can you stop arguing about whether I'm dead or not?" Wilbur mumbled. "I'm not, but my head hurts, and you're not helping."

Phantom muttered an apology, but Rust didn't say anything, he just kept doing whatever he was doing with Wilbur's arm.

A few minutes later, Rust stood up. "Okay, that'll be fine for a while."

"Is this from a shark, too?" A black blob poked Rust's... arm? Yeah, arm.

"Yeah, right," Rust pushed the blob away.

Why was everything so blurry? Wilbur heard talking, but he couldn't make out any words. The edges of his vision were getting dark. Why was it like that? He tried to get up, but his limbs didn't move when he wanted them to, and they felt all numb. Well, not numb, but..."Shit, not again," He muttered.

He heard a shout, and everything went dark. Again.

Chapter End Notes

anyways 2 clear up the beginning notes i mean that while in the grand canyon national park my phone fell out of my back pocket and is now broken and the screen Does Not Work. had a Hard Time transferring what i had written in my notes app to my chromebook lmaooo

but ya ^_^ next chapter is already being written lmaooo and honestly so is the next entire SECTION of the fic KAJfDS im so excited

throwback

Chapter Notes

ignore any plot holes in this chapter im p sure there are a few,, not super noticable but. yeah. put simply theyre not big enough and easily-explainable away enough that i do not care

anyways IMPORTANT THING IN THE END NOTES **CHECK IT OUT** !!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“He’s dead!” Ghostbur exclaimed.

“He’s not dead,” Rust rolled his eyes. “He’s fine.”

“Fine?” Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“As fine as he can be,” Rust shrugged. He walked over to pick up the new Wilbur. “Let’s go inside.”

They walked up to the door of Editor’s house and opened it, going inside. Rust set the new Wilbur down on the couch and sat down next to him.

“I don’t really know what we can do for now,” Rust commented. “There’s nothing much we’d be able to do.”

“We could get him to a damn hospital,” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“You want to explain this... whole thing to the doctors, be my guest,” Rust crossed his arms in front of his chest. “And besides, we don’t even know what happened to him in the first place.” He paused and glanced down at the new Wilbur. “He’s probably fine, anyways.”

“So...” Blue’s voice was quiet. “He’s okay?”

“He’s asleep,” Phantom replied. “Like I wish half of you were.”

“We get it, we have bad sleep schedules,” Spirit rolled his eyes.

“You have the worst,” Phantom frowned. “Honestly, being dead is *not* an excuse to not sleep.”

Spirit raised an eyebrow. “How comfortable do you think Limbo is?”

Phantom narrowed his eyes. “I swear, when we get to a place with enough beds for all of you to sleep, I’m making *all* of you get some much-needed rest.” He paused. “Even if I have to threaten some of you to do it, because I’m sure I will.”

“Listen, I will absolutely sleep as soon as I’m able to,” Rust spoke up. “Like I’ve mentioned before, I was *just* about to go to sleep before I got... teleported or whatever.”

“Yeah, and then you pulled a knife on us,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“Wait, what?!” Sky’s brows shot up in surprise.

Rust felt his face warm. “Look-”

“Looking,” Alivebur said immediately, a stupid smirk on his face.

Rust narrowed his eyes. “*Look*, I didn’t know who you all were, I was just being careful.”

“So you decided to threaten us?” Alivebur grinned. He was having fun with this.

“I-” Rust started, but didn’t get to finish his sentence.

“Y’know, I just got here, and I think I’d like a little explanation and run-down of what’s really going on here,” Geo interrupted him. “Like, I’m the third-most recent person to show up, and I feel like there are some stories to share already.”

“And I think I’d be the perfect person to do it,” Ghostbur grinned. “Deadbur and I were the first ones in this weird group, after all!”

“Oh yeah, we were, huh,” Deadbur hummed.

“Yes, we were,” Ghostbur smiled. “So! It all started on a nice, sunny day, and I was brewing potions with my sheep, Friend. Then, I hear this weird thing outside and walk out to see a whole guy standing there! And he said he was Wilbur Soot, and I was like, well, okay, sure! Nice to meet you, I’m also Wilbur Soot!! Except, I’m Ghostbur Soot!”

“Just to note,” Deadbur spoke up. “Upon seeing me, you said, and I quote, ‘I think I’m hallucinating you anyways’.”

“I don’t see how that’s important,” Ghostbur pouted. “And how do you still remember that??”

Deadbur shrugged with a smile, and Rust heard someone snicker.

“Anyways,” Ghostbur’s frown immediately disappeared. “After that, we walked around a bit, and found Resurrectedbur on the Prime Path, and then we walked around some more and Alivebur happened to *literally* run straight into Resurrectedbur. I’m not even joking.”

Everyone laughed at that except Ghostbur and Alivebur, Alivebur looking pretty embarrassed. Good.

“I wasn’t looking where I was walking, okay?” Alivebur was frowning, but his voice sounded like he also kind of thought it was funny.

“Anyways,” Ghostbur giggled. “We walk around for a bit after that, trying to figure out what’s going on, then we hear this *scream* coming from the Community House, so we run over there to see Spirit! And he’s all surprised, and then he and Deadbur and Resurrectedbur share how much the Afterlife sucks, which, by the way-” He sounded like he was about to go on a tangent. “-If you’re trying to hide from someone that they die soon, like they attempted to do with me, try not to talk about it all the time! Honestly, you guys suck at secrets!”

More laughter. Spirit rolled his eyes with a smile.

“After that,” Ghostbur continued. “We did a buncha stuff, went to all of our times, then who do we find in Pogtopia but L’manbur, wandering around and making Tommy from Alivebur’s time incredibly concerned!”

“I still haven’t figured out what that place is, by the way,” L’manbur spoke up. “You really need to explain it to me.”

“Nope,” Alivebur and Resurrectedbur said immediately in unison, then looking at each other in surprise.

Ghostbur giggled as well. “Then, we have this loooong confusing conversation I’m almost scared to mention because Alivebur seems to hate it so much, and then we show up in Blue’s time and see him there with his Friend!”

“That was a really funny sight, by the way,” Blue laughed. “I was just looking for Friend, and then I turned around and saw six of me!” He looked at Alivebur. “Someone didn’t sound too thrilled that there was, quote, ‘another one’.”

Alivebur blinked and looked around the room. “I guess I really didn’t know what was coming for me.”

“Yeah, really!” Ghostbur snickered. “Anyways, blah blah blah, then we’re at Church Prime in... I forget who’s time, and I’m looking at the water at my reflection because everyone else was wandering around, when I notice that wait a minute! My reflection has green eyes! And wings! And a tail! Huh??”

Rust glanced at Phantom, who was smiling.

“So then the other Burs come back, and I set Phantom on fire, and th-”

“Wait, *what?!* ” Half the Burs shouted at the same time. They really were incredible. Like a group of synchronized... shouters.

“Yeah, he pulled me out of the water, but I didn’t go invisible in time, so I just caught on fire,” Phantom grinned. “Not fun. Not fun.”

“I’m soooo sorry,” Ghostbur sounded incredibly genuinely upset. “I didn’t know!!!”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Phantom raised an eyebrow with a smile. “I’m fine now! Happens all the time, really, it’s okay.”

Ghostbur still didn’t look entirely convinced, but he continued with his story anyways. “Okay, well, then Ace showed up-”

“‘Showed up’ meaning shouted ‘you can fuck me, Ace Race’ before falling to the ground face first,” Alivebur spoke up, smirking.

“There’s context, I swear,” Ace rolled his eyes with a smile.

“You all are the worst,” Bard pinched the bridge of his nose.

“After Ace was Editor,” Ghostbur continued. “Nothing really to say. I swear to Prime he’s hiding something, but I don’t know *what*. ”

“I’m not hiding anything!” Editor exclaimed. “Why do you think I am?!”

“You just seem like you are,” Spirit grinned. “And anyone has to admit, you’re kind of suspicious.”

“How am *I* suspicious?” Editor raised an eyebrow. “I’m probably the most normal person here.”

“I think Wilbur’s the most normal person here,” L’manbur pointed at Wilbur with his thumb. “At least, that we know of.”

“Nah, he’s probably the weirdest,” Spirit hummed. He narrowed his eyes at Wilbur. “Trust me.”

“I get it,” Wilbur rolled his eyes.

“Anywayyyys!” Ghostbur said loudly to move the conversation back to the story. “Next was Rust, and he showed up laying on the ground, then he pulled a knife on us. Honestly, incredibly rude, if I do say so myself.”

Rust frowned. “I was *trying* to go to sleep, and then poof, and I’m somewhere completely different.” He crossed his arms. “I was simply being careful.”

“We don’t bite,” Wilbur smirked. Oh, no, he did NOT.

Rust narrowed his eyes. “Spirit, I’m starting to see why you hate this guy so much.” Everyone laughed at that, including Wilbur.

“Don’t be mean, Rust!” Ghostbur grinned. “Well, next was... Revivedbur, I think! But it was really weird, because we got split up in his time, into three different groups. I don’t exactly remember who was with who, but I know Alivebur and I were together when we met Revivedbur. At first we thought he was just Resurrectedbur, since they look almost exactly the same, but he had his coat on, which Resurrectedbur says he hates, and he didn’t have the pink in his hair.”

“Really, what is the difference between Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur besides looking different?” Impostor raised an eyebrow. “I know it kind of sounds like a stupid question, since we’re all technically the same guy, but... Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur are pretty much the exact same, are they not?”

“Nah, we’re a little bit different,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “I can explain... later.”

“Again with the secrets...” Spirit muttered. Rust wasn’t sure he meant to say that out loud. No one else seemed to notice it.

“Well, next was Wilbur himself, and he was really weird, honestly. Showed up knowing an uncomfortable amount of stuff about us...” Ghostbur trailed off.

“You can say that again,” Deadbur muttered.

“And then Spirit tried to behead him,” Ghostbur continued.

“He WHAT?!” A few of them shouted.

“Oh, right, you guys weren’t there for that,” Alivebur smirked.

“Why’d you do that, Spirit?” Phas raised an eyebrow with a smile.

“I had my reasons,” Spirit replied.

“Wait, didn’t he also throw a communicator at Revivedbur?” Phantom snickered.

“That HURT by the way,” Revivedbur complained.

“It’s okay,” Spirit smirked. “We all know you’re a pussy.”

“WHA-” Revivedbur looked incredibly offended as everyone else laughed and Spirit just smirked at him.

“Spirit, you can’t just *say* that!” L’manbur gasped as he laughed. “Fuck, I wasn’t ready for that!”

“I’ll say what I want, bitch,” Spirit grinned, he was on a roll now.

“If it pleases the court, I’d like to say that my opponent is talking shit,” Revivedbur finally said. That made everyone who got the joke laugh even harder.

“Oh, fuck off!” Spirit snorted.

“Anyways, anyways!” Ghostbur giggled. “Back to the story!” After everyone calmed down, he continued. “Uh, where did I leave off... right! Wilbur was... interesting, but next was Challenger, who was just flying, and then he killed god, and-”

“He WH-” The Burs that weren’t there started to shout.

“/kill to DreamXD,” Blue said by way of explanation. If Rust hadn’t been there himself, he’d be just as confused. He didn’t really know who DreamXD was.

“Yeah, and then he tried to leave, but couldn’t, and that was kinda funny,” Ghostbur smiled. “Um, and then there was Sky, and he just stood there for a moment. Like, a concerningly long moment. Did not move. At all.”

Sky blushed. “Look, that place was *way* louder than my island.”

“There wasn’t even any sound except us talking!” Alivebur frowned.

“You notice way more sound when you’ve been somewhere that *doesn’t* have all those sounds,” Deadbur spoke up. Sky nodded, and Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, and Spirit looked like they understood as well.

“Next was Bard,” Ghostbur continued. “Him showing up was fun because Fundy found it absolutely incredible.”

“I played peek-a-boo with him,” Phantom said happily.

Ghostbur laughed a little at that before continuing again. “Then Impostor showed up, and that was... pretty interesting, actually.” He frowned. “Everyone except us Ghostburs thought he was already here for some reason? Like, I started introducing him and everyone else was all confused!”

“Yeah, I feel like we moved past that way too quickly,” Spirit frowned.

“Yeah, Impostor,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow, looking at the Bur. “That’s a little... *sus*, wouldn’t you say?”

Impostor just glared at him. “I’m gonna fucking kill you.”

“Like an impostor?” Wilbur grinned.

Impostor dropped his head into his hands. Wilbur’s grin just grew wider.

“No, but really,” Rust frowned. “What *was* that?”

“No clue,” Ghostbur shrugged.

“Impostor, care to explain?” Ace elbowed the Bur gently.

Impostor narrowed his eyes. “I honestly have no clue what you’re talking about.”

The other Burs shared a glance.

“Moving on,” Ghostbur said quietly, then raised his voice to a normal level for the next sentence. “After Impostor was Phas, and he was fun because he thought he was dead, like the new Wilbur here, and it just so happened that he was almost killed by a *ghost* and then fell right onto *me* .”

“Sorry about that,” Phas chuckled.

Ghostbur giggled. "It's fine!"

"Why was that ghost trying to kill you?" Wimpfred frowned, then winced a teensy bit. Rust almost missed it. He guessed it was because, y'know, the whole explosion thing.

"Because I was in her house," Phas shrugged.

"Well, why were you in her house?" Wimpfred asked.

"It's kind of my job," Phas raised an eyebrow with a smile. Wimpfred tilted his head at that, but didn't say anything else.

"Anyway," Ghostbur reeled the conversation back in. "After that was Geo, in Ace's time, which was *really* weird because he just... teleported. From the void, apparently. Where... another Bur is, too?"

"Yeah, there's a guy named DreamXD and a guy named 'Walter Crondale' in there," Geo nodded. Rust frowned. The fuck was Walter doing in there?

"Is DreamXD mad at Challenger?" Alivebur asked with interest.

"I dunno," Geo shrugged. "He seemed more fed up with Walter, honestly. To be fair, Walter was really annoying him."

"Weird," Ghostbur hummed. He shrugged. "Well, next was Wimpfred, showing up *also* thinking he's dead, and you all saw that, of course. And that brings us to present day!"

"'Present day' implies that we went into the past," Wilbur snorted.

“You could say that we did,” Mod said right in Rust’s ear. Rust almost pushed the new Bur off the damn couch in surprise.

“Jesus FUCK, man!” Rust glared at Mod.

“Oh, when did Mod show up?” Ghostbur frowned.

“Didn’t he just leave immediately anyways?” L’manbur laughed.

“Well, yeah,” Ghostbur smiled. “But I think the first time was around when Rust or Editor joined...?”

Rust narrowed his eyes. “Wait, Mod, what did you just say?”

“Hm?” Mod hummed.

“After Wilbur said that Ghostbur’s phrasing implied that we went into the past, what did you say?” Rust frowned.

“I think you know exactly what I said, old man,” Mod smiled.

“...we are the same age,” Rust said, confused.

“Nah,” Mod messed with Rust’s hair until Rust swatted his hands away and Mod walked away laughing, sitting on the floor with some of the other Burs.

Rust stared at him for a few moments.

“Wait, I’m an idiot,” Deadbur suddenly said.

“Well, yeah, we knew that already,” Spirit grinned. “Why are you mentioning that right now?”

“Fuck off,” Deadbur rolled his eyes. “Ghostbur, you have potions, right?”

“Yeah, why?” Ghostbur tilted his head.

Deadbur grabbed Ghostbur by the shoulders. “Ghostbur. Do you have a healing potion.”

Ghostbur stared at him for a few moments before wordlessly pulling up his Inventory and taking out a bottle filled with a red liquid. “Well, golly gosh darn fucking *shit* , Deadbur, I do, WHY DIDN’T YOU MENTION IT EARLIER??”

“I FORGOT!” Deadbur shouted. “You didn’t seem to remember, either!”

Ghostbur facepalmed.

“Um... why do you need a healing potion?” Ace asked.

“For the new Wilbur!” Deadbur exclaimed. “Fuck’s sake, we wouldn’t just be sitting here if I’d remembered that earlier!”

“I *literally* mentioned the potions, how did you not think of that?!” Ghostbur sounded annoyed.

“No one else here seemed to think of that, either!” Deadbur retorted. “Including *you* !”

“Calm down,” Rust raised an eyebrow. “You gonna use that thing or not?”

“Right, right, sorry,” Ghostbur murmured, handing Rust the bottle.

Rust took it and frowned. “Um, potions don’t exist in my world. Does he drink it, or does it go on the... wound...?”

“He drinks it,” Ghostbur frowned. “Why would you pour it out??”

“Look, I don’t know!” Rust rolled his eyes. “Closest thing to *potions* on Earth is.... like...” He trailed off. “I don’t know, tea.”

Wilbur laughed. “Tea? Really?? Medicine, Rust, medicine is the closest.”

Rust ignored him. “Hm. I guess we still have to wait for him to wake up. I don’t want to accidentally choke him or something.”

“Fair enough,” Ghostbur shrugged. “I don’t know anything about medicine. I just make the potions.”

“I don’t know a lot, either, I’ve just got experience,” Rust chuckled.

“What experience?” Spirit smiled in his characteristic ‘tell me your dark secrets’ way.

“Tons,” Rust smirked, deciding to humor him. Spirit did suddenly seem to perk up at the sound of actually getting an answer. “Stab wounds, bullet wounds, all kinds of shit you wouldn’t believe if I told you.”

“I think some of us live some pretty crazy lives, we’ll believe you,” Phas pointed out.

“Fair enough,” Rust snickered. “Hmm...” He tried to think of the craziest or most concerning *thing* he’d dealt with. “How about... a plane crash.”

Multiple of the Burs perked up at that.

“Fuckin’ what??” Editor raised an eyebrow. “When did you get in a plane crash?”

“Long story,” Rust smirked.

“What’s a plane?” Sky frowned.

“It’s like a bird, but a tube, and a machine,” Wilbur explained very poorly.

Rust frowned and glanced down at his arm, suddenly remembering that he had not changed that bandage recently. He should... probably do that. ““Scuse me for a moment,” He muttered, and pushed up his sleeve to reveal the bandaged arm.

Most of the Burs did not look away. Nosy fucks. Rust stared at them until they looked away, getting his point. He doubted they wanted to see anyways.

He undid the bandage and got out new ones to change it out. He grimaced at the arm. Jesus, it wasn’t fun to look at.

“God a bug bite, Rust?” Wilbur smirked.

“Drop dead,” Rust replied, not looking up from his arm. Several Burs laughed at that, sounding surprised, including Wilbur.

“What, is that from your... tube bird machine accident?” Spirit snickered.

“No, actually,” Rust pulled his sleeve back up. “Something else.” He glared at Wilbur.

Wilbur opened his mouth to say something, but closed it immediately as Rust felt the new Bur begin to stir.

“Wh- hm.. huh?” The new Wilbur sat up, and Rust gently pushed him to a more comfortable sitting position. “Where... am I?”

“My house,” Editor replied. “You got blood on my couch. Thanks for that.”

“Oh, um, ‘m not sorry,” the new Wilbur murmured. Spirit laughed at that.

Rust glanced at the potion Ghostbur had given him. “Ghostbur, question, what’s in this?”

“Uh, water, a nether wart, a glistening melon, and a little bit of glowstone to enhance the effect,” Ghostbur listed.

Rust stared at him. “Nether... wart?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Wilbur waved the question away.

“Okay...” Rust frowned at him, then turned to the new Wilbur. “You okay?”

“Yes, ‘m perfectly fine,” The new Wilbur said sarcastically. “Th’fuck d’you think?”

“Geez, I’m *sorry*,” Rust muttered. He sighed. “Uh, drink this.” He offered the bottle.

The new Wilbur stared at it for a moment before slowly taking it and drinking it in two seconds flat.

“Jesus fuck,” Rust raised an eyebrow. “That was fast.”

“Tasted like shit,” The new Wilbur commented, voice ten times clearer than before. He looked at the bottle. “The fuck was that?”

“A potion of healing,” Ghostbur giggled. “Yeah, they taste bad. The only one that tastes *good* is leaping.”

“Nah, swiftness is pretty good, too,” Deadbur spoke up.

“Eugh, no, swiftness makes your mouth all dry,” Mod grimaced. “Regeneration is where it’s at.”

All the Burs in universes where potions existed seemed to agree with that statement. Rust supposed he’d have to take their word for it.

“Um.” The new Wilbur glanced around. “What the fuck?”

“Welcome to time travel!” Ghostbur exclaimed suddenly. “I’m your guide, Ghostbur Soot, can I get your name?”

“...Wilbur Soot?” The new Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

Ghostbur acted shocked. “Really?! Wow, I guess my tour of Time attracts lots of guys about your height with slightly shorter hair named Wilbur Soot!”

“...” The new Wilbur seemed uncomfortable. A few Burs seemed to find this incredibly funny.

“Sorry, sorry, trying something new,” Ghostbur smiled and stuck his hand out. “I’m Ghostbur, we’re all also Wilbur Soot. Like I said, time travel.”

The new Wilbur stared at him, then narrowed his eyes. “Fucking hell, I really am dehydrated.”

The Burs all laughed at that.

“Don’t worry, you’re not hallucinating,” Rust rested his elbow on the new Wilbur’s shoulder. “It’s weird, but you get used to it.”

The new Bur didn’t say anything to that.

Ghostbur put his hand down, seeming slightly disheartened that the new Bur didn’t shake his hand but still smiled. “So, you need a name!”

“I have one of those already,” The new Bur joked. “It’s rather nice.”

“You’re welcome,” Wilbur smirked. Spirit smacked him in the back of the head.

“Well, it’s a little confusing to have twenty three of the same guy named the same thing,” Ghostbur giggled. “So, where are you from?”

“England,” The new Bur tilted his head. “Don’t think that’s a good name, though.”

“Well, what do you do in your free time?” Ghostbur asked.

“Um, I guess build out the raft,” The new Bur frowned in thought. “Catch plastic, stab the shark...”

“The... raft?” Ghostbur also frowned. “Shark?”

“Yeah,” The new Bur glanced out the window. “Which reminds me, since when was the world not flooded?”

They all stared at him.

“King,” Editor raised an eyebrow. “I know climate change is a real issue, but the ocean hasn’t risen *that* much.”

The new Bur frowned. “Huh?”

“Different universe,” Blue reminded them all. “I think it’s safe to assume that in your universe, the world is flooded?”

“Yeah,” The new Bur narrowed his eyes. “I think it’s also safe of me to assume that in all of your universes, it’s not?”

There was a general consensus of ‘yes, it is safe to assume that’ and ‘no, it’s not flooded in our universes’.

“Interesting,” The new Wilbur mused.

“So!” Ghostbur piped up. “Name! Does ‘Raft’ sound good?”

“Uh, sure,” ‘Raft’ nodded.

“Great!” Ghostbur cheered. “Welcome to the group, Raft!”

Anything Raft could've said afterwards was cut off as Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur both flinched in sync, and everyone blinked at the same time, the scene of Editor’s house disappearing from around them.

Chapter End Notes

AYUP !! IM POSTING ALL THE F(X)WIATC (ETOTHATC) DESIGNS ON MY TUMBLR [HERE](#) !!!! go check 'em out !!! i'm gonna be posting one a day, going in order of when they joined the fic! :DDDD there are a few... interesting details for a few of em :)

(in)humanity and memories- not the same, but somehow related

Chapter Summary

don't look down

Chapter Notes

what does that chapter title mean ? girl (gender-neutral) i wish i knew

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phantom blinked and opened his eyes to see a significantly smaller amount of Burs around him.

Besides him, the only Burs here were Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, Impostor, along with baby Fundy.

“Wh- huh?” Blue frowned. “Where is everyone? Who’s world are we in?”

Phantom looked around, and was suddenly grateful that they had just so happened to appear under a ledge, because the sun was out, and he wasn’t invisible. He didn’t even have his hat on at the moment. Right after he noticed that, he also noticed that he recognized this place. He grinned. “This is my world! See, up there is the Pub, and over there is my house...” He frowned as well. “But where are the others?”

“Is it like when we all got separated in Revivedbur’s time?” Ghostbur suggested.

“Maybe,” Phantom tilted his head. He pulled his hat out of his Inventory, put it on, and went invisible. “Follow me.”

The other four Burs obliged, but baby Fundy didn't move.

"Oh, um, someone needs to carry Fundy," Phantom laughed quietly.

"As much as I hate to admit it," Spirit grumbled. "The three of us-" He pointed at him, Blue, and Ghostbur. "-are too short to carry him." He paused. "And I doubt Fundy would like being carried by someone invisible, y'know?"

"I'll carry him," Impostor offered, and knelt down to pick Fundy up.

Fundy frowned and shook his head, then walked over to Spirit and grabbed his hand.

Impostor tilted his head. "O...kay, then."

"Oh," Spirit smirked. "I'm the *favorite*. He likes me more than you!"

"I think it might have something to do with the fact that you're closer to being Bard than Impostor is," Blue reminded him. "You're just his ghost."

"Where's Dada?" Fundy pulled on Spirit's sweater.

Spirit glanced at Fundy, then at the other Burs that were visible, then back at Fundy. "I dunno."

Fundy didn't seem to like that answer, and his eyes began to water.

Spirit immediately looked panicked. "Ah, shit-"

Phantom sighed, and went back under the ledge- which was someone's house, he was pretty sure, just not finished yet- and went invisible. He picked up Fundy and positioned him so he was resting on his hip. He smiled at Fundy. "We're gonna go find your dad, okay? He's right around here somewhere, I promise."

Fundy smiled and took Phantom's hat off his head.

Phantom blinked, but didn't try to take it back, and instead tapped Fundy on his nose. "Boop!"

Fundy giggled at that. "Boop!" He parroted.

Phantom glanced up at the other Burs, who were all staring at him expectantly. He shrugged. "I helped take care of Tommy when he was really little." He got a response which generally consisted of 'ohhh, okay's.

He took a deep breath and went invisible, hoping to all that is good and holy that Fundy would be fine with that. Apparently, his prayers reached wherever they went, and while Fundy did seem a little surprised for a few moments, he mostly seemed to find it amusing, giggling. Phantom sighed in relief, and smiled, even though he knew no one could see him. "Alright, let's go."

He led them to his potions shop, where he told them to wait outside as he grabbed a couple various potions. Just in case. After that, he led them to the pub.

"Ghostburs, you go up the ladder, Imp, Fundy, and I will go up the water," Phantom directed them.

"Imp?" Impostor raised an eyebrow.

“Just a shorter version of your nickname I’ve been calling you in my head,” Phantom shrugged.

Impostor nodded, frowning in thought.

Phantom left him to that, turning and going up the water as the Ghostburs went up the ladder, and Impostor followed him in the water. When he reached the top of the island, he shook his head to get the water out of his hair as Fundy did the exact same thing. Phantom stifled a laugh. Fundy just looked kind of, well, *funny* with his drenched fur. When Imp got up there, he kind of did the same thing, but kind of did nothing as he looked vaguely uncomfortable at being covered in water. Spirit laughed at him.

Phantom walked into the Pub, setting Fundy down on the counter and going invisible. Just as he’d suspected, Tommy was up here, along with Ranboo. Phantom narrowed his eyes at the Enderian, and went over to Tommy.

“Tommy!” Phantom called. Tommy looked up, his eyes wide in surprise.

“Wilbur!” Tommy exclaimed. “Where the fuck have you *been* ?”

“That’s.. a complicated question that will take a bit of Admin teleportation and a long explanation to fully answer,” Phantom laughed nervously. “Say, you’re an Admin, could you teleport me to, um, me?”

Tommy blinked. “What the fuck did you just say?”

Phantom glanced back at the Burs, and facepalmed. “Blue, *put Fundy down* !”

Blue raised his hands up defensively. “I wasn’t doing anything!”

“I saw you,” Phantom accused. He turned back to Tommy. “Uh, these guys are me, but... not. It’s hard to explain, but meet Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, Impostor, and Fundy. But a baby. And not the same Fundy we know.”

Tommy and Ranboo just stared at him. “How did you manage this, exactly?” Ranboo raised an eyebrow.

“I didn’t,” Phantom said easily. “Resurrectedbur did. Believe me, I could never manage this. There are twenty three of us, I mean, c’mon.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” Ranboo pinched the bridge of his nose.

Phantom rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Tommy, please teleport me to me, I have literally no clue where the rest of them are, and I don’t want Bard panicking over where his two-year-old went.”

Tommy stared at him, then sighed and pulled out his communicator.

Bard looked around, incredibly confused.

One moment, they were in Editor’s house, the next moment, they were right next to what looked to be a mountain range, an island in the sky barely visible past the mountaintops.

He was *definitely* not used to random teleportation yet.

Another peculiar thing was that his fucking *child* was missing. Just, gone from his arms. Not anywhere around him, not walking around, nowhere.

Shit.

The other Burs had various reactions to the teleportation thing. The ones from the Dream SMP (besides Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur) seemed fine and were just looking around. The rest of them didn't seem to take it as easily. Most of them looked really confused, just like Bard felt. Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur, however, displayed an entirely different emotion on their faces- pain. Hmm.

"Are you... okay?" Bard asked Revivedbur awkwardly.

Revivedbur took a deep breath and pursed his lips (not answering Bard'd question), then walked over to Resurrectedbur and grabbed him by the shoulders. "*Why does it hurt so much.*"

Resurrectedbur smiled weakly and shrugged. "I honestly don't know. We never did figure that out."

"Um," Rust spoke up, hands on his hips. "Problem. We are missing five of the Burs. The three Ghostburs, Phantom, and Impostor."

"And Fundy," Bard narrowed his eyes.

"Where even are we...?" Sky glanced up at the mountains. "And what the *hell* are those?!"

"Those are mountains," Editor raised an eyebrow. "Like hills, but taller and ten times more dangerous."

"...would it be too far-fetched to assume that we're gonna have to cross those mountains?" Phas looked up at them warily.

"I think that's a pretty safe assumption," L'manbur sighed.

Tommy typed something into his communicator, then glanced at Phantom. “Uh, don’t you think you should make room for the... rest of them?”

Phantom waved his hand dismissively. “Nah, if we’re all gonna be teleported to the same spot, it doesn’t matter. they can all fit in the Pub, so it’s fine.”

Tommy shared a glance with Ranboo, then shrugged and tapped something on his communicator, and Phantom was suddenly on the bottom of a large pile of guys.

Sky backed up as everyone tried to get everything figured out. It was pretty loud, and he was feeling a little overwhelmed, so he covered his ears. He didn’t need another Decision Dome fiasco.

He glanced around, but he still didn’t know where they were. Well, obviously, since it *obviously* wasn’t his world, but what he meant was that he couldn’t see what kind of building they were in or where the building was. He just knew that they were, in fact, in a building, and that he thought this building had nice decorations. It was also simultaneously too small and just big enough for all the Burs; it was like it switched between the two depending on where each of the Burs were.

He noticed some movement out of his peripheral vision, and realized that Revivedbur was coming towards him. He took his hands down from over his ears, and winced at the sudden loudness, but it was fine for now.

“Hi,” Revivedbur grinned. “Just thought I’d pop by.”

Sky laughed quietly. “Hello.”

“You okay?” Revivedbur tilted his head. “It’s pretty loud.”

“I’m fine,” Sky smiled.

They stood there for a few moments, out of the way, until everyone got sorted out and it was calm in the room again.

“Hold on, quick headcount,” Rust spoke up. He stood on his tiptoes, not because he was short, but because they were all tall (besides the Ghostburs) and counted everyone. A few moments later, he smiled. “Alright, we’ve got everyone.”

“Cool, okay,” Someone’s voice rang out. Sky froze. “What the *fuck* is going on?”

Sky frowned and stood up a little straighter to see who was talking. The moment he saw the boy’s face, he felt a shiver go down his spine, and his heart dropped to his feet. He didn’t even comprehend the next words that came out of the boy’s mouth, all he heard was the voice itself, and the familiar face and outfit of the boy, and he could’ve sworn to the sky gods that the kid’s name was on the tip of his tongue, and images of a certain *other* boy flashed through his mind, this other boy being strikingly similar to this kid, with images of blurry scenes that were painfully bittersweet, memories he didn’t think he even had, but that at the same time, seemed too familiar to him to be anyone’s but his.

“Holy fuck,” He suddenly said, cutting off To- the kid’s sentence. Everyone turned to look at him, but he didn’t even have the time to feel embarrassed. He ignored them all, grabbed Revivedbur’s arm, and pulled him after him as he walked out.

He needed to know what the *fuck* was going on.

“Woah, what the fuck?” Revivedbur frowned as Sky pulled him outside the building.

Sky let go of his arm and turned to him, desperation and confusion in his eyes. “I *know* him.”

Revivedbur tilted his head, confused. “Who, Tommy? Yeah, I do too, I think most of us d- Oh.” His eyes widened in realization. “Wait, *what?!?*”

“Yeah, yeah!” Sky nodded rapidly, breathing quickening. “I’m so confused, I- and then also in Ace’s time, and I don’t know what’s going *on* , but I feel like I SHOULD, but I DON’T, and *something* has got to be wrong here, but I don’t know what, and there’s just so much, but I don’t know why, and then also with the snowball fight, and it’s the *same damn thing* again, but I don’t know what that thing is or- really, *who* he is- but- but I- I-” His voice broke, and his hands were shaking.

Revivedbur gently took his hands. “Sky, what’s happening??”

Sky suddenly grabbed his shoulders. “I don’t KNOW, and that’s the PROBLEM! That’s why I’m fucking freaking out here! I don’t know what the fuck is going *ON!*”

Revivedbur furrowed his brows and frowned. “Well, hold on, we can figure it out, I just need you to explain what’s going on to me. From the start.”

Sky didn’t say anything.

“Here, let’s sit,” Revivedbur offered, plopping down on the grass of the island in the sky.

Sky glanced down at the ground far below the island warily, but eventually sat next to Revivedbur. He took a deep breath. “Okay, so... y’know how my world is just the island in the void, that’s it, no one and nothing else?”

Revivedbur frowned. “Yeah...?”

“Well, I think...” He trailed off. “I-I think there might be more.”

Revivedbur narrowed his eyes. “Go on...?”

“Well, first, in Ace’s time, I recognized Ace’s teammates’ voices,” Sky started. “Like, if you asked me to name the people, I wouldn’t be able to, but I felt like I distinctly recognized all of them. Then, in Editor’s time, when I threw a snowball at one of the Burs, their scream sounded like- like one I recognized, and then I thought I saw this tall blonde kid, and then I blinked and he was gone, a-and then now, that other kid- Tommy, you said his name was?- he was talking, and I thought his voice sounded familiar, so I tried to see what he looked like, and then I realized that I- I *knew* him, Revivedbur, I- I-”

Revivedbur didn’t say anything for a few moments, and let Sky try to figure out what he was saying, but he didn’t say anything else and just sighed, then looked at Revivedbur.

“Well,” Revivedbur paused. “I don’t... I don’t really know... but we could ask the other Burs, yeah?”

Sky just nodded.

“Hmmm...” Revivedbur hummed. “Well, tell me if you recognize any more people, alright?”

Sky nodded again.

Revivedbur threw an arm around Sky’s shoulders. “C’mere.”

Sky froze for a moment before melting into it, just like he had done at the Decision Dome. Revivedbur realized that Sky probably wasn’t used to touch like this at all... He frowned.

Hmm.

Phantom watched as Sky and Revivedbur walked out of the Pub.

“Um... what?” Blue frowned. “Where’d they go to?”

Phantom shrugged. “I guess Sky realized something.”

“Why’d he bring Revivedbur, though?” Alivebur frowned.

“You can ask him later,” Resurrectedbur flicked him in the back of his head.

“So... to answer my question,” Tommy reeled the conversation back in. “What the fuck is going on?!”

“Time travel,” Ghostbur offered.

“Teleportation,” Bard frowned, although he had seemed incredibly happy that he had not, in fact, lost his child, and instead something else had *taken* his child from him. Barely better, but it was all sorted out now. Mostly.

“Uh, question,” Wimpfred spoke up. “Why, exactly, did most of us get teleported *outside* of that ring of mountains, while only a few of us were teleported *inside* of it?”

“It’s the natural barrier of the hybrid sanctuary,” Tommy shrugged. “If you’re human, you can’t come in without explicit permission from an Admin- AKA, me.”

“But... Impostor is human,” Blue frowned. “Right?”

They all looked at Impostor.

“I’m gonna be entirely honest,” Wilbur spoke up after a few moments of uncomfortable silence. “Impostor, your case of ‘I’m not actually the impostor’ seems *veeeery* shaky right now.”

“I don’t even know what to say at this point,” Impostor muttered. “It’s like the universe is *trying* to get me fucking killed here. I swear, I don’t know *what’s* going on.”

“...Thanks, Revivedbur,” Sky mumbled.

“No problem,” Revivedbur replied.

Sky smiled. “Um, should we... explain all that to the other Burs?”

“I mean...” Revivedbur shifted slightly. “I think we should. What about you?”

Sky hesitated. “I... I don’t know.”

“Well,” Revivedbur said thoughtfully. “I think that telling all of them might help us solve this whole thing faster, since they’ll probably have more ideas than the two of us do.”

Sky hummed, then groaned. “Oh, fuck, we’re gonna have to just... walk back in there. That’s gonna be so embarrassing...” He covered his face with his hands.

Revivedbur laughed. “Oh, come on, you just had a fucking breakdown, and now all you’re worried about is embarrassing yourself a little bit?” He nudged Sky gently. “C’mon, you’ll be fine, they’ll completely understand.”

Sky pouted. “That’s not *all* I’m worried about...”

“I know, I know, I’m just messing with you,” Revivedbur teased him.

Sky chuckled. “...so... when should we go in?”

“Whenever you’re ready,” Revivedbur replied easily.

Sky looked at the grass. He tried not to look over the edge.

...

Sky glanced over the edge.

Bad idea.

He felt panic rising in his chest at the thought of falling off the edge, but he managed to swallow it and take a deep breath, or two, or most of his breaths were deep breaths, which kind of made it obvious to Revivedbur that *something* was going on, but he didn’t particularly care at the moment, right now he was just trying to ignore the fact that he had just realized that he was on *another* sky god-damned floating island, trapped, no quick way

off except jumping down, and there was no way in hell he was EVER going to do that, he'd probably perish on the spot from panic before he even got close to the lake below the island.

"...you okay?" Revivedbur raised an eyebrow.

Sky startled, and scooped away from Revivedbur a bit, not because he really wanted to, but because he didn't know what else to do. "Uh, y-yeah, I'm fine!"

Revivedbur stared at him. Narrowed his eyes. "You're terrible at lying." He held out his hand. "Come on, just tell me."

"No, no, it's really not that big of a deal," Sky stood up, legs a little shaky, but determined. "Let's just go back inside, away fr-" He cut himself off and instead just laughed nervously. "Let's just go back inside with the other Burs, we kind of need to expl-"

Revivedbur stood up and put his hand on Sky's shoulder, frowning. "Sky, please tell me what's wrong."

Sky stared at him for a few long moments, before sighing and turning around. "Nothing. Let's go back inside."

He walked into the- the Pub, he thought it was called- and ignored the feeling of eyes on him from every side- from Burs inside and Revivedbur outside.

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY BDAY TO REVIVEDBUR.....wish i could post this one thing i've planned out for this fic but 1. its not written and 2. its not time 2 post that yet duh /silly

but ya !!!! hope u enjoyed.....give me ur thoughts on wtf is goin on bc i wanna see if anyone can guess ^ _ ^^^^

L + ratio + fatherless behaviour

Chapter Notes

sry for posting late i thought i had appendicitis for a bit there lmao
anyways enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wimpfred knew he was new to this, and good lord, it was a lot, but *this* seemed incredibly weird. Not that he could really say anything, since, y’know, his own world was the fucking zombie apocalypse and some pretty wild shit happened during that, but...

He just couldn’t help but be confused as the scene in front of him unfolded- Alivebur was being attacked by what seemed to be a man who was around two inches tall, by what Wimpfred could tell. Why was Alivebur being attacked? Because, upon seeing the small man, he had said, quote, “Little baby man! Like Ghostbur, but somehow shorter, and that’s saying something!”, and the small man had responded by... well, Wimpfred wasn’t sure if he was stabbing him or biting him or what, but Phantom, Tommy, and Ranboo were cheering him on, saying stuff like “GET HIS SHOULDERS!” and “GO, SNEEG!”. The Ghostburs, having been offended by Alivebur’s remark, also joined in on the cheering.

It was quite a sight, to say the least.

After a few minutes of Alivebur being tormented by small men (including Mod, who had shrunk for the sole reason of helping the other small man, and *another* small man who sounded suspiciously like Charlie, the guy from Wimpfred’s world), Phantom broke it up and got them back on track.

“Right, right, so,” Phantom snickered. “Time travel, teleportation, blah blah blah... anything else?” Tommy opened his mouth to say something, but Phantom suddenly cut him off with his own exclamation. “Wait, I just remembered!” He grinned mischievously. “I said I was going to make *you all* sleep as soon as we got to a place with enough beds!”

“And I don’t suppose you have twenty something beds on hand?” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

Phantom’s grin immediately disappeared, but only for a few moments. It came back almost instantaneously. “No, but I know who can get me that many!” He pulled out his communicator and typed something, then tapped something on the screen, switching them to another VC, someone’s voice already coming from... wherever the voice came from. VCs were weird, sometimes it was like the person’s voice was coming from the communicator, other times it was just in your ears somehow...

“Hi Phil!” Phantom cut the man off. Out of the corner of his eye, Wimpfred noticed Rust almost choking on his water.

“What the fuck do y- WILBUR?!” This ‘Phil’ character shouted. “Where the *fuck* were you?”

“Long story, I’ll get to that later,” Phantom said impatiently. “Can you get me...” He looked over the Burs. “Um, twenty t- one, twenty one beds please?” He frowned and glanced at the nearest Bur to him, who just happened to be Resurrectedbur. “Where did Geo go?”

Resurrectedbur also frowned. “Is he not-?”

Resurrectedbur was suddenly cut off by none other than Geo suddenly appearing right next to Wimpfred, scaring the shit out of him. “Here!” Geo exclaimed, grinning, hair messy.

“...where the hell have you been?” Wimpfred dared to ask.

“Seattle,” Geo replied easily. “Don’t ask. Anyways, what did I miss?”

“Aggravated assault,” Spirit smirked.

“Damn, really?” Geo frowned. “Wish I was there.”

“It was great,” Ghostbur nodded.

“No, it wasn’t,” Alivebur muttered.

“Well, whatever, I’m here now,” Geo smiled. “Didja miss me?”

“Yeah, now we have an even number of people,” Phantom beamed. “Phil, twenty two beds.”

“Who are you talking t-”

“Thanks, love ya, byeeee!” Phantom chirped, leaving the VC.

“Do you actually think he’ll get all those beds?” Blue tilted his head. “I mean, you didn’t even explain it to him.”

“He built an entire little library for me once,” Phantom waved the question away. “I don’t doubt he’ll get those beds. Honestly, knowing him, he probably already has enough supplies to make them without even going out to get more wool or whatever.”

“...um, question,” Wimpfred spoke up. “Who the hell were you talking to?”

All the Burs turned to him.

“You don’t know who Phil is?” Revivedbur frowned.

“No, should I?” Wimpfred raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t know who that is either,” Raft spoke up.

“Well, aren’t you both also like, literally from the apocalypse?” Wilbur pointed out.

“Well, I don’t know if I’d call it the *apocalypse* -” Raft started.

“Yes, and?” Wimpfred crossed his arms.

“Wait, *what* ?!” Half the Burs shouted in unison once again. They really deserved an award or something for this amazing synchronization.

“Oh, did I not mention that?” Wimpfred tilted his head. “Yeah, it’s this whole thing.”

“Um, I’m not from the fucking *apocalypse* , but I also don’t know who this ‘Phil’ guy is, either,” Phas spoke up.

“...I don’t think it needs to be said at this point, but I also don’t know who that is,” Sky said sheepishly.

“Okay, hold on, hold on,” Phantom frowned. “If you know who Philza Minecraft is, or some kind of variation on that name, raise your hand.”

Every Bur except Sky, Phas, Editor, Wimpfred, Geo, and Raft raised their hands, although Rust seemed to hesitate.

Phantom narrowed his eyes. “What about Tommy?”

Raft raised his hand. Wimpfred felt like the name seemed familiar, but he wasn't sure.

"Ranboo?" Phantom raised an eyebrow.

No one new raised their hand.

"Tubbo?" Phantom continued. "Scott?"

All of the Burs except Wilbur and Ace put their hands down, and Phas put his up.

Phantom pinched the bridge of his nose. "This is confusing."

"You can say that again," Sky muttered.

"Oh-!" Revivedbur suddenly perked up. He whispered something in Sky's ear.

"Um... maybe later?" Sky smiled. "Like, after we figure all this... stuff out."

"...what?" Phantom tilted his head.

"Nothing, I'll tell you later," Sky waved the question away. "Anyways! Sleeping arrangements?"

Phantom's face split into a grin. "So, I've got Phil getting beds, and then we can set them up somewhere for you all to sleep."

“Do you have a room big enough for that?” Spirit raised an eyebrow, suddenly right next to Phantom.

“No,” Phantom glared at him. “But we can build one.”

“By tonight?” Phas snorted. “Yeah, sure.”

Half of the Burs frowned at him.

“What do you mean, it’d be easy,” Phantom tilted his head. “It wouldn’t look the nicest, but it would work.”

“Well, on Earth, it takes *way* more than, like, a few hours to build an entire building,” Editor explained.

“How long would it take?” Ace frowned.

“Days,” Editor replied.

“Weird,” Mod scrunched up his nose.

“Time seems way different between all of our worlds ‘n’ shit,” Wimpfred commented.

“I mean, we *are* time travelling,” Impostor pointed out.

“Well, yeah, duh,” Wimpfred rolled his eyes. “But it seems like shit gets done so much slower on Earth, the fuck is up with that?”

“The Earth is *fine* -” Rust frowned.

“Ehhh,” Wilbur moved his hand in a so-so gesture.

Rust glared at him. “The Earth is fine, your world is the weird one.”

“No, the Earth is pretty weird,” Geo shrugged.

“Time-wise,” Rust clarified.

“No, it’s still pretty weird in that aspect, too,” Geo said thoughtfully. “Have you *heard* of the weird shit that happens with time if you orbit around the Earth fast enough?!”

“...no?” Rust raised an eyebrow. “How the fuck would you... orbit around the damn Earth???”

“...it’s called being an astronaut,” Geo narrowed his eyes.

“A fucking what?” Rust frowned.

All the other Burs from Earth glanced at each other.

“Rust, tell me, do you know who Neil Armstrong is?” Raft asked.

“Who?” Rust glanced around. “What? I don’t- what are you talking about?!”

“What fucking *rock* have you been living under for the past-” Wilbur shouted, then cut himself off to count something on his fingers. “Approximately 50 years?!”

“I haven’t existed for fifty years,” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Space travel has!” Impostor exclaimed.

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about!” Rust frowned.

“Actually, more like sixty or seventy years,” Geo spoke up. “Sputnik I was in the late 50’s, right?”

Rust suddenly froze. He blinked, then facepalmed. “Fuck. Never mind. Forget I said anything.”

The Earth Burs glanced at each other again.

Wilbur looked like he wanted to say something, but was suddenly interrupted by a blur of gray flew into the Pub, landing in the little area with the flower on the ceiling to the side.

“Phil!” Phantom exclaimed. “Did you get the beds?”

Most of the Burs seemed to recognize ‘Phil’; Wimpfred didn’t, of course. The Burs who had said they didn’t know Phil just looked confused. Rust, who had said he knew Phil, seemed to find the floorboards of the Pub *incredibly* interesting at the moment.

Phil- who had *wings* , what the hell? Phantom also had wings, but these were way different- pushed his hat up out of his face and grinned. opening his Inventory. “Yep!” He took out a... lot of beds- almost half a stack- and gave them to Phantom.

“Thank you so muchhhh!” Phantom smiled. “Uh, do you happen to have a place I can... put these?”

Phil didn’t answer him for a few moments, instead staring at the group of Burs. Wimpfred couldn’t blame him, there were...a lot of them. “Uh, why, did you not... plan this out or something??”

“Phil, how the fuck am I supposed to plan for *this* ?!” Phantom threw his hand out to point at the Burs, and accidentally slapped Deadbur in the face. “Oh, shit- sorry!”

“What the hell?” Deadbur glared at Phantom.

“I’m sorryyy!” Phantom apologized again. “I didn’t mean to!!”

“Um, no, I don’t have a... spare building you can borrow,” Phil raised an eyebrow. “You have fun with all that, I’m off. Bye!”

“Bye, Phil!” Phantom waved as Phil jumped off the edge of the Pub with a running start, making a few Burs wince, but soaring into the air immediately after.

“He’s even more like an angel here,” Revivedbur said thoughtfully.

“Hm?” Phantom hummed, putting the beds away in his Inventory.

“On the Dream SMP, Phil is like, an ‘Angel of Death’,” Resurrectedbur explained.

“Fits him,” Rust muttered quietly, and Wimpfred wasn’t sure if he was supposed to hear that.

“Okay, let’s go!” Phantom spoke up, smiling wide. He led them all out of the Pub, saying good-bye to Tommy, and ignoring Ranboo, who seemed rather upset by that, as made evident by Ranboo’s shouts of indignation and Tommy’s laughing coming from the Pub as they left.

Phantom led them to the edge of the island, then glanced up at the sky and frowned. He winced. "Ooh, looks like it's gonna rain soon..." He glanced at the other Burs. "Ok, let's go down there and set all this shit up. Everyone except the Ghostburs, you jump down into the lake under the Pube." He glanced at the three other ghosts. "Hmm..."

"I can just jump down onto land, I can't get hurt," Spirit offered.

Phantom stared at him for a few moments. "Sure, yeah," He finally said, nodding slowly. "And Ghostburs..." He glanced around. "Ghostbur and Blue, you two go down the ladder. Everyone good with that?"

His question was met with a chorus of various positive responses from the group of Burs.

"Great," Phantom smiled. "Meet you down there!" He put his hat on, went invisible, and went through the floor, laughing at the Burs' surprised shouts.

Chapter End Notes

oh boy the next few chapters are gonna so fun to write

OH OH OH edit i just remembered: lmao last chapter, challenger & mod shouldve also been able to stay in the lil hybrid sanctuary thingy . i jus completely 4got that theyre not Entirely human lmao (challenger is just god and mod is. well. keith)

sleeping arrangements

Chapter Notes

sry this took a lil bit !! its testing time at school lmao so its been a lil hectic ^_^ but heres this chapter, five times longer than normal /silly

enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sky decided that he didn't like heights. Or floating islands. Or voids. Or all of the above.

When the other Burs had jumped off the island with little to no hesitation like they *wanted* to die (besides Editor, who had also hesitated for a moment, glancing down at the water below before taking a deep breath and jumping off), Sky had stayed for a few moments, contemplating the decision.

On one hand, he definitely didn't want to stay up here. It was too high, and it reminded him of *his* island, but on the other hand, he didn't want to jump off. His mind kept going through all the possible ways it could go wrong, how he could get hurt by jumping down there, this wasn't his island, if something were to go terribly wrong here, there was no going back. No respawning, nothing.

So, he was faced with a choice to make. Jump off, stay up here (forever, just like his own island?), or go down the ladder?

For a moment that felt like a decade to Sky (and only Sky, since no one else here seemed to be afraid of heights), he stared down at the lake under the Pub, watching the other Burs jump off, and wincing every time one of them hit the water. He wanted to get down, he really, really did, but it felt like he couldn't step an inch closer to the edge.

Maybe a smarter person would've just chosen the ladder.

Sky should've chosen the ladder.

The moment he ran off the edge of the island like the other maniacs he was with, he regretted it immediately. It was too fast, and the wind was too much, and he swore to the sky gods that the time it took to get down there was way longer than it should've taken for that distance.

He *really* didn't like heights. Especially falling from them.

Now, though, after they all dried off and the Ghostburs chose Alivebur to pick on about wet hair, Sky was walking with the Burs to Phantom's house, apparently.

"I don't know how we're gonna set all the beds up," Phantom was saying. "I know I definitely don't have enough room in my house... maybe next to it...?"

Sky looked around the area. He was once again surprised by the differences between his world and... basically everyone else's, even though at this point he really shouldn't be. No one else lived on an island in the void. Did anyone else even live on an island? He frowned. He thought he remembered... Rust, was it? say that he was on an island in... somewhere on Earth. Then there was Raft, who either lived like... in an fucking ocean, or at least near one. There was no way someone could get that fucking soaked wh-

He walked right into someone, immediately realizing that he wasn't looking where he was going.

"Ah, fuck, sorry," He backed up to see that Phantom had suddenly stopped in front of him. "Um... why did you stop?"

"That... is much larger than my house was before I left," Phantom said slowly.

Sky looked up to where Phantom was looking to see what he assumed was Phantom's house- a nice little cottage, with a tree next to it, along with another building attached, made to match the building style of the cottage.

"Oh, nice house!" Sky smiled and walked past him, pushing open the door. The other Burs followed, besides Wilbur, who was taking a video for his "vlog" thing, and Phantom, who was just standing there, mouth wide open in shock.

"*Love* this sign here," Spirit grinned, pointing to a sign in the front of the front room that read, 'we love ghosts here :)'

Phantom pushed to the front of the group. "Yeah, that used to say something else, but Shelby changed it." He was frowning for some reason. "Okay, I'm gonna go check something, you guys can look around and umm... just, don't steal or break anything, and don't try to close that chest over there, it doesn't close." He walked past them down a hallway and turned a corner, looking around as if he didn't know what his own house looked like.

Sky glanced at the other Burs, some of which were already looking around. He saw a few Burs go down the stairs near the chest Phantom said not to close- speaking of which, Spirit had apparently decided that Phantom's advice wasn't important, and was currently trying to close the chest, failing.

Sky frowned and walked down the hallway to follow Phantom, apparently the only person who had decided to follow him. You'd think that someone would have the same idea as him... whatever.

He turned the corner and nearly walked into Phantom again, who was staring at the room as if he hadn't seen it before.

"Uh, you okay?" Sky raised an eyebrow.

"I- this isn't part of my house," Phantom said slowly. "My house does not have this weird big room..."

Sky glanced around. It seemed like it was just part of the house, the style also matching the inside of the build. “Maybe that book over there says something?” He pointed to a book in an item frame on a wall.

Phantom looked to where he was pointing and grabbed the book, flipping through it and muttering to himself, before looking up, still looking confused, but less so. “Okay, I guess Phil decided to build this for me, since he knew I wouldn’t have enough room for all of you guys!” He laughed. “I mean, I’m not fuckin’ complaining! This means plenty of room for the beds!”

“How did he know?” Sky frowned.

“Don’t question it,” Phantom waved the question away, taking the item frame off the wall and putting it away in his Inventory. “Can you get the others to come in here? There’s more room and they’re probably stealing my shit.”

“On it,” Sky smiled, turning around and going to get the other Burs.

Phantom sorted through his Inventory, putting most of the beds in his hotbar, about to start putting them down when he heard the Burs walk in behind him. He turned and smiled at them. “Spirit, you were saying?”

Spirit’s eyes widened, before scowling and looking a little genuinely uncomfortable. Phantom made a mental note to ask him about that later.

“So,” Phantom grinned. “I need one or two of you to help me set up beds, the less the better, while the rest of you can go off doing whatever the fuck else. Then, me and whoever helps me will go and find you all and we can figure out who’s sleeping where. Capiche?”

“Cup-huh?” Sky frowned.

“Great,” Phantom winked. “Now who’s helping me?”

“I can help,” Bard raised his hand.

“Alright, here you gooo,” Phantom gave him half of the beds. Bard set Fundy down and took them and put them in his Inventory. “And you all, get the hell out of my house before I beat you away with a broom.”

“Jesus, alright,” Editor muttered. “We’re going, we’re going.”

He left, and the rest of the Burs besides Phantom and Bard left. And.. Rust.

“Phantom, quick question,” Rust’s face seemed a little pink. “Do you know where Phil is?”

Phantom frowned. “Uh, maybe in the Pub? Why?”

“No reason,” Rust murmured, and turned and left. “Thanks.”

Bard and Phantom shared a glance before shrugging and getting to work.

“Sky!” Blue exclaimed, grabbing Sky’s arm as soon as they left Phantom’s house. “Sky! Ghostbur, Spirit, and I have a proposition for you!”

Sky turned and tilted his head. “Hm?”

“Okay, hear us out here,” Spirit grinned, running up behind Blue, Ghostbur behind him.
“Sheep cult. Wanna join?”

Sky glanced at all three of them, and Blue put on his best puppy eyes. Sky raised an eyebrow and smiled. “Go on?”

Ghostbur beamed. “We make sweaters! Together! We meet up and make a bunch of sweaters with our sheeps’ wool!”

“I... don’t have a sheep,” Sky frowned. “Anymore.”

“And does it look like we have sheep with us right now?” Spirit smirked, pulling up his Inventory and taking out lots of wool, and a pair of shears in his other hand.

Sky glanced at the wool, the shears, the Ghostburs, then at the wool again. He grinned. “I’m in.”

“So, Bard,” Phantom put down a bed. “When was the last time *you* slept?”

“Last night,” Bard replied. “Don’t worry, I’m going to sleep without any arguing, I think you’ll have more trouble with... well, I won’t name names, but I think you know exactly who I’m talking about.”

Phantom hummed and nodded. “Should we do bunk beds? Y’know, so there’s enough space?”

“Sounds good to me,” Bard nodded as well. He did some quick math in his head. “So... twenty two Burs, eleven sets of bunk beds?”

“Yep,” Phantom walked down to the end of the room to measure how many blocks there were. “Okay, six on one side, five on the other, two blocks apart.”

“Got it,” Bard started placing down beds, but had to pause when Fundy got in the way a few times. “Fundy, no, you need to move-”

“But I’m boreedd!!” Fundy pouted.

Bard sighed. “I know, but I’m kind of in the middle of something...”

“Why don’t you go and play with the Burs outside?” Phantom asked Fundy, smiling.

Fundy looked up at him and frowned. “But I wanna play with Dada...”

“Well, he’s doing something right now,” Phantom crouched down to Fundy’s height. “I’m sure Ghostbur would love to play with you!”

Fundy tilted his head, then looked at Bard.

Bard smiled and nodded encouragingly. “Go play with them!”

Fundy beamed and ran out of the room, presumably to go find Ghostbur. Or whatever Bur decided to play with him.

“You’re good with kids?” Bard raised an eyebrow, smiling.

“Yeah, I helped take care of Tommy when he was little,” Phantom stood up and started placing beds again. He grabbed some ladders from a chest in the main house, then came back into the room. “He was an absolute *menace*. ”

“And he’s not now?” Bard smirked.

Phantom rolled his eyes. “Oh, please, when is he not?”

Bard laughed. “Fair enough!” He paused. “Wait, are you Tommy’s brother?”

“Yeah,” Phantom nodded. “Why?”

“And what kind of hybrid is Tommy?” Bard frowned.

“Avian?” Phantom replied.

“...And is Phil your dad?” Bard asked. “And he was obviously a bird.”

“Yeah, an Elytrian,” Phantom frowned. “What are you getting at??”

“If Tommy and Phil are both related to you directly, and they’re both bird-like hybrids, why are you a phantom hybrid?” Bard narrowed his eyes.

Phantom opened his mouth to reply, but found that he didn’t know the answer to that, and just frowned. “Um... I never really thought about that.”

“And you said you don’t know how you died,” Bard mused.

Phantom hesitated. “Um, yeah...”

Bard shook his head. “Whatever, let’s just get back to this. Should we use ladders?”

Phantom blinked, then smiled and handed him some ladders. “Ten steps ahead of you.”

Ghostbur grinned and went to follow Spirit, Blue, and Sky, but he felt something pulling his sweater, and looked down to see baby Fundy tugging on his sleeve.

“Play with me?” Fundy requested.

Ghostbur blinked, then smiled and held out his hand. “Of course, c’mon.”

Fundy grabbed his hand and giggled.

“Hold on, guys!” Ghostbur called, catching up to the others. “We’ve got one more recruit!”

Sky glanced back at him, then raised an eyebrow when he saw Fundy. “Really?”

“Yes,” Ghostbur nodded. “Now, who else?”

“Didn’t we get L’manbur to join back on the SMP?” Blue pointed out.

“Yes!” Spirit grinned. “Alivebur, Deadbur, and Resurrectedbur refused to join...”

“Well, you have like, fifteen more Burs to get to join,” Sky pointed out. “It’s not like you’re going to run out of possible recruits.”

“Trueeeee,” Ghostbur nodded. “Hmm.... I say we go get L’manbur, then grab whatever Burs we can along the way. And Editor for sure. And maybe Raft, too.”

“Why Editor and Raft?” Blue frowned.

“Editor because he’s like, concerningly cold all the time,” Ghostbur replied. “And Raft because... well, he fell right into the snow, already soaking wet, barely got a chance to get all caught up. They both need a warm sweater or two, I think!”

“True, true,” Blue nodded. “Alright, let’s go.”

A little bit later, the sheep cult had managed to get L’manbur, Editor (although they practically had to drag him along, because he did not seem keen on the idea), and were now on their way to get Raft.

“I know I saw him go this way,” Spirit frowned. “I know I did. Where *is* he.” He looked around, before perking up. “Ah! There he is?”

L’manbur looked over to where Spirit was pointing and saw Raft and Rust standing by the library- fucking hell, they were all really scattered around the place- having a conversation. The sheep cult walked over.

“...just checked it in Editor’s house,” Raft was saying.

“And this is a damn shark bite, you haven’t told us how you’ve gotten it, and I don’t know how that potion works at all, and I want to see,” Rust was looking at one of Raft’s arms, where there was an injury wrapped in a bandage. He looked up when he heard the other Burs approaching, and smiled. “Ah, Ghostbur! Perfect timing, please tell me what the hell was in that potion you gave Raft.”

“Um,” Ghostbur blinked, obviously not expecting the question. “Water, nether wart, glistening melon?”

Rust and Raft stared at him. “A... what wart?” Rust finally asked.

“A nether wart,” Ghostbur repeated. “Small red thing you use for potions?”

“Yeah, that... doesn’t exist on Earth,” Raft said slowly.

Blue wrinkled up his nose. “What?! How do you *survive* on Earth without potions and stuff?”

“Barely,” The two said at the same time, then looked at each other in surprise.

Rust frowned and turned back to the other Burs. “Uh, did you need something?”

“Wanna join our cult?” Spirit said immediately.

Rust and Raft both looked taken aback at the question.

Rust looked conflicted. “What... kind of cult?”

“A sheep cult,” Blue answered mischievously. “With sweater-making. And cuddling.”

Rust and Raft shared a glance.

“Sure,” Raft shrugged.

“...why not,” Rust sighed.

“Great!” Ghostbur cheered. “Welcome to the cult!”

“...as the leader of what some may call a cult myself,” Rust raised an eyebrow, really starting off strong there, “I’m gonna be honest, making sweaters doesn’t seem like much of a cult.”

“You have a cult?!” Editor asked at the same time Spirit said, “Die.”

“Technically,” Rust moved his hand in a so-so gesture. He turned to Spirit. “No thanks.”

“Damn, that usually works,” Spirit joked.

“Anyways!” Blue spoke up, getting them back on track. “Where are we gonna find sheep?”

They all glanced at each other.

“We... probably should’ve asked Phantom about that,” Ghostbur said quietly.

Bard smiled and glanced over at Phantom, who was putting the last few ladders down. It did look pretty nice, actually. Phantom was pretty good at interior design.

“Alright, I think that’s it!” Phantom smiled proudly. “Let’s go get the other’s then, yeah?”

Bard nodded. “Yeah, let’s go.” He frowned. “I hope Fundy found the other Burs…”

“One, how would you miss them, they’ve got to be *everywhere*,” Phantom pointed out, starting to walk out of the room. “Two, even if he didn’t find them, he’ll be perfectly fine, I can’t think of a single place on the Server that isn’t safe- except the top of the pub if you’re not Avian or Elytrian, or the mountains.” He paused. “And maybe a few peoples’ houses if you’re not careful, but really, I’m sure he’ll be fine. Let’s go.”

Bard raised an eyebrow and followed him. “You’re great at reassurance,” He said sarcastically.

“Thanks, it’s one of my specialties,” Phantom smiled.

Sky sighed as the others discussed where to find sheep. He was a little confused, why weren’t they just… looking for sheep? It’s not like anyone here except Phantom knew where any sheep would *be*.

“I could ask Wilbur,” Spirit mused.

“How would he know?” Editor frowned.

Spirit blinked, then smiled awkwardly. “Oh, um, I guess he wouldn’t.”

The rest of the Burs stared at him.

“Calm down, I said the wrong name, you’re acting like I revealed some big secret,” Spirit waved his hand dismissively. “As if anyone here would ever *dare* do that.”

“Excuse you, some of us have already spilled a secret or two,” Rust smirked.

“Fuck you, your *disease* doesn’t count,” Spirit stuck his tongue out at him. “Get away from me, you contagious rat.”

Rust raised an eyebrow. “Contagious rat? That’s a little mean.”

“You probably have *fleas* ,” Spirit accused.

Rust blinked. “What the fuck did you just say.”

“To be fair...” L’manbur raised an eyebrow with a smile.

“Why am I being accused of having fleas?!” Rust exclaimed.

“God forced me to say that,” Spirit smiled at him.

“Anyways,” Blue spoke up. “Sheep, yes?”

“Right, right, back on track, sheep,” Rust nodded.

“Just don’t give the sheep lice,” Editor laughed. Rust glared at him.

Sky snickered and ran his hand through his hair. Or, well, he tried to. And he did, his hand just... got stuck halfway through. He didn’t realize his hair was *that* tangled. He tried to pull it through, but it just wasn’t working. He was starting to regret not brushing his hair on the island. Curse his hair for being so long! He tried to pull his hand out with his *other* hand, but it still wasn’t working. He tried to pull each finger out individually, but it still kept somehow getting stuck. Maybe if he moved his head to the right, and down, and his hand up and to the left and *pull* - fuck, that hurt-

“Um,” Blue raised an eyebrow, looking at Sky. “Sky, what are you doing?”

Sky froze in the incredibly awkward position he was in as seven pairs of eyes turned to look at him struggling to get his hand out of his fucking hair. He felt his face heat. This was the worst.

“It looks way different than I imagined,” Wilbur mused, looking around the area from where he and Mod stood at the bed of the lake. “I don’t know what’s different, but... it just is.”

“It’s not all blocks,” Mod suggested. “Simple as that.”

Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “Yknow, you still haven’t explained to me *how* you know that.”

“You’re the one not telling me why you chose to have me break the fourth wall,” Mod smiled.

“I *didn’t*, ” Wilbur frowned. “I literally have no clue why you’re able to do that.”

“Hmm,” Mod hummed. “I dunno... you’re a god, right? Mayb-”

“Wait, what?” Wilbur laughed. “No, of course I’m not.”

Mod tilted his head. “You basically are. At least, here, you are. I mean, based on the levels of classification of gods and creators, you’re effectively a...” He narrowed his eyes. “Minor-minor god? Maybe minor-major, I’m not sure.”

Wilbur blinked. “What the fuck?”

“It’s complicated,” Mod waved his hand dismissively. “Challenger can probably explain, he’d probably know the most out of everyone here, if you don’t know about that.” Mod smiled. “Honestly, I don’t know how you don’t know.”

“I didn’t understand a single fucking word that came out of your mouth,” Wilbur replied.

“Well, I can tell that,” Mod grinned. “Anyways, whatcha wanna do?”

“Hm,” Wilbur tapped his chin in thought. “Maybe the library?”

“Sweet, give me ten seconds,” Mod pulled his communicator out from his pocket. “Looks like a good amount of the Burs are over there, actually. Well, I would teleport us, but I’d probably just teleport all the Burs to me, which wouldn’t be fun and I’d piss everyone off.” He put the comm away and smiled. “I guess we’re walking.”

“I thought only Challenger had access to commands,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow as they started walking.

“Pff, no,” Mod rolled his eyes, same smile on his face. “But considering his weird god complex, I don’t want to let him know *I’m* also an Admin, because then he’d hate me more than he already does.”

“The fuck did you do to piss him off already?” Wilbur laughed.

“I think he already suspects that I’m more than I let on,” Mod winked.

Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “So what?”

“I don’t know, he seems like the kind of guy to not like competition,” Mod shrugged.

“Eh, honestly, I think he’d just think it’d be fun, unless he thought you were an actual threat to... well, I don’t know what he’d be *defending*, if that’s what this is about,” Wilbur tilted his head. “But his whole thing is making things into a good video, y’know? He probably wouldn’t care that much, I think he’s just acting all high and mighty, I never acted *that* stuck up.”

Mod hummed, still smiling. It was almost a little creepy. “Interesting...”

“Don’t you go and start a fight, this whole thing is already fucking crazy enough as it is,” Wilbur warned.

“Moi?” Mod gasped dramatically, putting a hand on his chest in mock offense. “Why, I’d *never*; why would you even dare suggest I do such a thing!”

Wilbur rolled his eyes, smiling.

Soon, they were at the library, walking up to an... interesting sight, to say the least.

“Um... are we interrupting something?” Wilbur glanced at the other Burs.

“No, no, you just missed the good part,” Spirit snickered. “See, Sky already got his hand out of his hair!”

“I swear to the sky gods, as soon as we get to my world, I’m pushing you off the damn island,” Sky threatened Spirit, before going back to his argument with L’manbur about the importance of hair care.

“Do you know what’s going on?” Wilbur asked Phantom, who showed up right before him and Mod, and looked confused, but also a little amused at the scene in front of him.

“Nope,” Phantom shook his head. “I just came over here with Bard to tell everyone that the room was all ready, but... they seem preoccupied.”

“I think that’s your fault for telling us to go off and do whatever we want,” Wilbur replied.

Phantom gave him a Look. Wilbur raised his hands defensively.

“Anyways,” Phantom muttered. “I hope they wrap this up soon, I’m hungry and it’s going to rain soon.”

“Just tell them to shut up,” Wilbur elbowed him lightly.

“You do it,” Phantom gave him a half-hearted glare.

Wilbur chuckled, suddenly remembering that he gave Phantom social anxiety.

“Phantom!” Ghostbur suddenly grabbed Phantom’s arm, making Phantom jump, his tail poking Wilbur in the leg. Wilbur suspected that if he had fur, it would’ve puffed up. “Phantom, where are there sheep around here!”

“...sheep?” Phantom tilted his head, confused. “Um, I don’t know, I don’t think anyone has, like, a sheep farm or something...”

Ghostbur’s smile dropped. “Sheep farm? Like cows?”

“You’ve fucked up,” Wilbur informed Phantom. Phantom glared at him again.

“You could look at the top of the cliffs,” Phantom turned back to Ghostbur, smiling. “I don’t think anyone keeps sheep anywhere, though.”

“Hmm,” Ghostbur hummed. “Well, thanks.”

“No problemo,” Phantom grinned. “Can I ask what you want a sheep for?”

“Our sheep cult,” Ghostbur replied. He paused, then a big smile appeared on his face. “Wait, you’re a ghost, you wear a sweater that’s a little bit too big for you! You’re a perfect candidate!”

“For a cult?!” Phantom blinked. “Um, no thanks?”

“It’s more like a club,” Ghostbur shook his head. “Spirit was the one who named it, though. We just make sweaters! Out of our sheeps’ wool!”

Phantom tilted his head. “Oh. Hmm. I’ll have to consider it...”

“Great!” Ghostbur grabbed Phantom’s hand and shook it vigorously, a very happy smile on his face. “Thank youuu!” He turned and *skipped* back to where Blue was standing.

“I think he took that as a yes,” Wilbur murmured.

Phantom gave him another Look.

Wilbur smiled back.

Phantom sighed, then took a deep breath and walked over to Sky and L'manbur, the center of most of what was happening. "Okay, continue arguing about... brushing your hair or whatever later, right now it's going to rain, and like Editor, I don't need ghost goo on.. well, anywhere, and we also need to find the other Burs, and then we need to make and eat dinner, go to bed, figure out what we're gonna be doing this entire time because I'm *not* letting you all just wander around for however long we're here." The other Burs went silent. Phantom frowned and looked at all the Burs. "Uh, who's not here yet?"

"Ace, Resurrectedbur, Revivedbur, Challenger, Alivebur, Deadbur, Phas, Wimpfred, and Geo," Rust replied immediately. Everyone stared at him. How did he figure that out so fast.

"Okay," Phantom nodded slowly. "Hm. I would suggest splitting up, but I don't want to have to find you all again..."

A *bzzt-!* suddenly sounded from every Bur's communicator (or, all the Burs that had one).

"Fuck yeah, it worked," Spirit grinned. "I can whisper to everyone and it'll send to everyone, so we can just tell them to meet us here."

"Actually, just say to come to my house," Phantom spoke up. "I doubt they'll all know where the library is."

"That's a library?" Sky frowned. "It looks like a barn to me."

"How do you know what either of those are?" Editor raised an eyebrow. "I thought you lived on an island in the middle of the fucking void."

“I-” Sky started, but almost immediately cut himself off, closing his mouth, looking confused, himself. “...why *do* I know what a library is??”

“Is it just like how you know how to do... well, anything?” Raft suggested. “Like, you know basic shit even though there’s no reason you should even know that.”

“Oh, what was the thing you were going to explain to us earlier?” Blue frowned, glancing at Sky.

Sky glanced at the rest of the Burs, looking a little panicked at being suddenly put on the spot. “Oh, um, later, when everyone’s here.”

“Anyway!” Phantom spoke up. “Let’s go to my house, you all can claim beds ‘n’ shit, I can start making dinner, along with anyone who wants to help me.” He frowned. “Actually, with all of you, I’m definitely gonna need some help, who here can cook?”

Editor, Rust, Wilbur, and Bard raised their hands.

“Great, you four can help me,” Phantom beamed. “Let’s get going, then!”

Revivedbur glanced at his communicator and noticed that someone had whispered something to him

WilburSoot whispered to you: test

WilburSoot whispered to you: SICK -spirit

WilburSoot whispered to you: okay everyone meet at phantom’s house, the room’s all set up - spirit

Revivedbur blinked. That... comms didn't work like that... whatever. There was certainly weirder going on here. Anyways, luckily for him, he was already right near Phantom's house, so he just so happened to be waiting for the other Burs to get here, instead of vice-versa. He grinned. That meant first dibs on his bed.

He walked into the room to see that damn, Phantom and Bard knew how to decorate a room.

He walked down the row of beds, surveying them all. It wasn't like they were really that different, but if he knew the other Burs (and he didn't really know any of them that well except the ones from the SMP), they would be arguing over them anyways. He heard footsteps and talking approaching, so he smiled and chose a random bed to sit on.

"...and so we were trying to find some other Burs to get to j- Revivedbur?!" Spirit was saying to Phantom, suddenly cutting himself off when he spotted Revivedbur in the room already. "Where the fuck were you? How did you get here already??"

"I was in some cave," Revivedbur shrugged. "I was right near here when you sent the thing on comms, so I got here before anyone else." He grinned. "And picked out my bed before anyone else."

"Wha- you bitch!" Spirit exclaimed.

"Calm down, there are twenty more to choose from," Revivedbur laughed.

The other Burs immediately got to choosing their bunk, and it soon became apparent that it wasn't about what bunk you got, but rather whether you got top or bottom bunk. Revivedbur glanced around, laughing to himself at the other Burs arguing, when he noticed Sky walking over to him.

"Can I bunk with you?" Sky asked quietly.

"Sure," Revivedbur shrugged. "You want the top?"

“Ah, no,” Sky grimaced. “I’m about 94% sure I’m scared of heights.”

“Ohhh,” Revivedbur blinked, then smiled and nodded. “Yeah, of course, I’ll take the top.”

Sky smiled. “Thanks.”

“No problem,” Revivedbur stood up, climbed up the ladder, took off his coat, and put it on the top bunk, climbing down right afterwards.

“Heh, now you look just like Resurrectedbur,” Sky laughed.

Revivedbur glanced at Resurrectedbur, who was sitting on a top bunk across the room, Bard and Fundy on the bottom. Revivedbur noticed that Resurrectedbur had to tilt his head so that it didn’t hit the ceiling when he sat up straight, and he winced. He almost regretted taking the top bunk.

After a stupidly long while- which wasn’t really that long, it just felt like a while and consisted of mostly Spirit arguing with Deadbur over who got the top bunk, with Spirit eventually getting the top bunk since he was shorter (Ghostbur and Blue also got their respective top bunks because of this too)- it was all finally figured out. As soon as Deadbur and Spirit stopped arguing, Revivedbur sighed with relief, as did the entire fucking room.

“Alright, great,” Phantom smiled. “I’m gonna be sleeping in my own bed, which is upstairs, so if for any reason you need me tonight, come get me, capiche?”

“Capiche,” The rest of the Burs chimed.

“Pog, alright,” Phantom clapped once. “So, there’s a storm on the way, so we’re not going to do much outside for the rest of the time we’re here, I have to assume, since it’s still gonna be wet after it passes, and we haven’t stayed that long in any other time, so I don’t know why we

would here. The plan is to make dinner, eat dinner, sleep, and then figure out what to do in the remainder of the time we're here. Uh... who was it that said they'd help me cook, again?"

"Me, Bard, Editor, and Wilbur," Rust spoke up. "Along with anyone else who's here now who can cook."

"What would we be making...?" Resurrectedbur asked.

"Hmm, I don't know, what do you all want?" Phantom asked, which was really a mistake, because despite being the same person, it seemed like all twenty two of them wanted a different meal.

"..." Phantom blinked. "Um, steak and salad. And whatever sides you want."

"Okay... I can help with the steak," Resurrectedbur said slowly.

"So can I," Revivedbur raised his hand.

"Cool, cool," Phantom murmured. "Okay. What time is it?"

A few of them checked their communicators, Wilbur and Editor checked their phones, and Rust pulled out a watch from one of his many pockets, and they all gave wildly different answers.

"3:30."

"2 A.M.- huh??"

"11:47."

“5:21.”

“9:10.”

“...not helpful,” Phantom pinched the bridge of his nose. He checked his own communicator, assumingly the only one that was correct. “It’s almost 5:30. Alright, people who are helping with food come with me to the Pube, everyone else, um... I don’t know, have a deep conversation or something.”

Revivedbur nudged Sky. “Did you tell them about Tommy?” He asked quietly.

Sky blinked, then shook his head.

“Well, do you want to tell them now, or at dinner?” Revivedbur continued.

“Um,” Sky looked conflicted as he debated with himself in his head for a few moments.
“Now, I guess?”

Revivedbur smiled. “Wait, Sky wants to explain the thing from earlier,” He spoke up before Phantom turned around to leave. They all turned to Revivedbur and Sky.

“Um, this is gonna be hard to explain,” Sky muttered.

btw heres the list of what burs r with what burs for the bunks (top bunk bur + bottom bunk bur)

revivedbur + sky

mod + wilbur

impostor + editor

lmanbur + alivebur

spirit + deadbur

blue + geo

ghostbur + phas

raft + rust

wimpfred + ace

resurrectedbur + bard

challenger (he just so happened 2 end up as the Only one who didnt have to share, since phantoms sleepin in his own bed (its like opposite musical chairs))

i'm trying to distract myself from the fears that i've discovered

Chapter Notes

ayooo sry for not posting in a bit !! ive been sick for a bit (not covid, dw ^^) and this chapter made me a lil annoyed bc i rly did not have the words for a bit there lmao but!! the next chapter is gonna be longer and probably out faster bc ive been waiting a good while to write it and its gonna be so fun :D

but ya !! enjoy this short lil chapter for now lmao (and look in the end notes after u read 2 check out a lil announcement thingy :])

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur frowned as he listened to Sky explain what happened. It was... incredibly weird. And incredibly concerning. Why and how the fuck was Sky getting memories of shit he had never experienced? And why with Tommy specifically?

“It happened in Editor’s time, too,” Sky was saying. “I hit someone with a snowball, and when they shouted, it reminded me of someone, a-” He suddenly froze, mouth still open, not blinking for a solid ten seconds, before blinking rapidly. “Fuck, that was Tommy, wasn’t it.”

“Huh?” Revivedbur tilted his head.

“I remembered this tall blonde kid who was there instead of whatever Bur I hit,” Sky sounded a little angry. “That *had* to have been Tommy, right?”

“Oh,” Revivedbur frowned. “I guess, yeah.”

“But... why?” Ace frowned. “What the fuck does that *mean* ?”

“I don’t know,” Sky furrowed his brows. “My only guess is I’m making it up, because what else could it possibly be?”

“Maybe you’re remembering shit from before the island,” Mod offered.

“...there was no ‘before the island’,” Sky pointed out the seemingly obvious. “I’ve always been there.”

“How do you know that, though?” Mod tilted his head.

“...because I would know if I had more life than that?” Sky raised an eyebrow.

“But would you?” Mod pressed. “What if you just forgot it?”

“I don’t have a particularly bad memory,” Sky’s frown deepened. “And I doubt it’s that easy to forget everything about yourself.”

“You’d be surprised,” Spirit muttered. Sky didn’t seem to hear.

“Well, you do know about a lot of stuff that isn’t... on the island,” Raft spoke up. “Or, at least I would assume there’s no library there. Or a barn. Or-”

“Yeah, yeah, I get it,” Sky cut him off. He hesitated. “Then... what does that mean?”

“We don’t know,” Blue grinned. “But we’re going to figure it out!”

Sky smiled at him. “Thanks.”

“Of course,” Ghostbur appeared right next to Sky, sitting on his bed, the little physics-and-logic-defying motherfucker. “What kind of friends would we be if we didn’t help?”

“Speaking of which,” Phantom spoke up. “ Help with dinner?”

Resurrectedbur stood up to follow Phantom out of the room, but right as he was about to walk over, lightning flashed outside, thunder following it almost immediately, rain also starting to pour down right after it. Resurrectedbur flinched, and noticed that pretty much everyone in the room also at least seemed surprised by the thunder, although some had bigger reactions than others.

For one, all of the Burs who were dead or were dead sometime in the past didn’t like it, because you can’t just be in complete silence for more than a decade (multiple decades in Spirit’s case) and *not* get surprised by every mildly loud noise, especially after you blew up a nation right before your death. Ghostbur and Blue also jumped a considerable amount, and Resurrectedbur wasn’t very surprised. Wimpfred had flinched, which made sense since he had also blown himself up. Raft had winced and wrapped his arm tightly around his torso, which seemed odd. And finally, Sky had completely frozen, wasn’t moving or blinking or anything.

...Concerning.

“...Christ, seems like thunderstorms won’t be very fun with you all,” Rust commented. “Not that they were very fun before.”

“What?!” Mod gasped. “Thunderstorms are *great* ! The lightning, the loud thunder, the heavy rain, the wind blowing in your hair... oh, it’s just amazing!”

“Thunderstorms are *not* fun!” Ghostbur complained. “Can’t even go ‘pssst’, because there’s a chance I’ll get struck by lightning, so Phil doesn’t let me!”

“Oh, c’mon, your chances are *really* low,” Challenger pointed out. “For one, it’s already incredibly rare. Also, you’re short as fuck.”

“Okay, Mr. Lightning Rod,” Ghostbur stuck his tongue out at him. “What, you’re six foot six? If you went outside right now, you’d be the tallest thing out there! Um, besides the trees! And the buildings! And... whatever, you get the idea!”

Resurrectedbur glanced over at Sky, and was relieved to see that Revivedbur was helping him. Sky was now just... curled up in a ball, instead of sitting there looking like he saw a ghost. Um, or a more... scary... creature. Ghosts had been proven to not be that scary to any of them.

Anyways, Resurrectedbur decided to go and sit by Raft, since he seemed to be the next most affected one.

“You okay?” Resurrectedbur asked softly as the other Burs continued their conversation.

Raft sucked in a sharp breath. “Yeah, yep, I’m good.” He relaxed his arm and let it rest by his side.

Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “Really, now?”

Raft gave him a smile. “Yup.”

They stared at each other for a few moments as Mod, Ghostbur, Blue, Deadbur, Spirit, Geo, and Challenger argued about whether thunderstorms were fun or not in the background.

“You’re a horrible liar, by the way,” Resurrectedbur eventually said.

“Tommy’s fooled by it,” Raft grinned.

“So you lie to him?” Resurrectedbur tilted his head.

Raft frowned at him. “I don’t see how this is relevant.”

Resurrectedbur shrugged. “You’re the one who brought up Tommy.”

“You’re the one trying to get an answer that you’re not going to get,” Raft replied. After Resurrectedbur didn’t say anything for a few moments, Raft smiled. “It’s not that I’m trying to hide anything, it’s just... right now really isn’t the best time for it. Y’know?”

Resurrectedbur stared at him for a few more moments before sighing. “Fine.” He stood up, almost hitting his head on the top of the bunk. He glared at Raft when he laughed at him.

He glanced at the other Burs who had seemed especially affected all seemed fine, either arguing about thunderstorms or sitting back and listening to the argument.

One thing Resurrectedbur noticed, however, was that Revivedbur and Sky were gone.

He frowned. They must’ve walked out to figure out whatever was going on with Sky at the moment.

“Anyways!” Phantom suddenly said, abruptly ending the argument about lightning. “Dinner, yes? Those who can cook come help, those who can’t, you stay and... continue your talk about thunder and lightning, I guess.”

Resurrectedbur laughed quietly as he followed Phantom out of the room.

im just gonna start putting a lil fact about a random bur for each chapter's end notes

bur fact #1: rust may or may not be a little homophobic. hes also probably gay. theres context i swear

oh also !! with the recent lore n shit, id just like to say that i am planning on having smthn happen w that !! revivedbur (and resurrectedbur but a lil less bc hes more canon-divergent than rev) is abt 2 go through it lmao

all of this turbulence wasn't forecasted apologies from the intercom

Chapter Notes

ayoo hi !! i told u this chapter would come out quick /silly
i actually really like this chapter.....enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Revivedbur sat Sky down on what he assumed to be Phantom's bed, upstairs. He sat down next to him, but didn't touch him.

Sky pressed himself against the wall immediately, curling up into a ball again.

Revivedbur... didn't really know what to do. He had no clue why Sky was so terrified, he didn't have any experience in this kind of shit, and he didn't know how to help at all. He didn't think touching Sky would be the best bet right now, that'd probably just scare him more. He honestly had no fucking clue what to do, and was starting to panic a little bit, himself.

He took a deep breath and leaned a little bit closer to Sky. "...Sky?" Revivedbur said as gently as he could. "Sky, you there?"

Sky raised his head a little bit, but other than that, there was no reaction. ...well, at least he heard him. Baby steps, baby steps.

"Sky," Revivedbur tried again. "Sky, please, I need you to work with me here, 'cause I don't know what's wrong, and I need to know that you're listening, okay?"

After a few moments, Sky seemed to relax a little bit, and looked up at Revivedbur.

Revivedbur smiled. “Are you okay?” A rhetorical question, of course he wasn’t. It was more of a confirmation that he was actually listening than a legitimate question.

Sky glanced down at the floor. He slowly nodded, wiping his face with his arm, wincing, and instead wiping it with his hand.

Revivedbur tilted his head. “...Can you tell me what’s wrong?”

Sky glanced around, then looked up at Revivedbur again. “I- I- um, it’s just th-the l- fuck, give me...” He took a deep breath and made an obvious attempt to relax.

Revivedbur smiled again. “It’s okay, it’s okay, take deep breaths. ...Wanna hold my hand?”

Sky blinked at him, then smiled and nodded. Revivedbur offered his hand, and Sky took it. Revivedbur took a deep breath, and Sky copied.

“Okay, ready?” Revivedbur asked.

Sky bit his lower lip, then nodded. “...There’s- well, there’s something wrong, ‘cause I shouldn’t be scared. I’m fine, and I’m not scared, because I’m strong and... you don’t need to worry and we can go downstairs. Now. Like, right now. We should- we should really just go.”

Revivedbur frowned. “It’s okay to be scared, Sky.”

“No, it’s not,” Tears welled up in Sky’s eyes again. “It’s not okay for me, because I’m not supposed to be scared. I... I don’t know why I’m scared- well, no, I do- but I shouldn’t be, I shouldn’t be scared, ‘cause I’m not *supposed* to be scared, I’m supposed to be brave and fearless, and- and the sky gods chose me for a reason, so I should just be calm and collected and not react like *this* to anything, especially not a little fucking *rain* , and I- just- th-” He cut

himself off and didn't say anything for a few moments, a silence falling over the two of them, the rain outside and talking downstairs being the only sound they heard.

"I... don't think that's right," Revivedbur finally said. "No matter the reason, everyone's scared of something, no matter how 'brave' they're 'supposed' to be, or 'fearless' they seem. Everyone here is scared of something, and you're no different." He smiled. "I think out of all of us, you might be scared of the most things, since there are plenty of things you're probably just not used to, including thunder."

"Mmm..." Sky hummed. "No, I'm... very used to thunder. ...too used to it."

Revivedbur frowned. His eyes widened as soon as he realized... "Wait, you don't mean-" He cut himself off. Shit, based on Sky's reaction to *trees* and buildings taller than him, he was probably the tallest thing on his island, wasn't he? And if there were ever thunderstorms... oh, fuck.

Sky didn't make eye contact with him.

Revivedbur wrapped an arm around Sky's shoulders, making Sky jump, but he didn't pull away. He pulled him closer.

"I'm not sure I quite agree with these 'sky gods' decisions," Revivedbur said.

"Careful, you'll get smited," Sky laughed quietly, wiping his face again.

"They can try," Revivedbur grinned. "But they will *not* succeed!"

As if on cue, lightning struck fairly close to the house- a flash and almost immediate thunder, not good- and Sky flinched.

“You’re safe in the house,” Revivedbur assured him. “And even outside, have you seen the height of some of these buildings ‘n’ shit? You wouldn’t be the tallest one out there by far.”

Sky relaxed again, laughing quietly.

A comfortable silence fell over them. Revivedbur heard the other Burs downstairs moving around and talking, and he suspected that they had started making dinner by now. He hoped someone would come up and get them when dinner was ready.

Sky’s breathing eventually evened out from how it was when he was crying, and Revivedbur realized that he was asleep.

...well, there was no way he was moving now.

After a while, Revivedbur saw Phantom’s hat go through the door out of the corner of his eye. He smiled and gave a thumbs-up, and Phantom nodded wordlessly, then the hat went back through the door.

As the Burs downstairs kept talking, Revivedbur looked out the window at the pouring rain. It seemed like the thunder and lightning was over, but the rain definitely wasn’t. He hoped it would let up soon, though. He really did want to look around everyone’s world and see how different they were from the Dream SMP.

He felt Sky twitch a little as he leaned against him. Revivedbur smiled. Poor kid.

Phantom went uninvisible and took off his hat as he went back downstairs to the other Burs. He’d come get Revivedbur and Sky when dinner was ready.

“Were they up there?” Resurrectedbur asked quietly, noticing him first.

Phantom nodded, and walked over to the other Burs who were helping cook. Resurrectedbur followed him.

“Hm,” Rust hummed. “I’m realizing that I don’t really know how to use any of this shit.”

“...you don’t know how to use an oven,” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“Eh,” Rust made a so-so gesture with his hand. “I’m more used to other methods of cooking.”

“A fire,” Wilbur clarified. “You’re used to cooking with nothing but raw meat and a campfire.”

“Thanks, I didn’t know,” Rust said sarcastically. He frowned and looked at Wilbur. “Wait, why do you know that?”

“What, you live in the fuckin’ woods or something?” Bard laughed.

“I wish,” Rust sighed.

They all looked at him weirdly at that remark.

“...whatever, let’s just get going already,” Phantom spoke up, smiling. “So, steak and salad! I know I have steak, I probably have at least some fruit.”

“I’ll get started on the steak,” Resurrectedbur offered.

“I’ll help,” Editor spoke up.

“Pog, you know how to work an oven?” Phantom joked.

“I get it, I get it,” Rust muttered, a smile on his face as the other Burs laughed at him.

Around half an hour later- maybe a little longer, since they fucked around a little bit- dinner was ready. They were going to eat in the Pub with Phil, Ranboo, Tommy, and Tubbo, because that’s what they usually did, there was a reason Phantom didn’t use his dining room a lot. Phil and Ranboo usually made dinner, anyways. ...That, and, well, there was no way Phantom would be able to fit all of the Burs in his dining room. Probably. They could probably fit them all in if they really wanted.

“I’ll go tell the others to get ready to go,” Phantom smiled. The other Burs helping with cooking responded in various affirmative replies.

Phantom walked down the hallway to the bedroom, to walk into... okay, to be fair, less of a scene than he thought he’d walk into. There wasn’t really anything crazy going on. About half the Burs in the room were talking in what seemed like one big conversation, much less chaotic than one would think, considering the number of them. Spirit was hanging upside down from one of the top bunk beds, talking to Ghostbur and Phas. Imp and Geo were talking. Geo kept pulling seemingly random things out of his seemingly endless bag, though they probably made sense with context. The weirdest thing in the room was probably Mod showing some of the Burs some... interesting things, including but not limited to some weird scissor things, a few anchors, and a shiny stick that Phantom just *knew* was not something he wanted people messing with in his house.

“Ahem!” Phantom said loudly, causing all the Burs to look at him at once. Geez, that was unnerving. “Um, dinner is ready. We’re eating in the Pub, since the rain has calmed down, and there’s a bigger table in there.”

“The rain hasn’t completely stopped, though,” Spirit frowned. Heh, it looked like a smile, since he was upside down.

Phantom shrugged. “Borrow a coat from someone, I guess.”

“Oh!” Ghostbur smiled. “Like what we did on the SMP when we were in Blue’s time and it was all snowy, so we took Resurrectedbur’s coat and all three of us hid under it!”

“...sure,” Phantom nodded. “Sure. Do that.”

Ghostbur, Blue, and Spirit grinned at each other.

“Everyone else good?” Phantom asked. The only responses were various headshakes and ‘nope’s, so he smiled. “Great! Let’s go!”

He stood back so the Burs could walk out to the front of the house. Soon, everyone was out, except Spirit, who had grabbed Wilbur’s arm before he left.

“I need to talk to Wilbur privately,” Spirit smiled at Phantom. “It’ll only take a moment, I swear.”

Phantom tilted his head and looked at Wilbur. Wilbur shrugged. Phantom smiled. “Alright, don’t take too long, or we’ll leave without you!”

“No problemo, chief!” Spirit gave him a mock salute, grinning.

Phantom closed the door and went to go upstairs to get Revivedbur and Sky. He wondered what Spirit and Wilbur were talking about.

Sky blinked open his eyes to darkness. The only sound he heard was rain and distant speaking, and he felt someone's arm around him.

He sat up, pulling away from the other person, and was surprised when it was Revivedbur, who also looked surprised.

"You okay?" Revivedbur asked.

Sky blinked and looked out the window. It seemed like the rain had calmed down from earlier, and it wasn't storming anymore. "Uh, yeah. What time is it?"

"I dunno," Revivedbur shrugged. "Not time for dinner yet, Phantom hasn't come up and gotten us yet."

As soon as he said that, the door opened, letting in light from downstairs. Phantom's head poked in, smiling. "Dinner's ready!"

"Well, speak of the devil," Sky laughed quietly.

"Have a good nap?" Phantom asked. From someone else, it might've sounded like he was poking fun, but Phantom sounded like he was genuinely asking if Sky slept well.

"Eh, could've been better," Sky shrugged. "But pretty nice." He stood up and stretched. Revivedbur followed suit.

"Shall we go eat?" Revivedbur grinned. "I, for one, am fucking starving."

“We shall,” Sky nodded with a smile.

“Okay, dramatic ass,” Phantom snickered. “Come on, we’re waiting!”

“So, what’s up?” Wilbur asked.

Spirit took a deep breath. “What was up with that.”

“With... what?” Wilbur tilted his head.

“With the shit about Sky,” Spirit replied. “You must know, you made all of our stories. What the fuck was that?”

Wilbur laughed nervously. “Actually, about that... I honestly have no clue. I don’t know what Sky was talking about at all. I didn’t write anything like that.”

“Uh-huh, we all believe you,” Spirit rolled his eyes. “C’mon, really.”

“Well, why would I even tell you if I did know?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “That’s not really my business to share. It wouldn’t be fair to that Bur if I did that.”

“Funny, I didn’t think you cared,” Spirit crossed his arms.

“Why wouldn’t I care?” Wilbur frowned.

“You obviously don’t care about our “wellbeing” or anything,” Spirit scoffed. “Why would you?”

“...I think you’ve got me all wrong in that sense,” Wilbur smiled. “But really, I don’t know anything like that about Sky’s situation. For me, Sky was barely even a character, he was just me playing Minecraft and doing a fun little video series on it. Sure, there was a little bit of an ongoing... not plot, but, like, the whole ‘sky gods’ thing.” He shrugged. “I swear, I don’t know anything about this new shit.”

Spirit narrowed his eyes. Stared at Wilbur. For a while. A loooong while. Wilbur didn’t really want to make eye contact with him, but looking somewhere else would be more awkward, so he just stared right back.

“Fine,” Spirit sighed. “But I’ve got my eyes on you.”

“I can tell,” Wilbur said dryly.

Spirit snorted and rolled his eyes.

“You two done?” Phantom knocked on the door.

Spirit walked over and opened the door. “Yeah, we’re done.”

“Cool, cool,” Phantom nodded. “Also, Spirit?”

“Mhm?” Spirit looked at him.

“Are we gonna have any trouble with your sleep schedule?” Phantom asked. The way he asked it was like a mix between friendly teasing and a genuine question.

Spirit scrunched up his nose. “Do I really have to?”

“What do you have against sleeping?” Phantom frowned. “You really need to sleep, it’s important.”

“I don’t want to,” Spirit crossed his arms. “It’s dumb.”

“C’mon, it’s something more, isn’t it,” Phantom smiled encouragingly.

Spirit didn’t say anything and just looked away, arms still crossed. He looked like a whiny little toddler.

“I will threaten physical violence if I have to,” Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“Go on, try it, I dare you,” Spirit taunted. “You can’t hurt me anyways, it’s literally impossible!”

“Y’know, Spirit,” Wilbur took his phone out of his back pocket and grinned. “As soon as I get service, I could make a Reddit post aaaaaany time I want.”

Spirit’s smug smile disappeared immediately, replaced by a cautious expression. He was obviously way more scared than Wilbur had meant for that joke to cause. “You- you wouldn’t,” He eventually said. “You wouldn’t.”

Wilbur frowned and tilted his head. “Why wouldn’t I?”

Spirit glanced between Wilbur, the phone, and Phantom, then turned around and walked out of the room without saying anything.

“...what was that?” Phantom asked, concerned.

“...” Wilbur put his phone away. “More than I meant for it to be.”

Chapter End Notes

btw there is a reason that sky reacted that way specifically to the lightning and not like heights

bur fact #2: sky is allergic to. well really anything you can think of

dinnertime!

Chapter Notes

ksjdhfkuskj sry for not posting for a bit....writers block had me by the THROATTTT istg.....but here it is ! not the best and its not how i rly wanted to write it but its how it ended up being . so here u go ! :3

(and heres [this](#) :3)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue smiled as Spirit walked over, looking... scared? What was he scared of?

“Spirit?” Blue frowned. “Are you okay?”

Spirit looked up at him, looking a little surprised that he was there, even though all of the Burs besides Phantom and Wilbur were there. ...and Mod, but it wasn't like him being missing was new. “Hm? Oh, yeah, I'm fine... are we going now?”

Blue blinked. “Um, yeah, and Revivedbur is letting you, Ghostbur, and I borrow his coat since it's raining!”

Spirit smiled. “Pog, what are we waiting for?”

“Phantom,” Blue shrugged. “Is he in the bedroom?”

“Yeah, he's... talking to Wilbur,” Spirit muttered. “They'll be out in a bit.”

Lo and behold, a few moments later, Wilbur and Phantom came out of the room and walked over to the group.

“Alright, everyone ready?” Phantom clapped once. Everyone nodded, so he smiled. “Let’s get going then. Ghostburs, you’ve got a coat?”

“Yep!” Ghostbur and Blue chimed in unison, already under the coat with Spirit.

They started out into the rain, which must have been a very funny sight. Twenty two of the same exact guy, three of them hiding under a trench coat, running in the rain, fucking around. Blue could only imagine what it would look like without context.

Soon enough, they were all at the Pub, drying off. Why did most of the Burs decide to shake their heads like they were wet dogs? Blue couldn’t tell you that.

“...this coat has blood on it,” Spirit commented.

“Gee, thanks, I didn’t know,” Revivedbur said sarcastically as Ghostbur handed him the coat. “It’s called ‘I got stabbed through the chest’.”

“Clean it off,” Spirit raised an eyebrow with a smile. “It’s not that hard.”

“Look in the mirror,” Revivedbur stuck his tongue out at Spirit.

“Fuck off, I can’t clean this off,” Spirit crossed his arms. “You can put your coat in the wash.”

“Break it up, you two,” Resurrectedbur said lightly, patting Spirit on the head.

“Oh! Phil!” Phantom smiled at Phil, who was inside the Pub, setting the table. “Was the table big enough? Did we have enough chairs?”

“Nowhere near enough,” Phil laughed. “I made some more really quickly and set them up. Tommy’s here already, Ranboo and Tubbo are coming up soon.”

They all started to sit down at the table. Blue sat between Ghostbur and Spirit, and as he was sitting down, he noticed that Mod was here now, sitting down a little bit farther down the same side of the table that Blue was. Huh. When did he get here?

It wasn’t as awkward as one would think, to be honest. Blue was expecting it to be a comically long table, where you had to lean over to see people on the other end of the table, but it really wasn’t that bad. Actually, Phil and Phantom were acting like this wasn’t that odd. Blue supposed that the people on this Server were closer with each other than people typically were on the Dream SMP, so they actually ate together. Hmm.

Obviously, though, there weren’t twenty-something people on this Server who regularly ate together, because Phil had mentioned that he had to get more chairs.

It took a good while, considering how chaotic something like this was bound to be, but eventually, they were all seated. There had been a few interruptions- like Wilbur and Spirit almost sitting next to each other, but being separated before they started arguing again, and someone (that someone ended up being Wilbur) had to sit between Alivebur and L’manbur, who had apparently gotten into a small argument earlier when dinner was being made and now refused to speak to each other- but all things considered, it went relatively smoothly.

“So,” Phil started the conversation. “Care to explain how this happened?”

“It is... a pretty long story,” Phantom smiled apologetically. “I don’t even know the whole thing, to be completely honest.”

“Pretty long is an understatement,” Mod spoke up. “I mean, really, this makes what- forty one chapters? And we’re only a few times in? How long is this thing gonna be?”

Challenger smacked him in the back of the head, and Mod glared, but stopped talking. Blue wondered what that was about.

“Um... okay,” Phantom glanced between the two of them. “Well, it’d take too long to explain, but the basic gist is that somehow, a bunch of versions of Wilbur Soot are time travelling together.” He shrugged. “I honestly don’t know how.”

“It’s got something to do with a guy named DreamXD,” Geo mentioned. “And... uh... Walter? Walter Cromdale?”

“Cromdale,” Rust corrected him. “N, not M.”

Geo blinked. “You know him?”

Rust blinked as well, apparently only just realizing that he had said that out loud. “Um, you could... say that.”

“Well, I think he’s a god,” Geo said.

“What? No way,” Rust rolled his eyes.

Geo frowned. “I don’t know what to tell you, he was in the void and messing with DreamXD and said some... interesting things.”

“He says “interesting” things all the time,” Rust shrugged. “It’s all just him being dramatic, though.”

“...Sure, sure,” Geo raised an eyebrow.

Phil smiled with a raised eyebrow. “Well, it’s nice to meet you all.”

All the Burs looked at each other. No one wanted to say anything, because if they did, they would probably all end up saying ‘you too’ or something to that degree at the same time, and that would be very loud and a little embarrassing. So instead, none of them said anything. Because that was obviously the best solution.

“...you guys are terrible at talking to people,” Rust sighed.

“Oh, like you could be any better,” Deadbur snorted.

“Excuse you,” Rust put a hand over his heart dramatically. “I’m incredible at talking to people. Really, I should be a salesman or something.”

“Can you imagine?” Wilbur laughed. “You, in a suit, trying to sell me a car.”

“I also look great in a suit,” Rust took a sip of his water, sounding vaguely smug.

“Anyways,” L’manbur smiled. “It’s nice to meet you, too, Phil, although I think most of us already know someone just like you named Phil in our own times.”

“You could say that,” Deadbur muttered.

“I don’t know anyone named Phil,” Phas shrugged.

“I said ‘most’ instead of ‘all’ for a reason,” L’manbur raised an eyebrow.

“I don’t know anyone named Phil,” Raft frowned. “but the name seems familiar to me.” He paused, then after a beat of silence, he smiled and snapped his fingers. “Right! I named a bird

that dropped a rock on my head ‘Phil’!”

Everyone at the table stared at him.

“I’m not sure how I’m supposed to feel about that,” Phil commented.

“Everything you say makes me more and more concerned for your health,” Rust, who happened to be sitting right next to Raft, said.

“I just want to hear this story,” Spirit grinned, his upset mood from earlier gone, or at least tucked away for later.

“There’s not really much of a story,” Raft shrugged. “Tommy and I happened to find this island, and we landed on it, wandered around a bit getting supplies ‘n’ shit, and there was this big bird flying around, and it dropped a rock on my head. Hurt like hell.”

Blue noticed Rust discreetly looking at the top of Raft’s head.

“I think you might’ve gotten a concussion,” Ranboo mentioned.

Rust hummed. “That reminds me of this one time...” He said it quietly, and trailed off afterwards, and no one seemed to notice. Unfortunately for him, there was only one person between him and Spirit, and so Spirit naturally jumped at the opportunity to get anything out of any of the Burs about their own world/time.

“Sorry, what did you say, Rust?” Spirit asked innocently.

Rust blinked. “Nothing...?”

Spirit stared him in the eyes. “No, go on.” He leaned across Raft, who leaned back and continued eating as if Spirit was not there.

Rust glanced around the table. No one said anything about it, they were either eating or did not see any reason to stop Spirit. “Um, no.”

Spirit continued staring at him.

“..Jesus christ, fine, fine,” Rust muttered. “If it’ll make you stop staring at me.”

“YES!” Spirit sat back in his own seat normally and pumped his fist in success. “Finally, that actually works!”

“It’s really not much of a story,” Rust rolled his eyes with a smile. “I don’t know why you’re so desperate to hear it.”

“‘Cause no one here shares anything about themselves,” Spirit pointed out. “I don’t know anything about you except that you are also incredibly concerning when it comes to your health.”

“Excuse you, I would never get bitten by a shark,” Rust joked, then paused. “Well, I suppose it’s possible, but... there are plenty of other things ready to bite me first.” He shrugged. “Anyways. Story.” He paused again. “Hmm. I guess the interesting part started when I was going to get some more chairs for the Church- long story, don’t ask- but I realized there was some shit on top of the Dome- long story, don’t ask- so I went up there to try and get it. When I got up there, though, the thing wasn’t open yet, so I had to wait for a while.

“After waiting for a bit, I noticed a helicopter coming in from who-knows-where, so I hid in the Dome.” He put down his fork as he started to get more into telling the story. “After another while, I went back up to see if it had opened yet, and the helicopter immediately shot me, so I ran back down-”

“Wait, *what* ?!” A few Burs shouted in unison.

Rust blinked. “What?”

“A helicopter shot you??” Editor asked disbelievingly.

“Yeah,” Rust nodded. “I would offer to show you, but we’re eating, and I doubt you wanna see it.”

“...yeah, maybe later,” Editor said, sounding slightly disturbed.

“Anyways,” Rust continued. “That happened a few more times- almost died from the radiation in the Dome, actually-” Multiple Burs (mostly ones who were considered ‘the responsible ones’ (although none of them were really ‘responsible’)) sighed in what could be interpreted as disappointment. “-but I eventually borrowed someone’s rad suit, got the supplies, and got back to the ground safely.” He paused. “Mostly.”

A beat of silence.

“...you said you’d stop staring at me,” Rust accused Spirit, although pretty much everyone was staring at him.

“I’m not even going to ask,” Spirit turned away, back to his food. “You probably won’t even tell me.”

Rust rolled his eyes and went back to picking at his food.

“...so are we sharing stories, now?” Phantom smiled. “I’ve been fucking waiting for something like this- I mean, c’mon, we barely know each other.”

“Don’t you dare make us all share a story,” Imp groaned.

Phantom grinned, his sharp teeth glinting in the light.

Multiple hours later, dinner had been over for a while, and they were almost done with the stories. They would've been done earlier if it weren't for Deadbur and Spirit getting in an argument over the rules and name of competitive solitaire. And if Sky hadn't kept cutting himself off to keep adding little details he forgot- mostly about his fish. And if Editor just told a story instead of stubbornly sitting there in silence.

The one thing that saved time was that Deadbur simply didn't have a story to share between when Alivebur was from and his time- there just wasn't anything that interesting that he was comfortable with sharing between then and November 16th, and it wasn't like anything *interesting* happened in Limbo.

Finally, though, the last Bur- Geo, lucky him, he almost didn't have to tell a story, though he seemed to be fine with it (more than what could be said for most of the other Burs)- was just finishing up his story. Something about... a bathtub? And a really big house. To be honest, Blue... well, he was paying attention, really, he was, but Geo was either a bad storyteller, or this whole bathtub thing was just incredibly confusing. It was just... hard to follow.

"I never even got to see it," Geo shrugged. "Fucking sucked. Worst experience of my life."

"Wow, can't imagine," Wilbur grinned, glancing at Spirit. Spirit rolled his eyes.

"Is that everyone?" Phantom asked, walking around and picking up everyone's dishes. "Yeah?" He smiled. "Great, well, I think I know some of you better. Some of you... I'm just more concerned."

"Yeah, fair enough," Editor muttered.

Ranboo, who had left earlier when they had all finished dinner but came back a few minutes ago and was now sitting behind Phantom and leaning on his chair, scoffed.

“You have something to say?” Phantom gave him a Look.

“I didn’t say anything,” Ranboo replied.

Phantom narrowed his eyes at him, then leaned over to Spirit, the closest person to him, and stage-whispered, “I told you he was annoying.”

“I heard that!” Ranboo exclaimed.

“Okay, and?” Phantom put the plates he was holding down. “I’m right!”

“I didn’t even *say* anything, you 𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃𐀄!” Ranboo shouted.

Phantom blinked. “Uh, I don’t know what that means…?”

“He called you a bitch in Enderian,” Mod took a sip of his water.

“A-HA!” Phantom grinned. “So you *do* swear!!” He paused and turned to Mod. “Wait, you speak Enderian?”

Mod smiled. “𐀀𐀁𐀂. 𐀃𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉?”

Phantom paused for a moment, then smiled back. “𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃, 𐀄𐀅𐀆𐀇𐀈𐀉𐀊𐀋𐀌𐀍𐀎𐀏𐀐𐀑!”

“Your pronunciation needs work,” Ranboo mentioned.

“{ΞΠΦ ΦΞΨ fuck Π≠,” Phantom stuck his tongue out at Ranboo.

“...why did you just say fuck?” Ace asked. “What the fuck are you saying?”

“I don’t know ‘fuck’ in Enderian,” Phantom shrugged. “Ranboo hasn’t taught it to me. So I just said ‘shut the’ in Enderian, then ‘fuck’ in English, then ‘up’ in Enderian again.”

“...ah,” Ace finally said.

“It’s ‘𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃’,” Mod said.

Phantom blinked. “Uh.... 𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃?”

“No,” Mod shook his head. “𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃.”

Phantom squinted, then smiled. “𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃!”

“Yes!” Mod grinned.

Phantom turned to Ranboo, smiling. “𐀀𐀁𐀂𐀃 𐀄𐀅!”

Ranboo glared at Mod. “I’m leaving.”

“It’s raining, bitch,” Phantom picked up the dishes he had been holding again. “There’s no umbrella in the Pube.”

“Then give me yours,” Ranboo held his hand out expectantly.

“First of all, it’s a *parasol*,” Phantom frowned. “And second, no. I need it. And you didn’t even say please.”

Ranboo scowled and pulled out a book, flipped through the pages for a few moments, glanced up at Phantom, cleared his throat, and said, “Please can I have your *parasol* .”

“...still no,” Phantom said. “But thank you for saying please.” He smiled. “Besides, the rain’s going to let up soon, see? The sun is peeking through the clouds. We might even get a rainbow.”

Phas snickered behind him.

Phantom frowned. “What?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Phas waved it off. “It’s just that it’s June in my time, I suddenly remembered.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Wilbur rolled his eyes with a smile.

A few of the Burs looked confused, but a good amount of them just seemed to think it was a little funny.

“...Rust, why didn’t you eat anything?” Phantom asked, going to pick up Rust’s plate, but saw that there was still plenty of food on it.

“I ate some,” Rust frowned. “Just... not a lot. I didn’t feel that hungry.”

“Mmm, actually,” Editor spoke up, taking out his phone, taking off the gloves that he’d been wearing the entire time, opening the phone up and then showing the screen to Rust. “Loss of appetite is a symptom of radiation poisoning.”

“...Okay,” Rust still seemed confused about the phones, like he had been in Ace’s time. “Good to know, I guess?”

Raft leaned over Rust’s shoulder to look at the screen. “Wait, ‘patients die in less than 48 hours’?!”

“Wait, what??” Half the Burs looked over as well.

“Calm down, Rust’s not gonna die,” Editor pulled his phone back. He paused. “I assume. How many rads have you absorbed?”

“Um, around... a hundred, maybe? Two hundred, max?” Rust said, still sounding confused.

“Yeah, you’ll be fine,” Editor put his phone away. “Probably.”

“Great, thanks,” Rust said, deadpan.

“There’s only a 5% chance you’ll die in 6 to 8 weeks,” Editor shrugged, giving his plate to Phantom as he walked by. “But you’ll be feeling sick for... not long, actually. Hopefully.” He paused. “Might be fucked up a little bit because of the whole, y’know, time travelling thing.”

“Editor, why are the tips of your fingers blue?” Ghostbur asked.

Editor froze, eyes wide, then *glared* at Ghostbur.

Ghostbur didn't seem to notice the glare and just grabbed one of his hands. "That doesn't seem good, fingers aren't supposed to be blue!"

"...that explains why your hands were so cold," Bard laughed quietly.

"Okay, so you've got frostbite-" Phantom started.

"It's not frostbite," Editor muttered. "Don't be dramatic."

"...you've probably got hypothermia," Phantom said instead.

Editor shrugged. So, yes, he did. Great.

"You have hypothermia," Phantom repeated. "Rust has radiation poisoning, burns, and multiple other various injuries, Raft has multiple shark bites in several places, Wimpfred blew himself up, anything else I need to add to my list?"

"I also blew myself up," Deadbur offered. "And I was stabbed through the chest."

"So was I, fuckass, you're not special," Phantom rolled his eyes.

"Um," Sky started to say. Then he paused. "Actually, y'know what, never mind."

Phantom frowned at him. "What?"

“Nothing, I’ll tell you later,” Sky muttered.

Phantom tilted his head, not looking away.

“You can add memory loss to the list, though,” Sky grinned.

“Oh, for me too!” Blue raised his hand in the air. “And Ghostbur! And Spirit!”

“And me,” Phantom nodded. “Cool. Okay.”

“I got run over by a train,” Spirit spoke up.

L’manbur, Alivebur, Deadbur, Blue, Ghostbur, and Resurrectedbur- the original Burs- looked at Spirit, surprise plain on their faces.

“Spirit?” Resurrectedbur frowned, voice cautious.

Spirit shrugged. “I figured I’d just say it now. Honestly, compared to *some* people here, that’s nothing, apparently.”

Rust blinked. “A *train* ? That’s... that’s a lot.”

“You got shot by a helicopter,” Spirit countered.

Rust crossed his arms and didn’t say anything.

“It’s not a competition,” Challenger said lightly.

“Says you,” Wilbur muttered. Either Challenger didn’t hear him, or didn’t care enough to say something back.

“Let’s just get back to my house,” Phantom sighed. “It’s dark out, the rain’s stopped-” Blue noticed that Ranboo wasn’t in the Pub anymore. “-and I’m sure you’re all getting tired.”

“I’m not,” Spirit grinned.

Phantom narrowed his eyes at him. “That reminds me, I want to talk to you, Spirit.” Spirit’s smile dropped. Phantom smiled at the other Burs. “You all get started back to the house; you know the way. I’m going to speak to Spirit really quickly, and we’ll be right there. Come get me if you need anything.”

“...gotcha,” Resurrectedbur nodded, still looking at Spirit. He then smiled, looking at the other Burs. “Shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

enderian translations:

"...bitch!"

"yep. you do too?"

"yeah, ranboo taught me!"

"shut the [fuck] up."

"...fuck."

"...flick?"

"fuck."

"fuck!"

"fuck you!"

bur fact #3: editor is wanted for murder. he did not commit murder

notes:

-tubbo n tommy were there, and they did speak during dinner, i just skipped all of that :]

-fun fact ! pretty much all this month so far, zo and i havent thought of anything super angsty and instead its all just fluff.

-hint as to what we've been coming up w: happy pride month :)

my little pony friendship is magic season one episode eight

Chapter Notes

i gotta get out the DOOR so i cant say much but !! i really liked writing this chapter :D
one of my favorites so far actually skjdhfdj
enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What did you want... to talk to me about?” Spirit frowned. He then laughed. “I feel like I'm a kid being told off by a teacher while the rest of the kids are at lunch or something.”

Phantom sighed. “I'll get straight to the point, Spirit. why don't you want to sleep?”

Spirit pursed his lips. “Because... I don't want to? I don't have to, I'm fine without sleep- comes with being double dead- so why should I?”

Phantom just frowned and walked over to the ledge-thingy with the flower thing on the ceiling. Spirit frowned and followed him. Phantom sat down, legs hanging over the edge and patted the ground next to him. Spirit sat down.

“This isn't that deep, Phantom,” Spirit raised an eyebrow with a smile. “I just don't wanna go to sleep. I see no reason in doing so. Why waste that time?”

“What were you and Wilbur talking about?” Phantom asked.

Spirit blinked, not expecting the question. He looked away.

Phantom sighed. “I didn't think you'd tell me.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to- well, no..” Spirit bit his lip. “I’m not telling you because you don’t want to know.”

“I definitely do want to know,” Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“You won’t once you know it,” Spirit muttered, bringing his legs up and hugging his knees.

Phantom frowned and scooped closer to him. “Spirit, just tell me, why don’t you want to sleep? I know there’s something more, just tell me.”

“Can you stop bugging me?” Spirit asked, obviously annoyed.

Phantom narrowed his eyes at Spirit. “Can you stop lying to me?”

Spirit blinked. “I-”

Phantom sighed again. “Sorry. I’m just... a little fed up. I can tell you’re not telling the whole truth, spirit.”

Spirit looked away again. didn’t say anything.

“I know it seems like an unimportant thing to get annoyed over, but... it’s kind of my whole thing to make people sleep,” Phantom laughed. “And... when was the last time you slept, Spirit?”

“...october, 2021,” Spirit muttered.

“My point exactly,” Phantom smiled. “..sorry for getting snappy at you, I’m... just a little annoyed you’re not telling me the truth.”

“Well, I can’t tell the whole truth to you, ‘cause that would include the thing you don’t want to know,” Spirit shrugged. “But...” He trailed off.

Phantom glanced over at him. “...nightmares?”

Spirit looked up, surprised.

Phantom stared at him expectantly.

“Uh- um,” Spirit blinked. “Yeah? How did you know...?”

Phantom smiled and raised an eyebrow. “You just asked the guy whose whole thing is making sure you all sleep how I knew you had nightmares. Think about that again.”

Spirit rolled his eyes with a smile. “I get it, I get it.”

“But really,” Phantom elbowed Spirit gently. “I want to help. you just need to let me help you by *not* keeping so many secrets.”

“Tell that to everyone else,” Spirit smirked. “Honestly, I don't have any other secrets, but *some* people I could name very much do.”

“The time will come when someone will get them to spill their secrets,” Phantom assured him. “Eventually, those supposed people will relax enough to talk about themselves.” He smiled. “But back to you- if you need any help, then come get me! I've dealt with my fair share of nightmares that won’t stop coming, so I might be able to help!”

Spirit smiled. A small, tired smile. Phantom didn't know his situation, but he felt bad for him nonetheless. "Thanks."

Phantom just grinned and stood up, offering Spirit his hand. "Shall we go?"

Spirit took his hand to stand up. "Why not?"

Hell. This was hell. Alivebur was in hell, and he wasn't even dead yet.

L'manbur was being the most annoying person on the fucking planet right now, with his dumbass pretty boy shit. Multiple of the Burs had tried to tell Alivebur that this was pointless, since he and L'manbur were literally the same person, so they were just insulting themselves, but Alivebur did not fucking care because L'manbur was annoying.

And as if it wasn't bad enough already, Ghostbur had insisted on having a 'sleepover' even though this wasn't even anyone's house- it technically wasn't even Phantom's. When Alivebur had pointed that out, though, everyone told him to stop being a bitch.

Well. L'manbur had told him to stop being a bitch. But Alivebur could *see* it in everyone else's eyes.

It wouldn't have been that bad if it weren't for L'manbur taking this as an opportunity to brush Sky's hair- kicking off his and Alivebur's argument again. L'manbur kept trying to get Alivebur to let him do his hair, but Alivebur wouldn't let that bitch anywhere *near* his hair.

"C'mon, it's not that bad," Deadbur grinned and elbowed Alivebur. "Besides, you need to get your hair brushed, it's a fucking mess."

"Oh, I doubt you're much better," Alivebur accused him. "You're just me in a month."

“Excuse you, I made sure I looked hot as fuck before I killed myself,” Deadbur smirked.

“...Yeah, fair enough, that sounds like me,” Alivebur muttered. “But I’m *not* letting L’manbur anywhere NEAR me!”

“I really don’t get what you have against me brushing your damn hair,” L’manbur said, though he had a ponytail in his mouth, so what he said sounded a little muffled. He was sitting on a bed, combing Sky’s hair, which was incredibly knotted. Sky was on the floor, sitting criss-cross.

“It’s the principle of the thing,” Alivebur replied.

“What if someone else brushed your hair?” Blue suggested, blowing on his nails.

Ghostbur and Blue had gotten Geo to give them nail polish from the weird bag Geo had, and the two were currently painting their nails various shades of blue. Editor, when he noticed the nail polish, also started painting his nails, but he was doing way more than just some blue nail polish. Currently, he was cutting a makeup sponge to... put nail polish on. Even though he already had some on there? Alivebur didn’t really get it.

Didn’t matter, though, because Alivebur wasn’t painting his nails. Maybe he would later, but not right now. He was too busy arguing. One might call him petty or stupidly stubborn to a ridiculous degree, but he just called it being persistent.

“Eh, maybe,” Alivebur shrugged, answering Blue. “But I’d rather just not mess with my hair.”

“Holy fucking shit, Sky,” L’manbur muttered, picking up another hair clip to move some of Sky’s hair out of the way. “You need a haircut. Like, this is insane.”

“Mmm,” Sky hummed in acknowledgement. He seemed like he was about to fall asleep; his eyes were closed, and if he weren’t occasionally saying something, Alivebur would honestly assume he’s asleep.

“Didn’t you say you were only on that island for a week?” Ghostbur frowned.

Sky blinked. “Uh, I only remember around a week, yeah, but... whatever. Maybe it was longer, but I really don’t like what that’s implying.”

“Hmm,” L’manbur narrowed his eyes. “Well, I can tell you that this would take longer than a *week* to grow. Not too, too long, but still more than a week. Unless you already had long hair, then I think it’s safe to say that it’s been more than a week.”

Sky shrugged and rested his chin on his hand. A few moments later, he jumped in surprise, making L’manbur jump back as well.

“Sky?” L’manbur asked.

Sky rolled his eyes at the item that was suddenly in his hand- a blue egg with green spots on it. “Anyone want a phantom spawn egg?”

“Spawn egg?!” Deadbur gasped loudly.

Most of the Burs- all of which were doing various other things, such as a game of competitive solitaire started by Revivedbur- looked over at the sound of Deadbur’s shout. Most of those Burs looked incredibly surprised as well.

“What did you just say??” Bard exclaimed.

Sky blinked at all the Burs staring at him. “Uh, a spawn egg? From the sky gods? I’ve got a good amount of them.”

All of the Burs who had looked surprised when they'd turned around stared at him, shocked.

"...I think I'm missing something here," Sky glanced around.

"You don't just *get* a spawn egg," Alivebur explained. "They're not craftable, you can't find them anywhere, you can only get them if an Admin or Creator gives one to you."

"Interesting," Sky put the egg in his Inventory. "Does anyone want it, though? I really don't need another one."

"How are you so casual about that?" L'manbur frowned.

"It's really not that crazy," Sky put his head back in his hand. "All of my pets were from spawn eggs. I've gotten a good amount of items typically thought of as 'rare'. Like a command block."

That just seemed to confuse the rest of the Burs more. There was complete silence in the room for an uncomfortable amount of time, the only sound coming from someone playing competitive solitaire and apparently taking the chance while everyone else was looking away to get as many cards out as possible. 'Cause what else would you do?

"Uh... are we interrupting something?" Phantom asked from the doorway, looking incredibly confused, glancing between Sky and the rest of the room.

"No," Sky shook his head. "They're all just surprised I got some apparently rare item."

"What... item?" Phantom frowned. Spirit walked in behind him.

"A spawn egg," Sky replied.

Phantom and Spirit looked at him the exact same way most of the other Burs were looking at him like.

“Oh my gods, it’s not that big of a deal,” Sky said, exasperated. He took it out of his Inventory and offered it to Phantom.

“A phantom spawn egg,” Phantom mused, taking the egg and turning it in his hands. “Can I have it?”

“Sure,” Sky shrugged.

“Hmm,” Phantom hummed, opening his Inventory and putting it away. “Thanks.” He turned to the rest of the Burs. “Um, well, I would say go to sleep, you look like you’ve decided to not... do that.”

“We’re having a sleepover!” Ghostbur exclaimed. “See? We’re painting our nails, they’re playing Pounce, they’re arguing about... hair...?”

“It’s not about hair,” Alivebur and L’manbur said at the same time, then glared at each other.

“...Riiiiight,” Phantom nodded. “Alright, well, don’t stay up too late- I will come back to check on you- and don’t make a mess. Come get me if you need anything, I’ll either be upstairs, in my potion shop, or in the Pube. It’s nine PM right now, I want you all in bed by eleven. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” Alivebur gave him a lazy salute as the others said something along the same lines.

“Alright, I’m going,” Phantom smiled. “Night!” He walked out, and the Burs went back to what they were doing. Alivebur immediately heard shouts coming from the Burs playing

cards- apparently that one Bur- Resurrectedbur?- had ended up winning while the rest of them were distracted.

“So you just get items that rare all the time?” L’manbur went back to Sky’s hair.

“I wouldn’t say *all* the time,” Sky tilted his head. L’manbur moved his head back. “They’re not any more rare than other items. Except fucking dirt, apparently, but I’ve got plenty of that now!” He smiled. “Man, I can’t wait to get back to New Milo.”

“Milo’s a fish, right?” Spirit asked, sitting next to Ghostbur and Blue.

“New Milo,” Sky corrected him. “The original Milo died immediately. And yes.”

“How’d the original Milo die?” Blue frowned.

“I, uh,” Sky winced. “He swam off the side of the island. The unfortunate fate that was the end of many, many of my pets.”

“Sounds like your life fucking sucks,” Alivebur muttered.

“Sounds like you have no imagination,” Sky replied. “And you’re a pessimist.”

“Plus ratio,” Spirit added.

“Fuck you,” Alivebur said to Spirit.

“Fuck you,” Spirit said to Alivebur.

“Shut up,” L’manbur said to both of them.

Alivebur glared at L’manbur. “Alright, *Mr. President*, do you have something to say instead?”

L’manbur stopped brushing Sky’s hair for a moment and glared at Alivebur, not saying anything. Alivebur smirked. Looks like he hit a nerve.

He stood up and sat on the end of the bed L’manbur was sitting on- actually sitting on the L’manburg uniform coat L’manbur had taken off and set at the end of the bed. “So, doing anything special with his hair?”

“No,” L’manbur said coldly, then paused. “Unless Sky wants anything special. Sky?”

“Hm?” Sky glanced up. “Uh, whatever you want to do.”

“Hmm,” L’manbur hummed. “Actually, hold on...” He took out the ponytail he had just put in, put it in his mouth, and picked up a tube of some kind of cream, squirting it on his hands and running it through Sky’s hair.

“I wouldn’t put that thing in my mouth if I were you,” Alivebur leaned on L’manbur’s shoulder. “You know how many germs are in hair? No offense, Sky. It’s not you, it’s everyone.”

L’manbur ignored him.

“You’re no fun, Mr. President,” Alivebur whined. “Won’t even talk to me? Fucked up and evil, to be honest...”

L’manbur, without saying anything, grabbed the front of Alivebur’s hair that was sticking out of his beanie and *pulled*.

Alivebur yelped and tried to stand up, but of course he bumped his head on the bottom of the top bunk, and fell back down onto the bed, and ended up looking right up at L'manbur, who was smirking.

"Kill yourself," Alivebur hissed.

"You look like you've got that covered," L'manbur said, taking the ponytail out of his mouth to put in Sky's hair.

Alivebur gasped dramatically, sat up, and looked at Deadbur. "Can you *believe* this man?"

"You are that man," Deadbur pointed out.

Alivebur flipped him off.

"Aaand done," L'manbur announced, sitting back and smiling. "Ta-da!"

Sky's hair was in a small ponytail in the back- it was just long enough to do that. The length was more obvious now that it wasn't a mess of knots that hadn't been brushed out in a long while. L'manbur had also somehow made it more curly and fluffy- probably some cream or spray shit that Alivebur hated. It was just too much for him. Overall, Sky's hair still wasn't anything special, but it had been a considerable amount of work to get all the tangles out.

Sky ran his hand through it and smiled at L'manbur. "Thank you!!" He moved over closer to where the Ghostburs were.

"It was my pleasure," L'manbur grinned. He looked out at the room of Burs. "Now... who's next?"

“Not me,” Alivebur said immediately.

“Calm down, I’m not gonna mess with your hair until you let me,” L’manbur replied. “I think you’d bite me or something if I tried right now.” He hummed, then stood up. He pushed Alivebur off of the bed, picked up his coat, and put it closer to the pillow. Alivebur plopped himself right back down where he was before.

L’manbur walked over to Rust, who was watching the competitive solitaire game, grabbed his arm, and pulled him over, ignoring Rust’s protesting. The other Burs over there just laughed, not helping Rust out at all.

“What the fuck!” Rust pulled his arm away.

“I’m brushing your hair, sit down,” L’manbur sat down on the bed and tapped his foot where Sky had been sitting.

“..no,” Rust frowned.

“Just sit down, man,” Alivebur smirked.

“Says you,” L’manbur muttered, lightly elbowing him. Alivebur grinned.

Rust groaned, then sat down on the floor in front of L’manbur. L’manbur smiled and grabbed a comb.

“Prime, you’re worse than Sky!” L’manbur exclaimed. “When did you last brush your hair?!”

Rust blinked, then narrowed his eyes in thought. “Uh, what year is it?”

L'manbur facepalmed. "Never mind." He gingerly continued to pick through Rust's hair.

After a few moments of none of them talking, Alivebur listening to the Ghostburs talking about nail polish and the cards over on the other side of the room, L'manbur gasped.

"Ow, what the fuck?!" Rust suddenly shouted. "What are you doing??"

L'manbur kept messing with Rust's hair, though it seemed less like he was combing it and instead... looking for something.

"Rust," L'manbur grinned, sounding giddy. "I have horrible news for you." He leaned down to show Rust something in his hand.

Rust turned around to face L'manbur. "That better not be what I think it is."

L'manbur started cackling.

"What??" Alivebur grinned. "What is it?"

"Spirit!" L'manbur called. Spirit perked up. "Y'know how you joked that Rust had fleas?"

Spirit's jaw dropped. "No way."

L'manbur nodded, grinning.

Spirit burst out laughing.

“Rust has fucking fleas??” Alivebur asked incredulously.

“Ticks, but same difference, I don’t really know the difference, if there is one,” L’manbur shrugged.

“I’m going to kill you in your sleep,” Rust threatened.

“I’d like to see you try,” L’manbur laughed.

Two hours later, Rust’s hair had been brushed, and L’manbur got whatever gross little bugs were hiding in there out. It turned out that Rust had lots of gross shit in his hair- mostly dirt and tiny parts of sticks and leaves. He really needed a shower.

L’manbur hadn’t been able to get Alivebur to let him brush his hair. However, Alivebur brushed his own hair. Well, he at least brushed the top of it.

The Ghostburs had all painted their nails blue, and so had Editor, except Editor had made this sort of gradient from blue to purple on all his nails. It was actually quite pretty, and he had to promise a few of the Burs that he would show them how to do it later. Challenger also painted his nails, and he also did something complicated like Editor’s. He had painted his nails bright fucking pink and then done what he and Editor called a ‘glitter placement’ that took a while.

The competitive solitaire game had ended later than intended, and eventually almost every Bur had joined- only Editor and Challenger hadn’t, because they were working on their nails. It was incredibly chaotic, loud, and multiple people almost strangled each other. It was also fucking hilarious. Most of the Burs didn’t even know how to play, so it was a couple of amazing players with a bunch of people who’d never played before. Spirit had won, though his score was very close to those of Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, and- surprisingly- Mod. He said something about having lots of experience in card games, even though he was one of the ones who had to be taught the rules of the game.

Overall, it was a major success and Ghostbur was obviously very happy that he had suggested it and it turned out so well.

Now though, it was almost quarter past eleven and Phantom was back, and for some reason covered in glowstone. He refused to talk about it.

By 11:45, everyone was ready for bed- though it wasn't like many of them had actual pajamas. Geo had some from his bag (but said that he didn't have any more in the bag for the others), Ace just had some pajamas with him for some reason, and so did Phas- he said it was in case he had to stay overnight at a house while ghost hunting. Everyone just stayed in the same outfit they were wearing, which wasn't very comfortable for multiple of them, and no one really wanted to do this, but it's not like they could just produce clothes out of thin air.

Everyone was comfortably in bed under their blankets, except Phantom of course. And Phas, who had a notebook out and was annoying the fuck out of Ghostbur, who was on the top bunk. And Alivebur, who had said it was too hot even with his coat off.

And Rust, who wanted to talk to Phantom.

After Phantom left the room, he followed him. He walked into the hallway and closed the door behind him.

"Phantom," Rust called. "Can I... talk to you?"

Phantom turned to him and frowned, his green pupil-less eyes glowing in the dark along with the lines on his wings and tail. The faint light coming from the glowing places made the glowstone that was still all over him seem to twinkle. "What's up?"

"Are you gonna be awake all night?" Rust asked.

Phantom blinked. “Uh, probably, why?”

“I’m just.. worried,” Rust admitted. “What if we switch times or whatever in the middle of the night?”

“We probably won’t,” Phantom smiled. “And even if we did, it’d be fine! I’d just wake everyone up, there’s nothing to worry about.”

“I think you underestimate how dangerous some places could be,” Rust muttered.

Phantom’s frown returned. “What, if we went to your world would it be dangerous immediately?”

Rust hesitated. “Uh.. maybe? Depends on when and where we showed up... but I’d say that it’s a greater chance that there’d be immediate danger than not. It’s... there’s... a lot going on.”

Phantom didn’t push, and instead smiled. “Well, I’m sure everything’ll be fine. And you’d be surprised how loud I can scream to get you all up!” He laughed. “It comes with being a phantom hybrid.”

Rust smiled as well, though he still didn’t feel entirely convinced. “Thanks, Phantom.”

“No problem,” Phantom put his hands on his hips. “Now go to sleep before I knock you out myself.”

“I’d like to see you try,” Rust smirked.

“Uh, who’s the one with sharp teeth and claws?” Phantom grinned, showing off said sharp teeth, and held up a hand, displaying said claws. They were kind of odd to look at, because

they weren't really claws as much as sharp fingers, but they weren't always sharp. It's like he could just choose when his fingers were and weren't sharp.

"Who's the one with multiple weapons on him?" Rust raised an eyebrow. "And *plenty* of training in multiple kinds of combat?"

Phantom blinked and put his hand down. "What?"

Rust smiled and turned back to the closed door, not answering him. "Night, Phantom."

Phantom frowned. "Goodnight..?"

Rust walked back into the room, ignoring Spirit trying to ask him what he was doing, and climbed into bed, setting his gun on the floor under the bed, and taking the small knife he had in his pocket out and setting it on the floor as well. He accidentally made eye contact with Phas while doing this, who was looking at him with a mildly confused expression as he sat up in his own bed, writing.

Whatever. Rust pulled the blanket up and turned the other way, closing his eyes.

Fuck, this bed was comfortable.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #4: walter crondale is a twink. im sorry

i already wrote next chapter so maybe you'll get another today or tomorrow and hoo boy it is. Well. youll see :)

got a secret, can you keep it? swear, this one you'll save...

Chapter Summary

better lock it in your pocket, taking this one to the grave

Chapter Notes

:)

tw: death threats (said seriously, not jokingly) starting at "Click." and ending at the end of the chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phas narrowed his eyes at his notebook. It just didn't add up- everything he'd learned about ghosts up to this point just *didn't* fit Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, and Phantom. Even Spirit and Phantom were nothing like the ghosts *called* spirits and phantoms in his world. And the other Burs, even the ones from Earth, didn't seem to think that the ghosts he knew about existed. They very much did exist though, if the multiple near-death experiences he'd had with them were anything to go off of.

He wrote down a note about Spirit and Phantom's names in the margins of the notebook, then looked up. Ghostbur was in the top bunk, while Phas was on the bottom bunk. He slid down so that he was on his back, then kicked Ghostbur's mattress until he leaned over the edge of the bed to glare at him.

"What would cause you to hunt someone?" Phas whispered.

"If you don't stop bugging me with questions, I'll hunt you down and snap your neck," Ghostbur grumbled.

Phas frowned. He didn't think Ghostbur was being serious. Ghostbur's head disappeared again as he went back to trying to ignore Phas. Phas, after a moment of consideration, decided that if it got him his answers, he was willing to risk the safety of his neck. He began kicking Ghostbur's bed again.

True to his word, Ghostbur immediately *jumped off* of the top bunk and fucking *attacked* Phas.

Phas screamed, throwing his notebook across the room and causing the Burs who were still awake and didn't know what was going on to sit up, confused.

"Ghostbur, leave him alone," Resurrectedbur called, not even getting out of his bed.

"But he's *annoying* !" Ghostbur complained.

"Then change beds," Resurrectedbur suggested.

"With who?" Ghostbur frowned.

Resurrectedbur sat up and looked around. "Uhh... L'manbur. Keeping him with Alivebur was probably a mistake anyways. This'll probably stop two fights..." He laughed quietly.

Ghostbur glanced over to L'manbur and Alivebur. L'manbur was sitting up and looking across the room at them. Alivebur was either asleep or didn't care enough to look at what was happening; he was still laying down.

"Fine," Ghostbur sighed. He grabbed something from his bunk- Phas couldn't tell what it was, but it looked fluffy- and walked over to L'manbur's bed.

L'manbur muttered something, Ghostbur giggled, and a few minutes later they were all switched out. Phas found his notebook under a bed, and went back to his bed, putting the

notebook away, taking his jacket off, and actually going to sleep.

Editor checked for the seventh time that his phone's brightness was all the way down. It was. It still seemed incredibly bright. He sighed and kept scrolling. He didn't even have service, but he also couldn't sleep and didn't have the book he *wanted* to read right now, so at the moment he was scrolling through various Wikipedia pages he'd opened before this whole thing.

Right now, he was looking at the page for some theater fire in the early 1900s. It was honestly horrifying how dumb some of these people who built the place were.

He glanced at the time and almost gasped. *1:30 AM??* Last time he had looked it was 12! He sighed and turned his phone off, setting it on the floor- there weren't any nightstands. He didn't expect Phantom to just have 21 little tables sitting around somewhere. He also took the glasses out of his coat pocket and set it on top of his phone, careful to make sure it wasn't anywhere someone would accidentally step on it.

He pulled up the covers and closed his eyes, waiting for sleep.

Footsteps.

He opened an eye, glancing around without moving, and saw a shadowy figure walking across the room towards the door. But... no one else was awake...? Right? Had someone woken up and... decided to leave the room? Why? He frowned. Something was up.

Editor waited until the person had left the room and quietly closed the door behind them, then stood up and, as quietly as he could, followed them.

He followed them all the way to Phantom's kitchen, but when he got there, they weren't there. He frowned and looked around, but he didn't see anyone anywhere. It wasn't like it

was a particularly large kitchen either, it was just Phantom's. There wasn't anywhere for the person to hide.

He thought about calling out to them, but he didn't, and instead looked in the cupboards. Might as well get a glass of water. He picked up a glass and walked over to the sink, turning it on.

It couldn't've been Phantom, right? He glowed in the dark, and it wasn't like he could just hide it. Unless he was invisible. But then, of course, Editor wouldn't've been able to see him. He really didn't know who it could be. Had they gone to get a glass of water or something, too? But... there were no dirty dishes on the counter- dishes had been cleaned after dinner.

Whatever. It was really probably nothing, and he was overthinking things again. He raised the glass to his lips.

Click.

He froze, his heart skipping a beat.

"Give me one reason not to kill you right now," A voice said calmly behind Editor. It wasn't quite human- there was a sort of echo the voice had.

Editor took a deep breath and calmed his nerves as he ran through everyone on this Server who this could possibly be. It was a Wilbur's voice, he just didn't know which one. They all sounded the exact fucking same except the dead ones.

Well, it wasn't a dead Bur. The Ghostburs had an echo to their voice and were high-pitched, and Deadbur also had a *slight* echo that was barely noticeable, but none of the Burs' echoes were like this one. But... who would have any motivation to kill him? Who else even had a weapon? Rust, but there was no reason for him to kill him. A few of the Burs from Minecraft probably had some random sword or two, but Editor thought he'd be able to tell if someone had a blade to his neck. Then who...?

Suddenly it clicked.

“If you killed me,” Editor set the glass on the counter, the *tink!* that came from it sounding ten times louder than normal. “Then everyone would know who did it. Especially since you were already kind of... suspicious.”

Impostor inhaled sharply at that last word. Editor regretted making that joke, as it only made Impostor more annoyed, but it wasn't like he could take it back now.

Impostor sighed, and Editor heard the sound of him lowering the weapon- a gun, he assumed. “If you tell anyone about this,” He finally said, voice colder than the snow on Editor's front lawn. “Then I won't hesitate.”

Editor tried not to seem nervous and nodded. He turned around to see that he was correct.

Impostor was standing there, looking... less than human. He was obviously inhuman, and suddenly him not being teleported outside the mountains made sense. His eyes were white, pupil-less, and glowing softly, but it was like something in his eyes was moving around randomly. Editor didn't know how to explain it.

Impostor tilted his head *much* farther than anyone should be able to, then stood up straighter, and suddenly looked completely human. If Editor hadn't seen what he'd seen just a moment before, he would've thought that he was completely normal.

Impostor smiled, an incredibly disturbing smile that Editor didn't like seeing on his own face. “Have a good night's sleep, Editor,” He said far too sweetly for what he just did.

He walked out of the room and down the hallway, towards the room.

Editor stood there for a few minutes in shock- though it felt like hours. He eventually walked back to the room and pointedly did not look at Impostor in the top bunk, instead just crawling into bed.

He realized absently that he never drank his water.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #5: phantoms eyes work like cat eyes

morning comes, you watch the red sunrise

Chapter Summary

you oughta spare the world your labor
it's been twenty years and no one's told the truth

why don't you spare their world a traitor
take your wager back and leave before you lose

Chapter Notes

ignore how ive used this title before .

today was the last day of school for me so you might b getting more chapters faster :) or less bc vacation . not rilly sure . it depends on when im going camping lmao. but expect at least two to four more chapters in the rest of this month bc im rly trying to get this one part in for pride month LMAO

anyways enjoy !! i didnt reread it very carefully so if it flows weird then Well. ignore that ive got gay people on the mind <3 /silly

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ghostbur blinked open his eyes. ...Well, that was inconvenient. He was tired, why did he wake up?

He closed his eyes and turned over, waiting for sleep, but it didn't come. He waited. And waited. And... okay, this was getting frustrating.

He sighed, swung his legs over the edge of the bed, and climbed down, making sure not to wake anyone up. He glanced around. ...Prime, this was creepy. It probably shouldn't have been, but something about all twenty-something of the Burs sleeping in the same room,

looking even more similar in the dark where you couldn't see their clothes or any details specific to specific Burs was... odd.

Ghostbur glanced at the lower bunk where Alivebur was to make sure he hadn't disturbed him. ...Well. Where Alivebur *would* be. He just... wasn't there, and neither was his coat that he had taken off before he went to sleep.

What??

Ghostbur frowned and looked around, but Alivebur was nowhere to be seen.

He walked out of the room and down the hall. He didn't see Phantom or Alivebur anywhere. He walked outside, and heard faint music coming from down by the lake under the Pub. He frowned, and started to follow the sound.

Eventually, he reached the bottom of the little hill Phantom's house and shop were on, and walked around the perimeter of the lake for a bit before reaching the source of the music.

Alivebur was sitting on the edge of the lake, staring at the sky and playing a song Ghostbur didn't recognize. It was only plucking- no chords. Alivebur wasn't humming or singing it, just playing it, looking up at the stars- barely visible through the clouds left over from the storm.

"Alivebur?" Ghostbur called.

Alivebur jumped and turned to Ghostbur. "Oh- hi, Ghostbur... didn't see you there, you scared me."

Ghostbur giggled. "I happen to be pretty good at sneaking up on people without meaning to!"

Alivebur smiled, and after a few moments of Ghostbur awkwardly standing there, he patted the ground next to him. Ghostbur sat down, and Alivebur continued playing the song. Neither of them said anything.

“What song is that?” Ghostbur asked.

“It’s called ‘Eurydice I’,” Alivebur muttered.

Ghostbur hummed and nodded. After a few moments, he spoke up again. “So... why are you out here?”

Alivebur shrugged. “I couldn’t sleep, so I grabbed Bard’s guitar and came out here to play for a bit.”

Ghostbur didn’t say anything for a few moments. “...Alivebur, do you ever feel... homesick?” He finally broke the silence, though he still asked it quietly.

Alivebur suddenly stopped playing the song with a pluck of an off-tune string, but didn’t reply.

“‘Cause I do,” Ghostbur continued softly with a small, bittersweet smile. “This whole time, I’ve been missing the SMP, my sewer, Friend, Tommy... everyone at home.”

Alivebur sighed and put the guitar on the ground in between them. “I... yeah. Yeah, I do. I miss the SMP, even though... I feel like I shouldn’t, because Pogtopia isn’t... it isn’t my *home*. It’s not anyone’s fucking home. But...” He bit his lip. “I do want to.. to go back.”

Ghostbur tilted his head. “Then... doesn’t that mean you just don’t want to go back to *Pogtopia*? You want to go home, well, Pogtopia isn’t home. L’maburg is home, right? The L’maburg you know, the L’maburg you love... that’s home.”

Alivebur didn't say anything, and looked away.

Ghostbur frowned. "Is... is something wrong?"

Alivebur just shook his head.

Ghostbur's eyes widened. "Are- are you crying?"

"*No!*" Alivebur shouted, but he very obviously was. "...sorry," He muttered.

Ghostbur smiled. "There's something else, isn't there?" He asked softly. "C'mon, Alivebur, you can tell me!"

Alivebur shook his head and wiped his face with his sleeve. "There's nothing else, Ghostbur. I dunno what you want from me."

Ghostbur pouted. "Don't lie to me!! I can tell you are. ...please?"

Alivebur made the horrible mistake of looking at Ghostbur, who was looking at him with his best puppy eyes. Alivebur sighed and gave in. "I guess..." He took a deep breath. "I guess it's just... scary, knowing that you die soon and you can't do anything about it."

Ghostbur frowned. "...who ever said you couldn't do anything about it? When we go back to our own times, you can change history!" He grinned and threw his hands up in the air. "You can make a better choice than Deadbur or Resurrectedbur or Revivedbur!"

Alivebur looked at the ground and shrugged. "I suppose I'm just afraid I won't get the chance."

Ghostbur slowly brought his hands down and didn't say anything, letting what Alivebur had said sink in. He didn't really know what to say to that. After a good while, he picked up the guitar and played the first few chords. "I heard there was a special place, where men could go and emancipate..."

Alivebur joined in on the second verse. The two sang the rest of it together, then sat in a comfortable silence.

Ghostbur looked up at the sky and smiled. "Mmm... I'm cold..."

"You're wearing a sweater, how are you cold?" Alivebur asked, already taking off his coat, handing it to Ghostbur.

Ghostbur took the coat and put it on. "I think your nerves are all weird from living in a cave for too long," He mumbled, and scooped closer to Alivebur, leaning on him. Alivebur seemed surprised by this, but didn't move him off.

The two gazed up at the stars together until Ghostbur let sleep take him, closing his eyes.

Revivedbur sat up, gasping, as if he were a character in a horror movie or something. He looked around, saw that Oh Right, he was in Phantom's house, and tried to take deep breaths.

"What... the fuck..." He whispered to himself. What the *fuck* had just happened. There- there was *no* way that was just a *dream*, right??

He glanced around again, not really sure what to do. Prime, he needed air. He got up, not bothering to grab his coat, just putting his boots on as quickly as possible, and ran out of the room, down the hall, and *outside*. He took a deep breath, soaking in the slightly humid air. He looked around and walked down the path down to the lake.

He sat down on the grass by the lake, incredibly aware of how wet the grass was and that his pants were getting all wet, but at the moment he didn't really care.

The sky was dark. Light for dark, but still dark. It was almost time for the sunrise. ...just in time, then.

"Revivedbur?"

Revivedbur jumped and turned around sharply to see Resurrectedbur standing there, looking surprised.

"What are you doing here?" Resurrectedbur asked.

Revivedbur blinked. "Uh, watching the sunrise. Like I do every morning." It was at least partially true. He did do that every morning, and he was going to watch the sunrise. But it wasn't the whole truth.

"Really?" Resurrectedbur smiled. "Me too." He sat down next to Revivedbur, pulling up his knees to rest his arms on them. "Well, then, let's watch it together."

Revivedbur bit his lip, debating whether to mention it. "...sure, yeah."

And they did. They did look across the sky as the sun started to peek over the trees, shining its golden, wondrous, warm light over the entire Server. Just like it did every morning. A comforting normalcy in the wild ride that was this whole thing.

"So... do you wanna talk about it?" Resurrectedbur finally asked, resting his head on his knees. So he did know.

Revivedbur didn't say anything for a few moments, still looking at the sun.

"It's okay if you don't want to," Resurrectedbur murmured. "But it's not healthy to bottle it up. I'd rather just talk about it."

Revivedbur looked at the ground and sighed. "Is that... normal? For this?"

Resurrectedbur frowned. "Kind of, unfortunately. Though... I think that's the most event-packed one so far. Most of the ones before this have just been stuff from Las Nevadas, or less...eventful apologies, as I'm sure you're aware." He laughed quietly and smiled.

Revivedbur looked away. "...it's somehow worse not being there to experience it," He said quietly.

Resurrectedbur's smile dropped, and Revivedbur felt a twinge of guilt. "Yeah," Resurrectedbur sighed. "You're right." He leaned back on his hands, looking up at the gray clouds. "I'm not sure what to do about it, it's all so... confusing. It's as confusing as the time travel itself."

Revivedbur smiled. "See, the difference there is that we've thought about time travel enough that it starts to make some semblance of sense! This, though..." He frowned. "This doesn't make any sense at all."

Resurrectedbur stayed silent, not answering.

"I would suggest that I made it up myself and it was just a really weird dream," Revivedbur continued. "But... it can't be a coincidence, can it? I mean, yeah we're the same person, but... we're not the exact same person." He glanced at Resurrectedbur. "What's the difference between us two, anyways? We're both just Wilbur Soot on the Dream SMP after revival, right? What's the difference?"

Resurrectedbur chuckled. "I... I suppose I've just gotten better advice than you have."

“Oh, really?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow. “And what would you suggest, O wise one?”

Resurrectedbur smiled, as if he was waiting for this. “I would suggest that you stop hanging on every word anyone else says to you, carve your own path, and for the love of Prime-” He rested his hand on Revivedbur’s shoulder. “-take care of yourself. And really try this time.”

The words held another meaning under them, one that neither of them wanted to say out loud, but both of them understood all too well.

Revivedbur blinked, and the familiar feeling of tears welling up in his eyes appeared. He looked at the ground.

Resurrectedbur pulled him closer and rubbed his arm. “It’s okay to cry, Wilbur.” It was meant to be a comforting gesture- and it was- but it was also as if he were saying it to himself, too.

Revivedbur let the tears fall without looking up, overwhelmed, but not opposed, to the affection.

Resurrectedbur looked up at the horizon, watching the barely-visible sun rise just above the distant trees through the peaks of the mountaintops around them.

A few minutes later, Revivedbur had stopped crying, wiped off his face, and had joined Resurrectedbur in actually watching the sunrise.

“...are we twins, since we have the same re-birthday?” Revivedbur asked quietly.

“...did you seriously just think that while you were crying?” Resurrectedbur glanced at him. Revivedbur didn’t answer, so he continued. “Anyways, no, because you, Spirit and I are triplets.”

“Holy shit,” Revivedbur whispered.

They sat in silence for another few minutes.

“Should we go back inside, then?” Revivedbur asked.

“If you want to, then sure,” Resurrectedbur shrugged.

“My pants are wet, so I would like to get up,” Revivedbur pointed out.

Resurrectedbur laughed. “Yeah, alright, let’s go.” He stood up and helped Revivedbur to his feet.

“Now I wish I grabbed my coat,” Revivedbur muttered, brushing off the back of his pants. Resurrectedbur just laughed at him.

The two walked back to the house, but on the way there, they came across... Ghostbur. Sleeping. On the ground. Using Alivebur’s coat as a pillow. On the *wet grass*??

They stared at the sleeping ghost. Glanced at each other. Smiled, both trying not to laugh so they wouldn’t wake him up. Resurrectedbur gently picked Ghostbur up, made sure he wasn’t melting anywhere, and started walking again.

Once inside, Resurrectedbur put Ghostbur back in his bed, pulled his blanket up, debated giving the coat back to Alivebur, and eventually decided not to. Alivebur probably knew anyway.

He noticed that L'manbur, Rust, and Alivebur weren't in their beds. Normally, he would also stay up after watching the sunrise, but he felt especially tired after all this, so he just went back to his bed and went to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #6: spirit, later in the fic, is going to try to cancel alivebur on twitter

hoo boy next chapter is gonna. well. its gonna be a Lot but in the opposite these past couple of chapters have been LMAOO like its going to be so fucking funny if i write it how ive imagined it. theres gonna be like ONE little angsty bit but i promise itll mostly just b funny :3

hint: pancakes :)

BTW if you didnt get what was going on in case i wrote it kinda weirdly then the way im having new lore function for the sidefic is they get dreams/nightmares where they just experience what they would be experiencing if they were back in their own times. like, revivedbur and resurrectedbur got nightmares that just contained the latest couple of lore streams p much

(yes, this also happens for other burs like ace who would also have new experiences while theyre gone. ace just dreams about the recent mcs)

making breakfast, AKA staying up into the absurd hours of the night to go absolutely crazy and scaring everyone into eating your actually pretty good cooking

Chapter Notes

i have been waiting to write this chapter for so long its so fun . like this was so fucking fun to write man . enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rust pulled Phil's pocket watch out of his pocket. 6:13 A.M. ...surprising amount of people up this early in the morning, then. He was always up by now- honestly, he usually woke up closer to 5- but he honestly expected the other Burs to still be asleep. Of course, Phantom didn't even go to sleep, but Revivedbur's, Resurrectedbur's, Alivebur's, and Ghostbur's beds were empty.

He stretched as he walked out of the room and down the hallway. He... didn't really know what to do. In his world, he always had something to do. He could just go back to sleep, but he didn't really want to.

He stopped walking.

...What was that sound? From the kitchen? He frowned and started going towards the kitchen. Was someone seriously making breakfast or something?

He turned the corner into the kitchen and what he saw was.... well, yes, breakfast was being made.

Alivebur was standing at the stove, pouring pancake batter onto a pan. Around him were stacks and stacks and stacks and stacks of pancakes on plates, as tall as they could be without them falling over. It was extremely precarious. There was an almost-empty bag of what Rust

assumed was pancake mix next to the bowl with the batter in it. There was an egg cracked on the fucking wall. The entire kitchen was a giant mess and there was no way Alivebur did this in any less than a couple hours. Rust truly didn't know what to say as he stared at the scene in front of him from the doorway.

"Umm... good morning?" Rust finally said, finding his voice.

Alivebur whipped around, nearly spilling pancake batter on the floor- not that there wasn't already plenty on the floor- and grinned. "Rust! Rust, hello! Welcome to my kitchen!"

"...you didn't sleep at all, did you?" Rust raised an eyebrow.

"Would you like a pancake?" Alivebur ignored the question, but Rust thought he already knew the answer.

"I'm too tired for this," Rust walked into the kitchen and looked around. "Let me get some coffee, then maybe we'll talk."

"You're no fun," Alivebur grumbled, and went back to his pancakes.

Rust looked around for a coffee machine. Phantom had mentioned coffee yesterday, so he knew there was one in here, but there was nothing in here that looked like one. ...Wait, was it the one with a cup in it? But... that was a fridge. You don't make coffee with a fridge.

"Do you know where the coffee machine is?" Rust asked.

Alivebur wordlessly pointed to a machine with a clear box-thing on the side of it, buttons on the top, and a little pedestal. A box with tiny cups in it was next to it. Rust stared at it, looked at Alivebur, looked back at the machine, and sighed. Either Alivebur was so tired he was mistaking whatever this was for a coffee machine, or this was just a really weird-looking coffee machine.

He walked over to it, and was incredibly shocked when he realized that the box had single-serve coffee cups in it. So... okay. He'd have to ask Phantom about that. Now to figure out how to use it.

He picked up the machine and looked at it. It was plugged into the wall, and had a little hole on the top about the size of one of the coffee cups. There was a warning about a needle on the machine that talked about putting a cup in there, so he put a coffee cup in it and closed it. He opened a cupboard, got out a mug, and put it under what he assumed to be where the coffee came out.

He looked at the top. There were a few glowing buttons with little images of cups on them. He hesitated, then pressed the second-biggest one. Just in case the mug wasn't big enough.

After a few seconds of the machine making a weird gurgling-sound that made Rust worried that he broke it, coffee began falling into the mug. He smiled. Fuck yeah.

As soon as it was fully done- though there was definitely more room in it; he probably should've used the biggest setting- he picked up the mug and started blowing on it to cool it down. "So," Rust said, taking a long sip of coffee. Fuck, he hadn't had this in a long while. He immediately regretted taking a sip, because he had *not* let it cool down, but whatever. Wasn't thaaat bad. "What the fuck."

"Well... could a depressed person do this??" Alivebur grinned and perfectly flipped a pancake onto a plate. It looked incredibly tasty.

"...did you sleep at all last night?" Rust asked.

"I *did*," Alivebur grabbed the bag of mix and poured more in the bowl, then some water, and started stirring, turning around to face Rust while leaning against the counter. "Then I woke up and couldn't go back to sleep. So I decided to make breakfast."

"Phantom's gonna be upset with you," Rust pointed out.

“No.”

“Yeah.”

“Well...” Alivebur hummed, grasping for straws. Apparently he lost the ability to argue when sleep deprived. “Well. I fucked your dad. How’s that?”

“Ha, nice try,” Rust took another sip of coffee. “My dad’s dead.”

Alivebur blinked and stopped stirring. “Wait, what?”

Rust ignored Alivebur and picked up a pancake off the top of a stack near him. He took a bite out of it. “Damn, these are good. How’d you make these?”

“Trial and error,” Alivebur resumed his stirring, then turned around and poured more batter onto the pan.

Rust raised an eyebrow at the egg splattered on the wall.

“Lots of error,” Alivebur said sheepishly.

Rust chuckled. “Y’know you can stop making pancakes, right?”

Alivebur turned around to face Rust, pointing the spatula at him. “Fuck you.”

Rust just stared at him as he turned back around, flipping the pancake. “...How long have you been making pancakes?”

Alivebur flipped a pancake. “Two hours and forty seven minutes.”

“...what?” Rust blinked.

“You heard me,” Alivebur replied. “Two hours and forty seven minutes.”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

“Forty eight minutes.”

Rust sighed. “Where’s your coat?”

“Get a plate,” Alivebur avoided the question.

“...what?” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Get a plate, didn’t you *hear* me??” Alivebur turned and glared at him.

“Jesus christ, okay,” Rust muttered, opening a cupboard. No plates. He opened another one and got a plate out. He offered it to Alivebur. Alivebur didn’t take it. “Can you answer my question?”

“Ghostbur took it,” Alivebur replied as he flipped a pancake over his shoulder that landed perfectly in the center of the plate Rust was holding.

Rust stared at the pancake, suddenly terrified. “...I’m starting to doubt you slept at all.”

“I did sleep,” Alivebur walked over to the cupboard Rust had gotten a plate from, and took a stack out. “But apparently whatever gods are watching want me to make pancakes instead of sleep.”

“...you think god wants you to make pancakes?” Rust raised an eyebrow, taking a sip of coffee.

Alivebur shrugged. “I dunno, I’m not religious.”

Rust hummed. “How much of this do you think all of us are gonna end up eating for breakfast?”

“I doubt we’ll even finish half of them,” Alivebur snorted.

“I dunno, I’m pretty hungry,” Rust joked.

“Yeah, ‘cause you didn’t fucking eat dinner,” Alivebur leaned on the counter and turned towards him, putting one hand on his hip. “But I don’t think anyone can eat *this* many pancakes.”

“To be fair, they’re pretty good,” Rust pointed out. “I’m honestly impressed.”

“Aw, don’t flatter me,” Alivebur laughed. “I barely even made the batter.”

“The hardest part of making pancakes to me is flipping them at the right time,” Rust shrugged.

“Ehh, it’s pretty easy once you’ve been doing it for almost three hours straight,” Alivebur smirked.

“You haven’t taken a single break?” Rust’s eyebrows flew up.

“Why would I?” Alivebur grinned. “I’d burn the pancakes.”

Rust rolled his eyes with a smile.

“So, are you the first one up besides me?” Alivebur asked, turning around again and flipping another pancake onto one of the plates he had just gotten out, then pouring more batter on.

“Nah, L’manbur’s up,” Rust took a sip of coffee. “He’s showering. Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur are up, but I don’t know where they are. Phantom’s up, of course, but I haven’t seen him. I’d guess he’s in his potion shop. And... Ghostbur, too? His bed was empty.”

“He’s probably sleeping outside,” Alivebur grabbed the bowl and poured some more mix and water in.

“Wait, what?” Rust’s eyes widened. “How do you know?”

“When I woke up I went outside to sit by the lake, and Ghostbur followed me out, I guess,” Alivebur stirred the batter. “Then I gave him my coat and he fell asleep.”

“...on the wet grass?” Rust asked. “What if it rained? What if we switched times in the middle of the night and we couldn’t find him? What if-”

“You worry too much,” Alivebur set the bowl down. “But also those are valid concerns. I.... did not think of the rain at all,” He admitted.

Rust raised an eyebrow. “Really, now?”

Alivebur shrugged with a sheepish smile. “Oops?”

Rust just sighed and set his coffee down. “It is so incredibly obvious you barely slept a wink last night. Phantom’s gonna be so upset with you.”

“He just hates me for my cringefail swag,” Alivebur said dramatically.

Rust stared at him. “...what the fuck did you just say?”

“Nothing, nothing,” Alivebur grinned and turned back to his pancakes.

Rust pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed.

Alivebur pushed open the door and walked into the bathroom, where he could hear the sound of the shower on.

“Morning,” Alivebur called.

“Wh- Get out!!” L’manbur shouted. “I’m fucking showering!”

“We’re literally the same guy, calm down,” Alivebur dug around in his pocket. “And I need to put on my eyeliner, and this is the only mirror I could find.”

“I... sure. Okay.” L’manbur sighed.

Shit. Must’ve been in his coat pockets. “Be right back,” Alivebur muttered. He left the bathroom, closing the door, and walked back to the room where the other Burs were sleeping. No one else new was up yet. He didn’t expect anyone else to be; it was only 7 A.M. However, Ghostbur was in his bed now, still wearing Alivebur’s coat. Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur were also in bed, even though Rust had mentioned that they were up.

Alivebur blinked and shrugged, going over to Ghostbur. He reached into the left coat pocket, careful not to wake Ghostbur. He pulled out his eyeliner. He also grabbed his beanie that was on his pillow, and walked back to the bathroom.

Somehow, L’manbur had managed to get out of the shower and get dressed- though without the L’manburg coat on, just a shirt- in the time Alivebur had been out of the bathroom. He was currently combing his hair. Another comb, a brush, a tube of some kind of cream stuff, his own makeup, and a few towels were on the counter.

“Hey, bitch,” Alivebur stood next to him and opened the eyeliner.

“Morning, pussy,” L’manbur replied, not looking away from the mirror.

“You have *way* too long of a morning routine,” Alivebur grumbled, applying the eyeliner.

“Says the one putting on makeup,” L’manbur replied, opening the tube of cream and squirting some on his hand.

“I’m doing the same little thing I do every morning,” Alivebur smudged it, only half on accident. “And you’re going to do the same thing.”

“I won’t smudge it, though,” L’manbur smirked, running his hands through his hair.

Alivebur glared at him, closing the eyeliner. He grabbed L’manbur’s comb- L’manbur glared at him too- and ran it through his hair once. He put his beanie on over it, making sure some of the fluff covered one of his eyes, and put the comb back and the eyeliner in his pocket. “Later.”

“Bye, emo fuck,” L’manbur called, scrunching up the ends of his hair.

“You’ll be just like this in a month!” Alivebur called back with fake sweetness, walking back to the kitchen.

Phantom pushed open the front door, hoping the others hadn’t wrecked his house *too* much in the five hours he’d been gone. He didn’t hear that much sound, so that was good. There was talking coming from the kitchen, and someone was moving around in the bathroom, but other than that, everyone was either asleep or being absolutely silent- a task most of them were not able to accomplish for more than a few minutes.

He walked down the hall, passing the bathroom- L’manbur was in there, brushing his hair- and the kitchen- he heard Alivebur and Rust in there, but couldn’t make out the specifics of their conversation- until he finally came to the room where the Burs were sleeping.

All of the Burs were still there except L’manbur, Alivebur, and Rust. Ghostbur was wearing Alivebur’s coat, and someone was awake, but still laying in bed; Phantom could tell from the one breathing pattern that was faster than someone who was awake’s breathing would be. (It was a slight difference, but great hearing came with being a phantom hybrid, apparently.) He couldn’t tell *who* was awake, though. He smiled, glad that they had all seemingly actually gone to sleep.

Phantom left the room, quietly closing the door behind him. He walked down the hall back to the kitchen, and he was met with a *sight* when he turned the corner into the kitchen. He stood in the doorway, jaw on the floor.

“Oh, morning, Phantom,” Rust waved, a mug in one of his hands and a pancake with one bite taken out of it in the other. He smirked and glanced at Alivebur.

Alivebur had a bowl of pancake batter in his hands, stirring it, though he stopped stirring when he saw Phantom, eyes wide.

Phantom blinked. He took his hat off and put it in his inventory, then looked around at the many, *many* pancakes around him in the kitchen. “What the *fuck* have you two been up to???”

“This was all Alivebur,” Rust smiled, putting his hands up as if saying, ‘don’t shoot me’.

“Haha, uh, yeah,” Alivebur laughed nervously. “Um, good morning?”

Phantom stared at him and narrowed his eyes. “Alivebur.”

Alivebur smiled, leaning back against the counter. “Phantom...?”

“Alivebur. How much sleep did you get last night?” Phantom asked.

Alivebur swallowed nervously. “Uh... enough?”

Phantom scowled, his teeth showing. “Alivebur.”

“Look, I’m *sorry*,” Alivebur put the bowl down on the stove. “I just woke up and couldn’t go back to sleep, so I thought I’d get a snack, but then it got out of hand-”

Phantom reached past him and turned the stove off. He didn’t say anything, just crossing his arms and staring at Alivebur.

“Ooooooh, you’re in trouble,” Rust snickered from behind Phantom.

Phantom turned to him. “And what about you, Rust?”

“I got a great night’s sleep,” Rust smiled.

“Why are you up so early?” Phantom raised an eyebrow, suspicious.

“I’m always up this early,” Rust shrugged.

Phantom narrowed his eyes at him for a few moments, then deciding that he wasn’t lying and turning back to Alivebur. Alivebur was pointedly not making eye contact with him.

Phantom sighed. “Whatever. I can’t make you sleep anymore. You’ll probably pass out later anyways.”

“Great, looking forward to that,” Alivebur muttered.

Phantom put his hands on his hips, ignoring Alivebur’s comment. “Well... what are we gonna do with all these pancakes...?”

“Breakfast,” Alivebur replied. “There’s plenty for everyone- it’s perfect.”

Phantom tilted his head, considering it. "...Yeah, y'know what, sure!" He smiled. "Well, you've solved any food problems we could potentially have!" He glanced at Rust. "And you better actually eat this time."

"Don't worry, these pancakes are berries," Rust waved the pancake he had in his hand around with a grin.

A couple of hours later, everyone was awake, and ready to eat. Everyone was doing whatever morning routine they had and could do while not in their own time, while anyone who didn't really have a morning routine- or at least not one they could do at the moment- was at the table, chatting with the others.

Wilbur, however, was currently sitting on his bed, looking at his phone. He knew nothing would work without service, but he still wanted to try. Maybe it would. *Maybe*.

Suddenly, Mod's face was in front of his.

Wilbur screamed. "Jesus *christ*, Mod, what the fuck was that for?"

Mod just grinned and jumped off the top bunk, sitting on the bed next to Wilbur's so he was facing Wilbur. "I'm here to talk to you."

Wilbur blinked. "I... okay??"

Mod tilted his head. "That wasn't very nice, Wilbur."

Wilbur was incredibly confused. "I... What?"

“You shouldn’t have threatened Spirit yesterday, before dinner,” Mod elaborated.

Wilbur frowned. “How do you even know about that? Only me, Spirit, and Phantom were in there.”

“Spirit, Phantom, and I,” Mod corrected him. Annoying. “And I was five centimeters tall on the windowsill.”

“I forgot you could do that,” Wilbur muttered, turning his phone off and setting it to the side.

Mod just grinned. “But seriously, Wilbur, that was a dick move. You basically threatened to torture him.”

Wilbur frowned. “What the fuck, no, it’s not *torture*. ”

Mod tilted his head. “Isn’t it? You’ve talked to him now, you know his perspective. You can’t really use the ‘he’s just a character!’ excuse anymore.” He paused. “At this point, you’ve basically committed murder. Multiple times.”

Wilbur glared at him. “Not murder.”

Mod shrugged. “At least manslaughter.”

Wilbur just rolled his eyes.

Mod tilted his head. “Torture is a war crime, y’know.”

Wilbur looked at him oddly. "...I'm not in the military, Mod."

"Right, wrong Bur," Mod snapped his fingers.

"...what?!" Wilbur's eyes widened.

"Nothing, nothing," Mod smiled.

Wilbur sighed. "You must hate me, too, then?"

Mod laughed and shook his head. "Hate you? Me? Hate you? What in the world would *I* have to hate you for? All you've done is given me some sickass powers and some questionable morals. Honestly, besides maybe Challenger, I've got it the best out of everyone here." He chuckled. "Hate you? Whatever would I be mad at you for?"

Wilbur frowned again. "Weren't you just telling me I'm a dick?"

"Maybe to Spirit. Maybe to anyone else here," Mod shrugged. "Not to me, though."

Wilbur rolled his eyes and didn't say anything for a few moments. "...so... how do you know about the whole... fourth wall thing, anyways?"

Mod smiled. "I have my ways."

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. "Not helpful."

"I don't know what to tell you," Mod shrugged. "You created me, didn't you? You should know."

Wilbur didn't say anything, just looked at the ground.

Mod stood up. "Anyways. Breakfast's ready. Pancakes!"

Wilbur stood up as well and put his phone in his pocket. A thought suddenly came to his head as Mod walked away. "Wait," He called. "Since you apparently know so much, is... is Impostor actually the... impostor?"

Mod frowned. "Do you really distrust him that much?"

Wilbur suddenly felt like a little kid who'd been told off for trying to steal the cookies. "No, but... it'd be nice to know, y'know?"

Mod's annoyingly cryptic smile came back. "Well, no one likes a spoiler, Wilbur." He tilted his head. "What fun would that be?"

He turned and walked away, leaving Wilbur standing there, confused, annoyed, and feeling ten times more guilty than he had before.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #7: ace has the tits out pink parrots outfit from whatever mce that was (he also has any other skins hes had on during any other mce)

pancakes and monster energy

Chapter Notes

hiiii this took a lil bit . not like a while lmao they never do but . i had some trouble writing this one and i dont really like it that much skjdfhdj
that being said, enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Breakfast was uncomfortably quiet.

It's not like it was completely silent, there was conversation, but the little conversation that there was was mostly small talk that didn't last very long. The only sound, for the most part, was forks and knives scratching on plates as they all ate their pancakes.

Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur were being pretty quiet and kept glancing at each other, Ace was staring at his plate, Spirit was acting as if he were allergic to the very presence of Wilbur, L'manbur and Alivebur were- of course- annoyed at each other, Phantom seemed upset with Alivebur, Impostor seemed generally pissed off, and Editor was being completely silent and would flinch whenever someone moved too close to him.

It didn't help that none of the Burs except Phantom and Rust were morning people, since this was supposed to be a table for one to five there wasn't a whole lot of room, Sky's fucking parrot was being annoying but Sky was doing jack shit to stop him, there were multiple little mysteries surrounding the events of the last eight to nine hours, and literally no one- not even Alivebur- knew why the fuck Alivebur had made hundreds of pancakes. And they had nowhere to put said hundreds of pancakes.

To say the least, the table was tense.

Finally, Ace sighed, breaking the uncomfortable silence. "Okay, did anyone else have a *really* weird dream last night?"

“Yes,” Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, Spirit, Sky, and Geo all said at the same time, looking at each other in surprise.

Ace, not expecting that response, blinked and looked around. “Wait, really?”

“Absolutely,” Revivedbur nodded. “I mean, it was more like a nightmare, but yeah.”

“It felt more like a memory than a dream,” Resurrectedbur said. “Except that they weren’t memories of anything I’ve experienced before.”

“Yeah, same, although at this point I’m really not surprised I’m apparently getting ‘memories’ in my dreams, too,” Sky muttered, putting air quotes around ‘memories’.

“I also had a dream that felt like a memory,” Geo spoke up. “Though, it was the same thing I do usually.”

“Which is...?” Challenger asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Geoguessing,” Geo shrugged, clearing up absolutely nothing.

“My dream was one that I have all the time,” Spirit frowned. “And it... technically is a memory. But it seemed... I don’t know how to word it. More than usual? It was like there was more going on.”

“Haven’t you also not slept in months?” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, and?” Spirit tilted his head.

“Well, maybe it’s just different ‘cause you haven’t slept in a while, so your mind added a few things or forgot a few things,” Deadbur explained.

“I don’t know,” Resurrectedbur frowned. “Even if that’s what happened, I wouldn’t be surprised if he had a weird dream, too. I mean, Revivedbur and I had the *same* exact dream.”

“You’re sure?” Revivedbur seemed surprised.

“Yeah, pretty sure,” Resurrectedbur nodded. “With Fundy, and then... Tommy? And Dream? At Logstedshire?”

“Oh, yeah,” Revivedbur blinked. “Definitely, then.” He snapped his fingers. “Wait, *that’s* what I was going to say!” He turned to Spirit. “Spirit, I’d like to apologize for anything good I’ve said about Dream ever, I was wrong in every respect, and I wish he could die right now. Just, drop dead.”

Spirit blinked, incredibly surprised by this. “Um, okay? I’m... glad you agree? ...why?”

“Nothing, just learned some shit,” Revivedbur smiled.

Resurrectedbur chuckled. “But, yeah, and it’s even weirder because there was some stuff in that dream that I *already knew*. Like, I knew about the whole thing with Tommy and Dream- Tommy already told me about that months ago. But... that still felt like my memories.”

“Wait, really?” Revivedbur frowned. “Is that the difference between you and me? I didn’t know any of that shit.”

Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “I... guess? There’s... more, though. Trust me.”

“Like.. what?” Revivedbur raised an eyebrow.

Resurrectedbur shook his head. "I'll tell you later."

Revivedbur narrowed his eyes at Resurrectedbur. There was a moment of silence, a little bit tense.

"Well," Ace finally spoke up again. "My dream was a few MCCs, including the most recent one- Pride MCC- where I possessed Shelby to do Ace Race."

"Who?" A few of the Burs asked. Well, a good amount of the Burs asked.

"Shelby?" Phas asked. "I know her."

"So do I," Wilbur spoke up.

"Me too," Phantom nodded.

"No one else?" Ace raised an eyebrow.

Various versions of "no" sounded from the group.

"Hmm," Ace hummed. "Well, I wasn't in the event, but she was, and I possessed her just for Ace Race, and then I left." He paused. "I also managed to have a wedding with Ace Race- had a *child* with Ace Race- then the wedding was cancelled because I had been seeing Sands of Time as well."

"Um... who?" Ghostbur asked. "Or, what?"

“Oh, Ace Race is one of the games in MCC,” Ace explained. “And so is Sands of Time.”

“You... tried to marry a game?” Raft raised an eyebrow.

“I almost did,” Ace nodded. “And then I called it off. Right after she said she was having our child.”

“You cheated on her?” Mod gasped. “Oh, the *drama!*”

“I’m still confused on why you tried to marry a fucking game,” Wimpfred said dryly.

“Okay, to be fair,” Spirit snickered. “Not the weirdest anyone in this group has done. Not even the weirdest anyone in this group has married.”

“Sally and I aren’t married,” Bard corrected him.

“Premarital s-” Mod started with a grin.

“Hey,” Rust cut him off. “Multiple children here.”

“Oh, c’mon, we know what that is,” Spirit groaned, rolling his eyes.

“I doubt Fundy does,” Rust pointed out.

“Fundy is two years old, he’s not gonna remember that one time some guy said ‘sex’,” Spirit argued. Then he paused, looking thoughtful. He looked over at Sky. “Sky, do you know what-”

“I know what sex is, Spirit,” Sky cut him off, looking unamused.

Spirit smirked. “Alright, just asking..”

“I’m still so confused about your whole thing, Sky,” Revivedbur muttered. “You don’t remember so many things most of us know about, yet you know about more common sense things, or just things that are common. Then you have these weird memories and you recognize people you’ve never met before, and... what the *hell* is going on?”

“Look, if I knew, I’d tell you,” Sky shrugged helplessly. A piece of magenta dye appeared in his hand. He scowled and threw it on the ground, then went back to what he was saying. “The dream I had last night was about Tommy again. This time, *he* was on an island in the sky for some reason, though it wasn’t the same one as mine.” He squinted. “It had... a panda, which I have, but not the same... and it was way smaller than my island, a sculk sensor, which doesn’t even *exist* in m-” He cut himself off. His eyes widened, and looked disturbed. “WHY do I know what a sculk sensor is.”

“A... what?” Revivedbur asked.

“That’s something new in Minecraft,” Wilbur hummed. “Like, a new block.”

“I hope you know that no one knows what you’re talking about,” Spirit gave Wilbur what looked like it was supposed to be a glare, but it didn’t really come across like that. He kind of just looked more confused or wary.

“I... never mind,” Wilbur muttered.

“I’m going to stop thinking about this,” Sky hummed. “Too many contradicting things. Making my head hurt.”

“I think,” Alivebur spoke up, pulling a can of Monster Energy out of his coat pocket- why was it in his fucking pocket of all places- and opening it, pouring it on his stack of pancakes

in front of him. “That these ‘sky gods’ you talk about are a load of bullshit. Not that they don’t exist, more that they don’t deserve to be gods.”

“Could not agree more,” Challenger nodded. “Trust me, I’ve met them and listened to them talk about whatever the shit they’re talking about- they’re *soooo* annoying. Like, shut the hell up for once. NO one cares.”

Everyone stared at Challenger for a few moments, confused about when the hell *he* met the sky gods.

“Um... okay,” Sky glanced around the table. “How, exactly, did you meet them?”

“It’s something to do with being a Creator with a bunch of Servers and Players,” Challenger waved his hand. “I don’t actually know anything about your situation, though I *have* overheard some gossip from a few other people about their plans, but I don’t really get it. They’re *really* annoying, though. So pretentious. Somehow even more pretentious than most people there.”

“You’re pretty pretentious,” Mod raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Challenger shrugged.

“Alivebur, can you hand me that?” Ghostbur asked, putting his hand out. “The drink?”

“Yeah, sure,” Alivebur handed him the can.

Ghostbur took it and poured it on his pancakes, as well.

“That is fucking disgusting, I hope you know that,” L’manbur commented.

“Nah, it tastes great,” Alivebur said, mouth full of Monster-covered pancake. “And it’s all you’ll be eating in a month, so get used to it. On potatoes, though. Not pancakes. You’re welcome.”

“You’re fucking disgusting,” L’manbur corrected his statement.

“Okay, pretty boy,” Alivebur flipped him off.

“You two are the *worst*,” Blue sighed. “Why are you like this?”

“It’s him,” L’manbur and Alivebur said at the same time, then glared at each other. A few Burs laughed at them.

Before L’manbur or Alivebur could say something else to continue the argument, Sky’s parrot had decided to start trying to eat Sky’s pancakes.

“No- Peter-” Sky pushed the bird back. He picked him up and put him on the floor, but Peter just flew back up and stood on the table, looking up at Sky expectantly. Sky sighed. “No. Peter, I’ll give you food *later*; this is *not* food for you. This is for... uh...” He blinked. “I guess I can’t just say ‘humans’ here, huh...?”

“Eh, in that respect, I’m basically human,” Phantom shrugged. “Food is pretty much the same, since I’m still an omnivore.” He paused. “Except chocolate. No chocolate for anyone on the Server.”

Sky blinked, then turned back to Peter. “You’re not getting my pancakes. Or anyone’s pancakes.” Peter tilted his head. Sky frowned. “Later, Peter.” Peter hopped a few times. Sky sighed. “Jeez. Fine. Does anyone have any seeds?” He blinked. “...why are you staring at me like that?”

“Nothing, you’re just talking to him as if he’s a person again,” Revivedbur said, sounding amused.

Sky frowned. “How else would I talk to him?”

“You... wouldn’t,” Phas raised an eyebrow with a smile. “Usually when someone talks to their pets it’s more basic shit like ‘aww who’s a good boy’, not having full conversations with it.”

Sky looked at Peter, then at Phas. “Why would I ask Peter that?”

Phas shrugged. “I dunno, it’s just something people ask their pets.”

“But I know he’s not, he’s a little rascal,” Sky smiled. “I don’t need to ask *him* that.” Peter flew up onto his head and picked around in Sky’s hair, as if making a nest.

“That is a *creepy* bird,” Challenger muttered.

“Ex *cuse* you,” Sky gasped dramatically. “*You’re* creepy.”

An hour or so later, they were done with breakfast, and since they didn’t really have anything to do, Phantom made Alivebur go to sleep while the Ghostburs decided to make cookies. Sky, Revivedbur, and Editor decided to join them. They wanted to make chocolate chip cookies, but Phantom, Impostor, and Fundy couldn’t have chocolate. (When Impostor had mentioned this, Editor had turned to him as if he had said something horribly offensive.) So, they decided to make two batches of chocolate chip cookies and one batch of oatmeal cookies.

They ended up making a batch and a half of chocolate chip and a batch of oatmeal cookies. Half of the second batch of chocolate chip cookies had been eaten while it was raw cookie dough by Spirit and Revivedbur, even after being warned multiple times by Resurrectedbur

and Phantom about salmonella. Later, Revivedbur ended up feeling sick. Spirit did not, bragging about being double dead, as he did frequently.

Because of Revivedbur and Spirit's shenanigans, they didn't make enough cookies for everyone. Well, it probably wouldn't have been enough anyways, but Phantom had way less stuff to make cookies than he did to make pancakes for some reason. Anyways, they ended up eating all the cookies pretty quickly. They were *very* good.

Unfortunately, the same could not be said for Alivebur's pancakes. They had an abundance of pancakes, and that still seemed like too small of a word for how many fucking pancakes there were. So, after a bit of conversation and argument about what to do with them, they ultimately decided to spend a good chunk of the day putting them in one giant container, then giving it to Geo so he could put that in his bag.

No one knew how he fit it in there, and no one seemed eager to ask or steal his bag to find out. (Except Impostor, who had decided to ask Geo if he could do a few tests on the bag, since he was a scientist on the ship he was on. Geo had declined very coldly. He seemed incredibly protective of his bag.)

For the first time in a while, the Burs were able to just pause for a moment without having to do anything. Just take a break and sit down. They just had to hope that it would stay like this.

Knowing the gods of this multiverse, though, that was incredibly doubtful.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #8: mod thinks theres nothing wrong with cannibalism once in a while

hoo boy i cant WAIT for the next few chapters theyre gonna be so fun
im so glad im gonna b able 2 get 2 them in june LMAO theyre gonna b great :)

(oh also editor looked at imp like he was offended when he mentioned the chocolate thing bc editor just realized that impostor couldnt have chocolate bc he wasnt human .

yes thats the reason behind that . i didnt think it was v obvious so i just wanted 2 say it here LMAO)

i've gotta rearrange the stars so that they're not as far from you!

Chapter Notes

hiii ^ _ ^ IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT in the end notes so make sure 2 check that out !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Honestly, I don’t know what you’re trying to do.”

...

“You’re just messing around with things that you don’t know how to control.”

...

“If you think you’re going to be able to ‘fix’ this, you won’t.”

Can you shut up? I’m trying to concentrate.

“It’s my job to not shut up, Mr. XD!”

You’re not getting paid for this.

“How do you know? You’re not my employer.”

I'm omniscient, though.

“So am I.”

Hundreds of eyes that were closed suddenly opened, glaring at Walter. Well, they weren't, because currently neither Walter Crondale nor DreamXD were physically anywhere, but it's the thought that counts. *Who even are you?*

“You mean you don't know me? Really, I'm hurt.”

Just answer the fucking question.

“Jeez, no need to get snappy... but I'm Walter! Just little ol' me :3”

Stop. Doing. That.

“Doing what? :3”

You're doing it on purpose.

“;3”

...did you just fucking wink at me?

“No.”

Bu-

“If you really want to know who I am, then you need to pay better attention. ...wait, no, you need to RSVP. You think The Creators are just going to let you into the Conventions without you saying you’re coming? Come on, XD, they only have so many chairs.”

...what?

“The God Conventions, XD, you never come to them. I’m always there, though. You aren’t.”

Oh. Those. I just don’t see any reason to go.

“Maybe if you went you wouldn’t be in this situation right now.”

Is this some elaborate scheme to get me to come more often?

“Pfft. No. The Creators don’t care that much.”

Fuck, you’re insufferable.

“Why thank you, that’s also part of my j-”

...Walter?

“...”

Did you finally shut up? Oh, thank me.

“Shut up.”

Um, you’re one to talk.

“Shut. Up. I mean it.”

...okay?

“...I gotta go.”

??? Why??

“I have some... business to take care of. Can’t explain right now. Byeeee!”

The flow of the timeline was diverted in a nanosecond, and Walter left the void, leaving DreamXD alone. All of his eyes opened all at once- which was an *incredibly* disturbing amount of eyes for any mortal living being to see- staring at the slit in the void that was the timeline. The string of time, with its soft off-white glow, was right in front of DreamXD while also being completely inaccessible to him at the moment. It was like someone had put it in a case of impenetrable glass.

It was impossible for it to be changed at the moment, and DreamXD was *not* happy.

Alivebur yawned and stretched, pushing open the door to the bedroom. He walked down the hall. He heard talking from the front room, and headed over there. Like he’d thought, all the Burs were in the room, having various small conversations.

“Morning, asshole,” L’manbur called as soon as he saw him.

“Morning, fucker,” Alivebur replied without missing a beat, walking into the room.

“Oh, did you sleep well?” Phantom smiled, turning to face him.

“Yep,” Alivebur frowned, looking around. “Where’s my coat?”

“Ghostbur took it again,” Resurrectedbur nodded to the mentioned ghost.

“Can I keep it for a little bit?” Ghostbur pleaded.

“You’re wearing an infinite amount of sweaters, you *cannot* tell me you’re cold,” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“It’s not the cold,” Ghostbur pouted. “I just want to keep wearing it. The pockets are big.”

“What do you need pockets for?” Alivebur frowned.

Ghostbur didn’t answer, and instead pointedly looked away.

“Give it back,” Alivebur sighed.

Ghostbur pouted again, but took the coat off and handed it over. Alivebur found one of the pockets and looked in it. It was absolutely covered in blue.

Alivebur gave Ghostbur a Look. “Tell me there’s a way to get it out.”

“Um, technically, no,” Ghostbur laughed nervously. “I mean, you can try to wash it off, but... y’know, there’s a reason I haven’t washed the blue off my sweater...”

Alivebur gave him a flat stare. Ghostbur shrugged with a smile. Alivebur just sighed again and put the coat on, ignoring the blue that was obvious now that he looked at it again.

“Did you have any weird dreams?” Spirit asked him.

“Nope,” Alivebur replied.

“Wait,” Wilbur spoke up. “Hold on. Who all had weird dreams?”

Spirit turned to him. “Uh, me, Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, Sky, Ace, and Geo?”

Wilbur paused, then beckoned Spirit over with his hand. Spirit, after a bit of hesitation, went over. Wilbur whispered something in his ear, and Spirit gasped.

“Wait, really?” Spirit tilted his head. “But... you’re not in your world right now...?”

“Yeah, I’m not,” Wilbur narrowed his eyes. “That is... weird.”

“What?” Sky asked.

“When are all of you that had weird dreams from?” Wilbur answered his question with a question. “All from 2022, right? In the spring or summer?”

All the burs who had weird dreams nodded, except Sky, who frowned and shook his head.

“Hmm,” Wilbur hummed. “Okay, that makes sense.”

“What does?” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“You all probably just experienced what you *would* be doing in your own world and time right now,” Wilbur shrugged. “And Sky... I honestly have no clue. That’s got to be do with the sky gods.”

“I’m from 2022,” Phantom frowned.

“You’re in your own time, though,” Wilbur explained.

“That is... really weird,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “I literally wouldn’t even be doing that stuff...? I would have no reason to do those things.”

Wilbur and Spirit glanced at each other, having a silent conversation, before Wilbur eventually shrugged. “I dunno.”

Resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes, but didn’t say anything more.

“So,” Alivebur spoke up, breaking the small silence. “Can I assume nothing happened while I was asleep?”

“We made cookies!” Blue smiled. “But, um... we kind of ate them all.”

“You’ve *got* to be kidding me,” Alivebur sighed. “I missed *cookies*?”

"If it's any consolation, I also didn't get any," Bard spoke up. "Fundy stole mine."

Alivebur chuckled and glanced at Fundy, who had crumbs on his face, in his fur. He was currently asleep in Bard's arms. "So, are we doing anything?"

"No, we're kind of just... waiting, not really doing anything," Phantom shrugged. "Do you have any suggestions?"

Alivebur shook his head.

"Wait, can we go find sheep?" Ghostbur asked. "We were going to do that before the storm!"

"Oh, sure," Phantom smiled. "Anyone else coming?"

Blue, Spirit, and L'manbur said 'yes', but no one else did. Ghostbur then somehow convinced Editor, Rust, and Raft to come with them, claiming that they had said they would join 'the cult', therefore they had to come.

As soon as they headed to step out the door, though, Geo glitched and disappeared, Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur flinched violently, and the world changed around all of them.

Alivebur blinked, and a moment later, he and the other Burs were in a completely different place. Tall trees with dark green leaves were all around them, with a small river flowing right next to them. Somehow none of them had ended up in the river, though Alivebur could've sworn that some of the Burs were where the river would've been in Phantom's time.

Rusts's eyes widened. "Walter?!" He exclaimed. Alivebur followed his gaze to see a man who looked like another Bur.

‘Walter’ immediately turned to Rust, his face hardening. His expression screamed, ‘I’m going to fucking kill you.’ He scowled. “**YOU.**”

Chapter End Notes

i know ive been saying this a lot recently but im literally so excited to write next chapter
lmaooo

bur fact #9: geo has zip-off jorts

****ANNOUNCEMENT****

im goin on a camping trip soon, so chapters might b a lil slow lmao... but if i have the chance to write + post the next chapter youd best believe im going to like i said next chapters gonna be so fun ive been planning it for months EKFJSHJ

:33

oh, the humanity!

Chapter Notes

hiiii ^_^ got back from camping on sunday ! i had a fun time (or, as much fun as one can have when one is camping while one is terrified of any bug with legs ^_^)

enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rust had never been more terrified of Walter Crondale in his life than this moment, as Walter ran straight for him and grabbed him by the shoulders.

“Where the FUCK have you been?!” Walter shouted. “I’ve been worried sick!”

“I- but- huh??” Rust stammered. Very intelligent.

“I thought you were *dead*, Wilbur!” Walter exclaimed.

“Wh- dead??” Rust frowned.

“Yes, dead, what the hell do you think people think when a bunch of people watch you crash your plane into the fucking PACIFIC OCEAN?!” Walter scowled.

Rust blinked. “Um..?”

Walter narrowed his eyes. “I have been. SO worried about you.”

“Um, sorry?” Rust smiled nervously.

Walter gave him a Look. “Really? That’s *all* you have to say? After- how long has it even been?? After all this time, all you have to say is ‘*sorry*’ ?!”

“Look, I didn’t just *decide* to crash my plane,” Rust frowned. “Don’t get upset with me!”

Walter sighed and let go of him. “I... Sorry. It’s just... you’ve been gone for so long, and everyone’s just assumed you and Tommy were dead, and... I don’t know. It’s been a lot.”

“...I’m sorry,” Rust mumbled. “I...” He trailed off.

Walter suddenly hugged him. Rust was surprised, but returned the hug, feeling a lump rise in his throat, but he forced it down.

“So.... you two know each other?” One of the Burs awkwardly asked.

Rust blinked, suddenly remembering that there were other people here. He felt his face warm, and he let go of Walter. “Um, yeah... we’re friends,” He said at the same time that Walter grinned and said, “We’re husbands.”

Rust froze, then glared at Walter. “Walter, they’re going to think you’re serious.”

“Oh, but why do you seem so against the ideaaaaa?” Walter whined dramatically, leaning against Rust, putting a hand to his forehead.

Rust rolled his eyes. “Walter, this is... a bunch of versions of me, everyone, this is Walter Crondale.”

“What the fuck were you saying about crashing a plane into the Pacific Ocean?” Wilbur asked, sounding incredibly confused.

Rust blinked. “Um.”

Walter snickered next to him.

“Shut the fuck up,” Rust muttered.

“To be honest, I want to know what happened, too,” Walter tilted his head. “The only thing I know is that you and Tommy went down into the Pacific, and no one could find either of you since.”

“Really?” Rust raised an eyebrow. “I almost doubt that, because there have been plenty of helicopters coming around to fucking kill anyone they see.”

Walter frowned. “Huh?”

Rust sighed. “Whatever. I don’t even know what’s going on with that.”

“That’s... odd,” Walter hummed. “But start your explanation already.”

“Uh, there’s not much to say,” Rust shrugged. “I was flying with Tommy as my co-pilot, and there was some... bad weather, and we went down into the ocean. I wake up however long later on an island, find Tommy, and we’ve just been surviving since.”

“So Tommy is okay?” Walter smiled. “And Phil? Wasn’t he with you two, as well?”

Rust looked at the ground, not wanting to say anything. He felt the lump rise in his throat again.

Walter's smile faltered. "...Wilbur?"

Rust took a deep breath. "Phil... Phil's dead."

Walter's smile completely disappeared. "...what?"

Rust looked up and made eye contact with Walter. "I... he..." He couldn't get the words out, so instead he just took Phil's old pocket watch out of his pocket and handed it to Walter.

Walter looked at it, then looked up at Rust again. "But... I thought he wasn't...?"

Rust shook his head, and took the watch back when Walter offered it to him.

"...well," Walter finally said. "That's... news. Um... Well, Kristin and Techno are fine, and I'm sure they'll be excited to learn that you're okay!" His smile came back, though it felt more forced.

Rust smiled as well. "...yeah."

Walter looked at the other Burs. After a moment of awkward silence, Ghostbur smiled and waved at him. "I see you've been busy," Walter commented.

"I can introduce everyone to you!" Ghostbur spoke up, the only one genuinely smiling right now. "I'm Ghostbur, nice to meet you!"

Walter grinned, then looked around at the other Burs and gasped. He ran over to Deadbur. "Oh my god, Wilbur Soot!" He grabbed Deadbur's hand and started shaking it aggressively. "I'm such a big fan of yours, really, I am, I was the one who reported November 16th-y'know, where you blew up your own nation then committed assisted suicide? Yeah, I

reported that!” He let go of Deadbur’s hand and pulled out a pad of paper and a pen from seemingly nowhere. Deadbur looked *incredibly* confused, as well as a little disturbed. “Say, you wouldn’t mind doing a quick little interview for me, would you?” He clicked the pen and grinned. “My listeners are really on the edge of their seats, Mr. Soot, please? Just a few questions, and I’ll be out of your hair!”

Deadbur blinked. “Wh- huh?”

Rust chuckled. “He’s a journalist, just go along with it, or else he’ll never let you be.”

Deadbur looked at Rust, then at Walter again. “Um, sure?”

Walter smiled, a smile that could seem almost sinister if you didn’t know him that well. “Great.” He took out a small tape recorder- Rust still had no clue where he’d gotten it- and started recording. “Question one, what’s your favorite disease?”

Deadbur glanced at Rust, as if asking him to help. Rust just shrugged and smiled.

Suddenly, before Deadbur could answer, Geo showed up, ‘glitching’ and almost tripping. He also, for some reason, was not wearing his coat; it was nowhere to be seen.

He blinked and looked around. “Did I miss anything important?”

“Where *were* you?” Editor asked.

“Barcelona,” Geo replied, then noticed Walter. “Wait, wh- Walter Crondale??”

“Oh, hi, Geo,” Walter waved. “How’ve you been?”

Geo blinked. “But- weren’t you in the void?”

Walter shrugged. “Maybe. Though, I wouldn’t call it *the* void.”

Geo stared at him for a bit before sighing, He then opened his bag and pulled his coat out, and put it on, then put the bag on over the coat again. “So, did I miss anything?”

“Uh, *yeah* ,” Spirit said. A grin spread across his face, and he was staring at Rust. He looked very excited, but also incredibly confused. “Sorry, what the *fuck* were you just talking about, Rust?”

Rust shared a glance with Walter, then looked back at Spirit. “Um. Nothing.”

“No, I’m with Spirit on this one,” Wilbur spoke up. “So, you crashed your plane. Into the Pacific Ocean. And Phil from your world is *dead?!?*”

Rust frowned. “Hey, I told you about the plane crash.”

“No, you said that you were *in* a plane crash,” Spirit argued. “Which kind of implies that you weren’t the one flying the plane.”

“That was you assuming things,” Rust retorted. Walter elbowed him gently, and he took a deep breath. “Okay. Fine. Okay. The whole story...” He paused. “I can’t tell you the whole story for... reasons. I swear they’re good reasons. But all *you all* need to know is that I crashed my plane into the Pacific, and now I’m on a little island that I’m pretty sure is a ways off the west coast of South America. That’s it.”

“...I feel like I still have a few more questions, but I don’t think you’ll answer them,” Sky said.

“What’s the Pacific Ocean?” Blue asked.

“It’s an ocean,” Rust said flatly. “On Earth. The biggest ocean, actually.”

“Anyways,” Walter spoke up, leaning on Rust’s shoulder again. “How have you and Tommy been?”

“We’ve been... good,” Rust said carefully. “As good as we can be.”

“Hmm,” Walter hummed, cupping Rust’s chin in his hand. “What’s that?”

Rust flinched as Walter’s thumb brushed over his left cheek. “OW, don’t touch that-!” Walter drew his hand back and frowned. The two stared at each other for a few moments. “...I’ll explain later,” Rust finally said quietly, hoping Walter wouldn’t press.

“...okay, then, so, who’s time are we in?” Ace asked.

“Mine, I’m pretty sure,” Bard spoke up. “This looks like where I was right before I got... time travelled.”

“And... where is this, exactly?” Phas asked.

Bard hesitated. “I... don’t actually know exactly. Somewhere... relatively near the Dream SMP, I know that, because that’s where I was headed right before this. But it’s not like I have a map, or something.”

“...why don’t you have a map?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“I dunno, you’re future me, why don’t I have a map?” Bard crossed his arms and turned to Alivebur.

Alivebur pursed his lips and looked away, looking embarrassed.

Bard sighed and looked around. “Well, I would suggest you all just follow me as I keep moving, but... I don’t know where Sally is...? And I don’t want to keep moving without her.” He set Fundy on the ground, who immediately ran over to the river nearby. Bard chuckled. “Hm, yeah, she’s probably just swimming around, huh?”

“If we don’t have anything to do... then what *should* we do right now?” Ghostbur frowned.

“Oh! Oh! I have an idea!” Phantom smiled, showing his sharp teeth. “We should do an icebreaker game!”

“A... huh?” Sky frowned.

“Like, to get to know each other better!” Phantom explained. “Even after the stories we all told during dinner in my time, I still feel like I really don’t know any of you that well. So, what if we played an icebreaker game?”

“What, like two truths and a lie?” Editor tilted his head.

“Yeah,” Phantom nodded. “Although, maybe not that one, ‘cause that one might be pretty boring.”

“Ooh, wait, let’s do never have I ever,” Spirit grinned.

“Isn’t that a drinking game?” Phas pointed out.

“Everything’s a drinking game if you make it be,” Phantom waved the question away. “There are plenty of ways to do it so there’s no alcohol involved.” He paused and hummed. “Hmm...”

what if... we do it so that we put down a finger every time you *would* have to take a drink. We can come up with a consequence for the first out!”

The rest of the Burs sounded out with various responses that basically boiled down to ‘yeah, sure’.

Phantom smiled and clapped. “Great, shall we start?” He plopped himself down on the ground. Several other Burs copied him.

“Just a sec,” Challenger spoke up, narrowing his eyes at Walter. “I need to have a talk with Walter.”

Walter smiled. “Sure.”

Chapter End Notes

ok fr this time i know ive been saying this a LOT but next chapter is literally gonna be so fun LMAO. maybe not to write but hopefully itll be really fun to read ^_^ ive been plannin this one for a whileee lmaooo

bur fact #10: imp is, technically, asexual! the same can not be said for [REDACTED]! (yes, the redacted name is a bur, no you havent met him yet :))

never have i ever

Chapter Notes

hello there :3

not my best chapter in terms of flow but . enjoy nonetheless !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Challenger looked down at Walter. Yes, down. Even though they were fundamentally technically exactly physically the same on the surface, he still looked down at Walter. Walter was a tiny bit shorter than all the other Burs, and, well, Challenger could fly. ...Walter could also probably fly if he wanted to, though he wasn't right now.

The point was, he was looking down at Walter. He obviously wasn't intimidating him, though.

"Right," Challenger finally said. "What's your deal." He phrased it like a question, though it didn't sound like one.

"Whatever do you mean?" Walter asked, smiling with his hands in his pockets.

"What do you want?" Challenger rephrased it. "I know someone as powerful as you wouldn't just *be* here for no reason. You obviously don't have to be here. If you wanted to leave right now, you could."

"I'm here for my friend," Walter shrugged. "Uh, you call him Rust, right?"

"You really expect me to believe that?" Challenger raised an eyebrow.

Walter frowned. “Why wouldn’t you?”

“Because he’s just a random mortal guy,” Challenger narrowed his eyes. “And you’re practically omniscient. How do you even know him?”

“One, I’m not omniscient,” Walter crossed his arms. “Two, I know him because we grew up together. And now we live together. Duh.”

“You’re a fucking *god*, not a normal guy,” Challenger pointed out. “Why would you grow up on *Earth* with him?”

“Just ‘cause,” Walter shrugged again, putting his hands back in his pockets. “I wanted to try Earth out. Give it a whirl, see what it was about, y’know?”

Challenger raised an eyebrow.

“You don’t believe me,” Walter pointed out the obvious.

“No, of course I don’t,” Challenger rolled his eyes. “You’re obviously here for a reason, so what is it?”

“What, you think I’m here about you?” Walter tilted his head.

“No, there’s no reason for you to be here about me,” Challenger shook his head.

“Then do you think I’m here because of one of the other Burs?”

“Look, I don’t know,” Challenger threw his hands up in the air, frustrated. “You could be here because of Wilbur, or Mod, or- shit, even Sky, because of the sky gods!” He paused. “What

are they up to, anyways?”

“If I knew, I might tell you,” Walter shrugged. He smiled again. “And I guess you’re right, I am here because of one of the other Burs- Rust. My Wilbur.”

“*Your* Wilbur?”

“I said what I said.”

Challenger sighed. “Whatever. I don’t care. Just... I’m onto you, got it?”

“I’m not doing anything, calm down,” Walter snorted. “I’m literally just here because I was worried about him, alright?” He walked past Challenger, elbowing him gently as he passed. “You need to calm down, my good sir.”

Challenger watched Walter as he walked back to where the other Burs were a ways away, sitting next to Rust. One of the Burs said something, and the group erupted into laughter. Challenger sighed again and followed Walter. There was something going on with Walter, but he didn’t know what it was yet.

Alivebur chuckled as he looked around at the other Burs. “Prime...”

“Hm?” Blue glanced at him. “Sorry, what’d you say?”

“Nothing, I just realized how fuckin’ many of us there are.”

Blue looked around and giggled as well. “Wow, there really are a lot! Uh... how many Burs are there? Twenty?”

“Twenty three, right?” Deadbur grinned. “‘Cause Walter’s here now?”

“I mean, technically, Walter isn’t *Wilbur Soot*, ” Rust spoke up. He frowned and turned to Walter. “Wait, why are you here, then?”

“What, are you not happy to see me?” Walter smirked at Rust. “I’m hurt.”

“I’m technically not ‘Wilbur Soot’, either,” Wimpfred spoke up before Rust could answer. “But I’m here.”

“I think the universe just decided to grab anyone who looked like us and had a name that started with ‘W’,” Editor joked.

“Ah, shit,” Phantom suddenly said, sounding panicked.

Alivebur looked over at Phantom, who was on the other side of the little circle they had made. He was sitting criss-cross, and a small... phantom? was flying close to the ground in front of him.

“Um- I just set the spawn egg Sky gave me on the ground,” Phantom said quickly. “And now this guy’s here??”

“Yeah, that’s how you use a spawn egg,” Sky smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“Is that a *baby* phantom??” Ghostbur gasped. “So cuteee!!”

The little phantom flew up a little bit- it was obviously bad at flying, seeing as it had just been born- and landed on Phantom's head, causing the ghost to jump in surprise.

"Uh," Phantom glanced up at the phantom.

"I think it's imprinted on you," Mod spoke up. "It thinks it's your dad now."

Phantom looked even more panicked. "I- what??"

"Welcome to the club," Bard called. *His* child was currently picking flowers a little bit away from the group.

"Well, what are you gonna call it?" Deadbur snickered.

"Uh, one, I think 'it' is a he," Phantom said, still looking up at the baby phantom. "Two, I... have no clue. Any suggestions...?"

(Mod winked towards the camera. Thank all that is good and holy that he's less obvious than Spirit when asking for names.)

A few Burs offered some names, such as 'Wilbur Jr.' and 'Bitch'. So, largely unhelpful.

"I... will think about those names," Phantom said dryly. "Anyways, shall we start? I could go first...?"

None of the Burs objected, so he continued.

"Great, okay..." Phantom smiled. "Never have I ever been an only child. Just put down a finger if you don't have any siblings!"

Ace, Editor, Challenger, Mod, Phas, Wimpfred, Geo, and Walter put a finger down. Imp did as well, though he seemed to hesitate for a moment.

“That is... a more even split than I thought it would be,” Phantom admitted. “I assume that sibling is Tommy for all of you who didn’t put a finger down?”

Rust frowned. “No? Technoblade’s my brother, Tommy’s... I guess he’s *like* a brother, but he’s more just a friend. No biological relation there.”

“Yeah, Tommy’s like that for me, too,” Ace spoke up. “Not a brother, but like one.”

“Same here,” Wilbur nodded.

Phantom tilted his head. “Hmm... interesting.”

“Can I go?” Wilbur asked. Phantom nodded, so he grinned. “Never have I ever met a god.”

He got a few glares for that one, though most of them just seemed confused. Challenger, Walter, Mod, Geo, and all of the Burs from the Dream SMP put their fingers down.

“Uh, he got everyone with that,” Mod snickered. “Literally everyone here, because you’re here.”

“What?” Editor frowned. “I... definitely haven’t.”

“Wilbur technically *is* a god,” Challenger muttered. “Only technically. But it still counts.” He pased. “Also, DreamXD was literally here earlier, remember? I /killed him.”

“Okay, so he’s got a god complex now,” Spirit hummed. “Perfect, just what I needed to hear.”

“I blame Mod,” Wilbur grinned.

“You too,” Walter smiled. “Wilbur, you’ve met a god as well. Sorry.”

Wilbur’s smile vanished, and Spirit laughed at him.

The game continued on for a while, until they ran out of general things and they started targeting each other. By now, they were also kind of just saying things at random, with no order as to who went when. Surprisingly, the only one who was out by now was Walter, who had seemed to put a finger down for every other thing that was said.

“Never have I ever... died,” Alivebur smirked.

That got a reaction of *many* upset Burs, as there were a lot, and I mean a *lot* of Burs who had died. It was almost comedic how many put their fingers down. He got a lot of “FUCK YOU”s, “THAT’S NOT FAIR”s, and “OH FUCK OFF”s. And lots of laughter.

”No, wait,” Wilbur laughed. “L’manbur and Alivebur, you too! You’ve died before.”

“I meant *permanently*!” Alivebur argued. “Not just one life!”

“I obviously didn’t die permanently,” Revivedbur grinned. “Put a finger down, cheater!”

Alivebur groaned, and the others just laughed more. Dirty traitors.

“Does it count for me?” Wimpfred frowned. “I didn’t *die* I think, but I definitely should have, and the only reason I didn’t was because I time travelled into Editors living room at the last

second...?”

“Nah, you’re good,” Phantom shook his head.

All of the Dream SMP Burs, Challenger, Mod, Sky, and Phas all put a finger down. Yes, Phas has died before. No, he was not currently dead. Yes, he’s from Earth. He refused to explain.

“Hmm,” Spirit hummed. “Never have I ever...” He glanced at Rust. “Crashed a plane.”

Rust glared at him and put a finger down. “Fuck you.”

“Never have I ever gotten radiation poisoning,” Wilbur added.

Rust straight up didn’t put a finger down for that, instead just glaring at Wilbur too.

“Never have I ever been presumed dead,” Walter elbowed Rust.

Rust frowned at him. “Don’t you need to be missing for seven years for that?”

“Not if multiple people watch you crash your plane into the ocean,” Walter replied.

Rust paused. “What were my “last words”? I don’t even remember.”

Walter blinked. “Uh, I think it was just a lot of swearing.” A few other Burs found that funny, and there was a good amount of laughter following that statement.

Phantom giggled. “Hmm, never have I ever.... gotten hypothermia.” He glanced at Editor, who gave him a Look.

Editor, Wilbur, Blue, Ghostbur, and Spirit all put a finger down.

“Wait, when did you get hypothermia?” Revivedbur frowned, looking at Ghostbur.

“Uh, sometime around Tommy’s exile?” Ghostbur tapped his chin. “I’m pretty sure. I don’t... really remember.”

“Yeah, it was when you were supposed to be not sending out invitations,” Spirit muttered.

Ghostbur and Blue looked at him, then looked at each other. Both looked confused, but neither asked further.

“Ooh, never have I ever been possessed,” Alivebur grinned.

Ghostbur and Spirit both groaned and put a finger down. Phas seemed to be confused for a moment, narrowing his eyes and furrowing his eyebrows, but eventually didn’t put a finger down. Alivebur supposed his line of work made that a pretty hard question to answer.

“Hmm, never have I ever been wanted for a crime?” Sky hummed.

Editor laughed and put a finger down, Rust and Walter shared a glance before Rust put a finger down, and Phas put one down as well.

“...well? What were the crimes?” Sky raised an eyebrow.

“Murder,” Editor said immediately, causing half of the Burs to choke on air in surprise. “I didn’t do it,” Editor clarified. “But I’m like, the main suspect of it.”

“Did you get fucking framed for murder??” Spirit laughed.

“Basically,” Editor nodded, then looked at Rust. “And you, Rust? Phas?”

“Oh, uh, a whole boatload,” Rust muttered. “Trespassing, theft, something that was *basically* self-defense but of course they didn’t see it like that...”

“You’re missing a few,” Walter smirked.

“The government doesn’t know about those ones,” Rust replied. “Shhh.”

“I’d still like to know about those ones,” Wimpfred raised an eyebrow. Spirit nodded enthusiastically.

“No,” Rust denied. “Nope. Walter, don’t you dare tell them.”

“My lips are sealed,” Walter smiled.

“Hmm,” Sky narrowed his eyes. “Phas?”

“Breaking and entering,” Phas shrugged. “It’s not like I have the keys to old abandoned buildings with ghosts in them, I mean, what do you expect?” He paused. “Also vandalism.”

“Ooh, I’ve got one,” Wilbur spoke up. He seemed to have a lot of ideas. “Never have I ever led a cult.”

Mod immediately put a finger down, and Rust sighed and did the same. Walter gave him a surprised look.

“I’d like to know about this cult,” Walter raised an eyebrow with a smile. “What have you been getting up to without me?”

“It’s *technically* not a cult,” Rust muttered. “More like a religion. But I don’t think you all would let me get away with that.”

“Nope!” Spirit chirped.

“Isn’t starting a cult illegal?” Impostor pointed out.

“The government doesn’t need to know about it,” Rust repeated. “Shut your trap.”

Chapter End Notes

got a few things 2 put here 2day...

1. bur fact #11: ace is the only modern (present time) bur to still be in a romantic relationship ! (any other romantic relationships the other burs have are with burs that are not from 2022!)
2. go on give me name ideas for the baby phantom (and thanks 2 ao3 user SharkBoixPomeranian 4 the baby phantom idea skjdhfj !! read ur comment and i couldnt just Not add it lmaoo)
3. im gonna b on vacation next week so yall might not get a chapter for a good bit ! (also jic i forget 2 tell u later, im also gonna b at a summer camp from july 17th-30th and i cant bring my phone so there also probably wont b a chapter then lmao)
4. i split up the never have i ever chapter into two chapters, next chapters gonna have the more Interesting and Planned Out ones that may or may not Reveal More abt the burs :)
5. THANKS FOR 10k HITS !! :DDDDD

that is all 4 now, ty for reading and have a lovely day

it's still pride month in my heart

Chapter Notes

its 3 am im done writing this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Anyways, hmm,” Revivedbur hummed. “Never have I ever... been struck by lightning.”

Sky gasped dramatically and put his hand over his heart. “You *traitor!*” He put a finger down nonetheless.

Raft also put a finger down, and Sky looked over at him, surprised.

“What, you too?” Sky tilted his head.

Raft nodded and rolled up his right pant leg a bit, revealing what Revivedbur recognized as lightning scars.

Sky blinked and slowly rolled up his left sweater sleeve, showing the same marks on his arm, though they continued up past where he could see them. “That’s what that is??”

“You... didn’t know that?” Raft raised an eyebrow.

“Uh, no,” Sky suddenly looked incredibly confused. “Um, I’ve suddenly made a shocking revelation, what the fuck?”

“What do you mean?” Revivedbur frowned.

“Uh, that stuff is all over me,” Sky glanced between Revivedbur and Raft.

Raft stared at him. “You’re joking, right?”

Sky pulled his sweater and shirt up to show that Oh, he was not joking. Like, holy fuck, that was concerning.

“Uh, what the hell happened to you??” Wilbur’s eyes widened.

“I guess it comes with being the tallest thing on an island in the sky during a storm,” Sky laughed nervously, dropping his sweater again.

No one said anything for a few moments.

“Um, does it count if I was in a plane that got struck by lightning?” Geo finally asked.

“Were you flying the plane?” Spirit asked.

“Yeah,” Geo nodded.

“Wow, you’re just like me for real,” Rust muttered, and Walter sighed.

“I didn’t crash the plane,” Geo rolled his eyes. “Just gained some sick teleportation shit.”

“From... lightning,” Rust raised an eyebrow, skeptical. “Uh-huh. Sure.”

“I dunno, it’s really weird,” Geo shrugged. “I was flying over the Pacific- over the International Date Line, actually- and then lightning struck the plane, and boom. The next day, I find myself in New York City; definitely not where I was two seconds before.” He paused. “Anyways, that counts?”

“Yup,” Spirit nodded, since he had apparently become the final say for this game. “Put a finger down.”

“Damn,” Geo muttered, but put one down anyways.

“Ooh, I’ve got one,” Wimpfred grinned. “Never have I ever been named Wilbur Soot.”

All hell broke loose as every single Bur except Wimpfred and Walter shouted that it wasn’t fair, while Walter and Wimpfred laughed their asses off. Eventually, after a lot of arguing, they came to the conclusion that it was absolutely fair, and that Walter and Wimpfred didn’t have to put their finger down, but everyone else did, including the Ghostburs, even though they were technically called ‘Ghostbur’ rather than ‘Wilbur’.

After a whole lot of grumbling, the game finally continued.

“Never have I ever... consumed human flesh,” Wilbur smirked. “Zombie flesh doesn’t count.”

Mod put a finger down, not looking ashamed at all, and Rust narrowed his eyes, putting a finger down as well.

“I’d like to propose a new rule,” Rust announced. “No more targeting people.”

“But it got Mod, too,” Wilbur pointed out. “That’s not targeting.”

Rust scowled.

“Why have you eaten human flesh??” Walter stared at Rust.

“Long story,” Rust muttered.

“I’d also like to propose a new rule,” Spirit spoke up. “You have to explain the story of what happened if asked, unless you’re genuinely uncomfortable with answering.”

“You little shit,” Rust rolled his eyes. “Fine. Fine. We were a little low on food, and I just so happened to have a bit of... human meat from... something. That part is none of your business. And I ate it. Happy?”

“And you told me not to worry,” Walter elbowed him.

“When did I tell you that?” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Two years ago,” Walter replied.

Rust’s smile dropped, and he looked at the ground.

“...sorry,” Walter laughed quietly. “That was a bit much.”

“...so, are we ever going to get context for that?” L’manbur raised an eyebrow, looking at the two.

“We will if we keep asking questions!” Spirit declared. “Uh, never have I ever... Hm. Well, this better not make anyone else put down a finger, but never have I ever fucked a fish!”

L'manbur facepalmed, Bard blushed, Alivebur glared at Spirit, Deadbur snorted, Revivedbur looked embarrassed as well, and Resurrectedbur just sighed. They all put a finger down. The Ghostburs laughed at them.

"I'm sorry, WHAT?" Phantom shouted, startling the baby phantom on his head. The baby phantom flew off of his head and landed on his lap, seemingly asleep. Thank goodness it was cloudy, so neither the baby phantom or Phantom himself were burning.

"Bard's wife is a fish," Blue said by way of explanation.

"Never have I ever fought in a war," Ghostbur grinned, and all the Dream SMP Burs that weren't ghosts put down another finger, Alivebur flipping Ghostbur off with his other hand. Bard didn't put a finger down, though, frowning. Curiously, Rust also put a finger down.

"Wait, what?" Wilbur frowned at Rust.

Rust shrugged. "Yeah."

"...aren't you from Earth?" Editor asked. "What war are you fuckin' fighting in?"

Walter and Rust shared a glance, and Rust slowly stood up, then quietly said, "Walter, can I speak to you for a moment?" Walter frowned, stood up, and the two walked away from the other Burs.

Rust said something, and Walter crossed his arms, saying something back. Rust glanced back at the other Burs, said something, and the two stared at the other Burs. Walter then grinned and looked back at Rust. Rust dropped his face into his hands, and a moment later the two came back, Walter snickering.

"...what are you laughing about?" Ace asked.

“This guy is an *idiot*,” Walter laughed.

“Look-” Rust glared at him half-heartedly.

“You’re fine, you’re fine,” Walter waved his words away. “Let’s continue with the game.”

“Ooh, I’ve got one,” Phas grinned. “Never have I ever been married.” He glanced at Ghostbur. “You said Bard’s married, right?”

Ghostbur grinned as well, giggling and looking to the Dream SMP Burs, who all let out various sounds of disappointment or annoyance and put their fingers down. Ace opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, Walter burst out laughing.

“Oh my fucking god, there’s no way!” Walter laughed. “Wilbur, you’re a real piece of work!”

“I’m suddenly regretting my life decisions,” Rust said, putting his head in his hands. It was notable that he only had one finger left. Walter just kept laughing... presumably at Rust?

“I... what’s so funny?” Phas frowned.

Walter covered his mouth with his hand and shook his head. Rust suddenly sat up. “Wait, no!” He smiled triumphantly. “It wasn’t a legal thing! We never even had a wedding! A-ha!”

“Uh, bad news, buddy,” Revivedbur smirked. “Sally and I also never got officially married, yet that still counts.”

Rust’s smile dropped, and Walter’s laughing continued.

“But it’s not-” Rust finally cut himself off with a groan and put his last finger down.

“Wait, who are you married to??” Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

“None of your damn business,” Rust replied immediately, which Walter seemed to find funny as all hell. “Walter, shut the fuck up-”

“Wait, let me guess,” Spirit spoke up. “Uh, Quackity?”

“Nope,” Walter said through his laughing, which was slowing to a stop now.

“You know?” Spirit grinned, and Walter nodded. “Who is it??” Walter just smiled and shook his head. Spirit groaned. “Oh, come on! Always you guys with the secrets! Especially Rust, what is with you?”

“Listen, if you guess who it is, I’ll tell you if you’re right,” Walter snickered. “Ask me yes or no questions, and I’ll answer them honestly.”

Spirit rubbed his hands together, as if conspiring. “Okay, okay, like 20 questions... hmm.. Are they a boy?”

Rust immediately sat up straight again, and Walter smirked. “Yep.”

“WALTER HERBERT OGLEVEE MORRISON CRONDALE, IF YOU DON’T SHUT YOUR MOUTH-” Rust shouted, tackling Walter, though clearly didn’t really mean it, and kind of just grabbed his shoulders.

“THAT’S YOUR FULL NAME?” Spirit burst out laughing.

“Yep,” Walter smiled and nodded, ignoring the man behind him trying to get him to shut up. “Though, he forgot a name.” Rust’s face suddenly turned pink, and he just dropped his head onto Walter’s back, sighing.

“Wait,” Spirit gasped. “Is it you??”

Walter’s face broke out into a giant smile, and Rust made a loud, annoyed, vaguely tired sound behind him. “Bingo!” Walter clapped. “Step up to receive your prize!” Spirit just laughed.

“I’m gonna kill you,” Rust muttered, his voice muffled as he was kind of just talking into Walter’s back.

“You love me,” Walter poked his cheek gently.

“My life has been hard from the moment I met you,” Rust accused him, raising his head.

“You met me when we were six, Wilbur,” Walter rolled his eyes.

“And you know what happened three years later?” Rust narrowed his eyes.

“I’m sorry, are you trying to blame that on me??” Walter laughed.

“Yes, I can’t believe you’d do such a thing to the entire world,” Rust sighed dramatically while sitting up. He didn’t actually seem that upset, but he certainly wasn’t happy about this development.

“Why didn’t you wanna tell us, Rust?” Spirit snickered, poking him.

“Because it’s *illegal*,” Rust sent Walter a glare.

“...what, to get married?” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“For us two to get married,” Rust frowned. “What, it’s not illegal in your world?”

“Do you mean gay marriage?” Phas clarified.

“Why would that be illegal?” Resurrectedbur asked before Rust or Walter could answer.

“It was on Earth before.... uh...” Wilbur narrowed his eyes. “When was that...?”

“2013?” Editor hummed. “2015?”

Rust and Walter shared a glance that communicated a lot, but no one else knew what it said. Walter just smiled and shrugged.

“...is that the crime you wouldn’t mention?” Spirit raised an eyebrow, smiling.

Rust sighed. “Yes.”

“And the name he ‘forgot’ was ‘Soot’,” Walter smirked. “Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Crondale-Soot.”

“Soot-Crondale,” Rust corrected him. “We both agreed to that.”

Walter muttered something no one but Rust heard, and Rust chuckled.

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. “Okay, so you’re from Earth, and you’re fighting in a war, and you’re presumably from before gay marriage was made legal. And there’s no war going on right now that England is... involved in.” Editor, Phas, Geo, and Spirit all gave him looks that were all similar, but meant different things.

Rust didn’t say anything, and Walter gave him a Look.

“Walter, is Rust a good kisser?” Spirit asked before anyone could say anything else.

“SPIRIT!” Wilbur, Resurrectedbur, and Rust all shouted at the same time with various emotions to them, ranging from surprised but barely holding back a laugh to incredible embarrassment. Most of the other Burs just laughed.

“I wouldn’t know,” Walter shrugged. “He’s never kissed me.”

Spirit gasped as if he had said something horribly scandalous. “Rust, what the fuck!”

“Spirit, if you say another word, I’m gonna kill you,” Rust narrowed his eyes, his face incredibly pink.

Spirit didn’t say another word, instead just raising his eyebrows at Rust, glancing between him and Walter, a smirk on his face.

“Can we *please* just continue the game?” Rust sighed.

“Sure,” Walter smiled. “Never have I ever gotten COVID.”

Phas sighed and put a finger down, as well as Geo.

“Wait, really?” Wilbur asked.

“Yeah, it comes with being around people a lot when being randomly teleported around the world, even with a mask,” Geo shrugged.

“...I don’t think my experience with COVID was quite as... interesting,” Phas raised an eyebrow.

“What’s ‘covit’?” Blue asked.

“It’s a disease,” Wilbur explained. “COVID-19. There’s a whole pandemic going on.”

“Wait, what??” Editor frowned. “What year are you from, again?”

“Um, 2022, but it started in late 2019...” Wilbur trailed off. “Oh. Um-”

“You’re telling me there’s a *pandemic* going on??” Editor narrowed his eyes. “What the fuck?”

Wilbur glanced at the other Burs from Earth, but Geo and Phas seemed to not want to help explain it, Rust just seemed confused, and Walter was just smiling. “Uh, yeah. Sorry, I guess?”

Editor just stared at him, looking utterly unimpressed. Wilbur smiled nervously.

After a good while, and a lot of light arguing about what was 'fair' or what 'counted', everyone was finally out except Sky and Blue, who, being trapped on an island in the void and being one month old respectively, had turned out to not have a lot of things they could confidently put a finger down for- especially Sky. Eventually, the two had decided to call it a truce, and had also decided that the 'consequence' for the losers was just something everyone except them had to do.

What was the consequence, you may be asking...?

"I've got an idea," Rust spoke up. "Tommy from my world makes some really *shit* lemonade made out of what I'm convinced is swamp water and some random yellow fruit he found on the ground somewhere. Since this is technically a drinking game, I think it's fitting if we had to drink that. I'm sure Tommy would be more than willing to make more once we get to my time."

"Every time you all mention him, I become more and more scared to meet this 'Tommy' kid," Editor muttered.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #12: walter has met jesus h christ

hiya !! hope u didnt miss me too much during that lil break bc this is (probably) the last update youll get from me until august ! however, keep an eye out for a new sidefic during that break- not written by me, but in the series !! im super excited 4 it :]] (also i might not even have to take a break, depending on how busy i'll be . i know i'll have wifi, but it might b restricted or i might just never have time to write lmao)

also yea walter and rust are in gay love . lol.

im sooo normal about them <- lying

(also they do have a duo name! however that duo name would spoil like All of rusts whole Thing so i cant share it quite yet :[ur welcome 2 come up w ur own ship names tho /silly)

sally the salmon

Chapter Notes

yooo hi im back !! had a lot of fun :DDD

this chapter is a lil rough but hopefully soon the next chapter will b better....all i'll say is that the conflicts r rly abt 2 pick up in a time or two :)

enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So... what am I supposed to name this guy?” Phantom asked, gently poking the baby phantom sleeping on his lap.

“I’m telling you,” Alivebur smirked. “Just name him ‘Bitch’.”

Phantom glared at him. “Not helpful.”

“Have you had any pets before him?” Sky asked.

“Uh, yeah, an axolotl named ‘Folds’,” Phantom nodded. He paused. “Wait, I’ve got it- hear me out here- Drowsy. It fits ‘cause he’s a phantom! Sleep-related!”

“Ooh, that’s a good one!” Sky grinned.

Fundy waddled over to Bard, who was sitting near Phantom. He looked over at Phantom and saw Drowsy, and made a sound that was like a gasp-squeal-yawn. He waddled over to Phantom, and sat down next to him. He tugged on Drowsy’s little tail- gently, thankfully.

Phantom immediately pulled Drowsy back, gently pushing Fundy away. “Nuh-uh-uh, do *not* touch that! You, out of everyone here, should know that tails are *fragile* !”

“And he’s also two years old,” Bard raised an eyebrow with a smile.

“I still haven’t forgiven him for messing with my wings and tail,” Phantom gave Fundy a Look.

“I don’t think he’s gonna say sorry,” Alivebur smirked.

“You’re not helping,” Phantom glared at him.

Suddenly Bard gasped and stood up, most of the Burs turning to look at him. A few Burs immediately tensed and looked uneasy. Geez, these guys were on *edge*.

Bard went over to the river, and Fundy followed him. Phantom looked at what they were doing. There was a little bit of splashing by the shore, and the head of a woman poked out. She had orange hair and looked similar to Niki as far as species- was she a fish too?

She gasped. “Wilbur! Oh my god, where have you been, I’ve been looking for you everywhere-” She cut herself off to pull herself out of the water, and Bard helped her stand up. The two immediately kissed, and when they broke apart, the lady looked over to the other Burs. “Umm... Wilbur?”

“Uh, I’ve got... a lot to explain,” Bard laughed. “Burs, this is Sally, I told her about you, Sally, this is.... me. But from in the future and from other... worlds. Servers, and places that don’t have Servers.”

Sally blinked, then smiled. “You really are something, Wilbur.” Bard blushed.

Fundy tugged on the long pink-orange skirt that Sally was wearing, and Sally looked down. She gasped and picked Fundy up. “Why, hello there! What have you been getting up to,

Fundy?” Fundy giggled, his little tail wagging. “You haven’t been causing Dad any trouble, have you?”

“He’s been fine,” Bard smiled.

“That’s good, that’s good,” Sally rested Fundy on her hip.

Ghostbur jumped up and walked over to Sally. “Hello there! Nice to meet you- well, I guess I’ve already met you. Hm, no, actually, I’m just a ghost... Um... what was I saying?” He frowned, then immediately brightened up. “Right, right! I’m Ghostbur, the ghost version of Wilbur there. Yeah, sorry about that.” Sally blinked, but didn’t seem too surprised about it. Not even confused. Honestly, what was going on here?

She smiled. “Well, nice to meet you, too!” She stuck the hand that wasn’t holding Fundy out, and Ghostbur shook it.

Ghostbur grinned. “Welcome to whatever this is, the Burs we have here today are as follows in order of when they joined the group! Uh... approximately. Ghostbur, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, Alivebur, Spirit, L’manbur, Blue, Phantom, Ace, Editor, Rust, Revivedbur, Wilbur, Challenger, Mod, Sky, Bard, Impostor, Phas, Wimpfred, Geo, Raft, and just half an hour ago, Walter!” He pointed to each Bur as he said their name. An impressive feat, considering how many Wilburs there were and how similar they all looked. A few of their outfits were basically the exact same- a yellow sweater and dark gray pants. Phantom didn’t know how Ghosbtur knew who was who.

““The Burs we have here today’ makes it sound like there are more of us that just occasionally show up,” Revivedbur snorted.

“Well, I’m sure there are more Burs,” Ghostbur replied. “At this point, there’s no way this is all of us, right? Another Wilbur Soot could show up at any moment, like Walter *just* did.”

“Technically I’m not Wilbur Soot,” Walter spoke up. “But same difference.”

“You look similar enough.” Ghostbur shrugged. “And sound similar enough.” He paused. “Rust, did you marry someone who looks the exact same as you?”

“To be fair, he looked way different when he was nineteen and straightened his hair every day,” Rust smirked.

“That makes it sound like you don’t like my hair now,” Walter elbowed him gently.

“That would be like saying I hate mine, too,” Rust pointed out. “And I love the way my hair looks, thank ya very much.”

“You’re welcome,” L’manbur called.

“Your husband has lice,” Spirit stage-whispered to Walter. “He’s disgusting.”

“I’m going to kill you,” Rust threatened.

“I’m double dead,” Spirit smirked. “Also, that would be a war crime.”

“You’re not even in the same world as me, I don’t think... whatever handles that is gonna count that as anything more than murder,” Rust rolled his eyes.

“Wouldn’t the United Nations handle that?” Editor hummed.

“The huh?” Rust frowned.

Walter leaned over to him and whispered something to him, and Rust just sighed and said, “Never mind. God.”

“When’d you start being blasphemous?” Walter asked before anyone could ask what Rust meant by that. “One year you tell me to stop using the lord’s name in vain, next time I see you you’re throwing it around like it’s nothing.”

“I just stopped caring,” Rust replied, sounding grateful for the conversation change.

“Great, ‘cause the cat pissed on your Bible,” Walter smiled, messing with Rust’s curls.

“Wait, what?” Rust exclaimed.

“Sorry,” Walter shrugged.

Rust stared at him for a few moments.

“You have a cat?” Sky asked, sounding interested.

“Yeah, his name is Mr. President,” Walter smiled. “Well, that’s his nickname, but his actual name is very, very long.”

“It’s not that long,” Rust muttered.

“He has six names,” Walter raised an eyebrow.

“So do you.”

“And I would say that my name is, in fact, longer than normal.”

“It is, but it makes full-naming you even funnier,” Rust smirked.

“I think I should get to add ‘Rust’ to your name, then, William Rust Gold-Soot-Crondale,” Walter replied.

“Eugh, don’t call me ‘William’, it sounds so formal,” Rust scrunched up his nose in disgust.

“Anyways,” Sky spoke up. “D’ya think that we’ll get to see your cat?” His eyes were shining with excitement.

Walter and Rust shared a look. They seemed to do that a lot. “Umm.. no, probably not,” Rust said, obviously uncomfortable. “If we were to go to where I was... absolutely not.”

“Geo said he had a plane, right?” Wilbur grinned. “He’ll fly us off that island.”

“Fuck no,” Geo snorted. “I haven’t actually flown in months, maybe years.”

“I could fly it,” Rust said. “I just need a plane.”

“You think I have a plane on me?” Geo raised an eyebrow.

“You do have a magic bag that you can get anything from,” L’manbur eyed said bag.

“Not *anything*,” Geo frowned. “Just stuff I put in there. And I didn’t put an entire fucking plane in there. Duh.”

“Well, then, I’ll keep waiting,” Rust shrugged. “Maybe a random helicopter will take pity on us.”

“Hmm,” Walter hummed, frowning. “I’ll be right back.” He stood up, and Rust looked up at him and went to follow, but Walter stopped him. “I’ll be right back, Wilbur.”

Rust narrowed his eyes, but didn’t say anything and stayed sitting.

“See you later, Sally,” Walter gave Sally a thumbs up and began to walk away.

“Bye!” Sally waved, smiling.

“Wait, how do you know her?” Bard asked. “You live in different worlds.”

“We’re friends from work,” Walter called as he jumped over the little river and disappeared into the woods.

They all stared at where he had just been.

“...He does know someone named Sally,” Rust finally said. “I’ve never met her, though.”

Suddenly, Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur inhaled sharply.

“Are we switching times?” Ghostbur asked, tilting his head.

“Oh, what the *fuck* is that sound?” Revivedbur put his hands over his ears, glancing at Resurrectedbur.

“That’s the ringing,” Resurrectedbur said slowly. “And... never mind.”

Revivedbur gave him a mildly terrified and confused look, but lowered his hands.

“I... wait, I feel like I hear it, too,” Spirit narrowed his eyes, glancing at Resurrectedbur, also looking a little scared.

“Me too,” Deadbur blinked. “What the hell?”

“...but neither of you have been.... revived...” Resurrectedbur frowned.

“I mean, both of us are dead...” Spirit pointed out. “Maybe it’s something to do with the afterlife?”

“Does no one else hear it?” Revivedbur asked. No one said anything, so he continued. “Okay then... so... we’re switching times soon?”

“I wonder whose time?” Phas hummed.

Suddenly, Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur flinched, Bard quickly gave Sally a peck on the cheek, and the universe warped around them all, millions upon trillions of eyes looking down at all of them.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #13: fundy is, technically, a demigod

ty to ao3 user spunkyMaverick for the baby phantom name idea !! drowsy is so cute
lmaoo i should draw phantom n drowsy 2gether.... maybe i will sometime :)

but ya i have come up w SOOOO many ideas especially for murdertrio :) (guess which burs that trio is . you wont b able to guess unless youre zo but thats not guessing zo just knows) im rly excited for some upcoming reveals and shit wayyy in the future of the fic . its gonna b so fun :)

the lord looked down, said, "hey, you're only mortal"

Chapter Notes

so guess who has covid ^ _ ^

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What the fuck did you do?!

“None of your business.” Walter reached for the end of the timeline thread and pulled it.

You obviously did something, and now you’re travelling with them?? When you’re the one causing all this? You’ve got to be out of your damn mind.

“I could say the same for you.”

What? No you couldn’t. Unlike a certain someone, I have a good reason to be here.

“I also have a good reason.” Walter looked through the other severed strings of time and picked one out of the bundle.

Oh, really? I almost find that hard to believe.

“You need to shut the fuck up, how’s that?” Walter put the two strings next to each other and made a loop.

Says you.

“Says you.”

Oh, come the fuck on. What the hell are you doing??

“Like I said, none of your business.” He tied the two threads together, then tilted his head. Well, theoretically he tilted his head. And theoretically he was tying threads together. In this realm, he and DreamXD were just thoughts, voices, higher beings who happened to be messing around with the same thing, for different reasons.

I think it is all of my business, considering your messing around with my timeline.

“Yeah, and I’m messing around with other people’s timelines too, but I don’t see the sky gods showing up to whine at me.”

The sky gods will go along with anything if it doesn’t fuck up their plans that much.

“This is absolutely fucking up their plans so much.”

They probably just don’t realize it yet, then.

“What plans would you even have with any of these guys?”

I didn’t say I had plans for them that you’re messing up.

“Then why do you care?”

Wh- why do I care ?! I care because you’re fucking up my timeline!!

“L.” Walter added a few more knots later down the string.

You suck.

“Some people have told me that before, yes. Anyways, I really must get going, now, I have a dramatic entrance to make.”

Wh-

Before DreamXD could ‘say’ anything else, Walter fully tightened the knot in the threads. Both his millions of eyes and DreamXD’s millions of eyes opened all at once. Walter hoped none of the Burs saw them.

All his eyes closed again as he exited the void. He smiled and twirled the microphone in his hand, opening his eyes and looking down at the other Burs.

“What the f-” Challenger’s voice came from behind him.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Walter cut him off, his voice sounding twice as loud with the microphone. “Welcome to the 100 Player Challenge, though, for budget and copyright reasons, we’ve cut it down to the 21 Player Challenge.” He smiled. “Let the games begin!”

Chapter End Notes

wonder where they are . lol.

bur fact #14: rust doesnt have a drivers license

i have not planned out next chapter . um

twenty one player challenge

Chapter Notes

twenty one pilots more like twenty one PLAYERS AMIRITE sry
this chapter grabbed me by the throat and strangled me aka it was hard to write bc i
didnt plan out challengers time like at all. lmao. (fun fact it was going to go before bards
time but i just rly wanted to get walter in there so. yea lmao

ALSO LOOK IN THE END NOTES FOR SMTH IMPORTANT !!!!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Challenger looked around, a little appalled. He was in the location of his latest 100 Player Challenge- the Lying Game. However, there were definitely not 100 Players here. The other Burs were down on the bridge, while Challenger was up where the buttons that controlled the whole place were. In front of him stood Walter, microphone in his right hand, other hand behind his back, smirk on his face, glancing back at Challenger.

“Wh- what the *fuck* ?!” Challenger glanced down at the Burs, who looked just as confused as he probably did. “Walter, what are you *doing* ?”

Walter smiled and lowered the microphone so that the other Burs couldn’t hear the two of them. They weren’t all in VC, so they could only hear other people as if they were in proximity chat. “I’m having fun.”

Challenger narrowed his eyes. “We need to talk.”

“Again? Really?” Walter raised an eyebrow. “You’re aware I’m *way* more powerful than you could ever dream to be, right?” Challenger didn’t say anything to this, so Walter just sighed and rolled his eyes. He looked down at the Burs again, smiling. “We’ll be right back.” He snapped his fingers (he probably didn’t need to do that, dramatic ass, though Challenger couldn’t really say anything there, dramatic ass) and the Burs suddenly all disappeared.

“Wh-” Challenger started to exclaim, but Walter cut him off.

“I just teleported them to another Challenge,” He said simply. “Ah... the capitalism one, I think.”

Challenger stared at him. “The capitalism world is on fire, Walter.”

“They can figure it out,” Walter shrugged.

Challenger just sighed, to which Walter laughed at.

“So, what do we absolutely need to talk about?” Walter asked with a smile.

Challenger narrowed his eyes. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Like I said already, I’m having fun,” Walter said, still with the same smile that made Challenger *so* annoyed. “I’m putting on a show. It’s kind of my job, y’know.”

“You’re not getting paid for this,” Challenger pointed out.

“That’s what DreamXD said,” Walter laughed. “And just like he didn’t know that, neither do you!” He leaned against the wall. “Besides, that doesn’t matter. Whether I’m getting paid or not doesn’t change whether I want to be doing this. ‘Cause I do.” He played with the wire of the microphone. “Also, I’m doing all this better than you could manage it. Yes, you can manage 100 players, but the Burs aren’t the same.”

“I- what?” Challenger frowned. “The Wilburs aren’t that different. There’s less of them, that makes them *easier* to manage.”

“Yes, they are that different,” Walter winked. “Because you didn’t care about your 100 players, ignoring some... specific ones.”

Challenger felt called out, which he really didn't like. Especially since he couldn't just smite Walter whenever he wanted. He was absolutely powerless compared to Walter.

"But... the Burs..." Walter continued. "Whether you want to deny it or not, you care about them somewhat. They feel so much more *real*, don't they?"

Challenger stiffened, and Walter grinned. "They're so different, aren't they? They're real people with feelings, who didn't sign up for this, who really don't want you to kill them, and it's different."

"Why do you say that as if you're talking from experience?" Challenger glared at him.

"Maybe I am, maybe I'm not," Walter shrugged, letting the wire drop to the floor. What was that thing plugged into?? "But the point is, you wouldn't and couldn't do this without some help, so I'm your help." He grinned again. "And I've been told that I can be very entertaining at times."

"Mhm, sure," Challenger rolled his eyes. "Look, I can manage them by myself. I guess I can't stop you from tagging along, but know that I *don't* need you here."

"You sound like a character who starts out not talking to people but eventually opens up and accepts help," Walter said, twirling the microphone in his hands and inspecting it. "This is not the microphone I meant to get."

Challenger scowled.

"So is that all?" Walter looked up at him, smiling. "I'm sure the others are missing us."

Challenger blinked. "No, actually."

Walter's smile dropped. "Oh?"

Now it was Challenger's turn. "'Oh', yes, Walter." He frowned. "I just have a few questions for you. I guess you could say I'm a little... confused."

Walter gave him a suspicious look. "...okay..?"

"What's with you and Rust?" Challenger asked.

He didn't miss the way Walter's grip on the microphone tightened a tiny bit. "What do you mean?" Walter narrowed his eyes.

"I mean, aren't you wasting your time?" Challenger raised an eyebrow. "You're practically immortal, you're a being higher than any other living on Earth, and he's probably going to die in, what, fifty years? You're just ignoring the inevitable."

Walter looked a little surprised, a little relieved, a little suspicious, and a little annoyed all at the same time. "I don't see how it concerns you."

"I don't see how *my* Challenges concern you, yet here we are," Challenger raised an eyebrow.

Walter gave him a Look.

"Also, if you keep disappearing right around the time we time travel, they're gonna start noticing," Challenger pointed out. "They're gonna get suspicious. You won't be able to keep this up for long."

Walter looked at the ground, then took a deep breath. "No, y'know what, fine, Challenger. If you're so certain that you don't need my help with anything or anyone, I won't help." He smiled and looked up at Challenger. "We'll just see how long that lasts."

Challenger narrowed his eyes, but didn't say anything. Walter looked him right in the eyes, and suddenly millions upon billions of disembodied eyes were glaring and laughing at him for what felt like an eternity but was really probably only two seconds, and everything went black.

Hell.

This was absolute hell.

Everything was on fire, there was lava coming from seemingly random places, it was raining, so everyone was absolutely drenched, not a single one of the Burs knew where they were, no one knew where Challenger or Walter were, no one knew where they had just been, no one knew why they were suddenly here, everyone was so fucking confused, there were little wooden and cobblestone structures everywhere that were- you guessed it- on fire, people were on fire, it was still raining, and it was *so fucking loud*.

Wilbur had a sinking feeling in his chest that he knew where they were, because nothing he had done in his career had ended up so fucked up, chaotic, and on fire as a 100 player challenge, and considering they had just been in what looked like the lying game place and that this looked like the capitalism world, he felt like this being Challenger's time was a good guess.

He already knew what a hellscape of a world this place was, so he instead turned his attention to the other Burs. Not a single one of them looked calm- except Mod, but he never had a normal reaction to anything- and they were all looking rather panicked. The Burs who were usually overwhelmed by loud noises were, of course, not having a great time. Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur weren't really responding to anything, either, both presumably still getting over the time travel headache shit.

"What the shit is going *on*?" Phas asked, the closest to Wilbur.

“I have no clue,” Wilbur muttered, though he supposed that was a lie.

Thankfully, he didn’t have to lie for long, because Challenger suddenly showed up next to him, looking incredibly freaked out. He immediately glared at Walter, who was standing right next to Rust, who looked scared out of his wits, having not expected Walter to suddenly show up.

“You little-” Challenger muttered, then sighed and rolled his eyes. He looked around. “Oh, great, capitalism.”

“Told you,” Walter grinned, leaning on Rust’s shoulder, who still looked incredibly confused.

“Yeah, and I told *you*, it’s all on *fire*,” Challenger retorted.

Walter shrugged. “And I told you, they handled it just fine.”

“Meaning they all just stood around, confused.”

“They handled it just fine.”

The two had a staring contest for a few moments, Challenger scowling, and Walter smiling pleasantly.

“Um... do either of you know what the heck is going on?” Blue asked, glancing between the two of them.

They both looked at Blue. “Oh, yeah, this is one of my worlds,” Challenger nodded. “Capitalism.”

“Oh, fuck this shit,” Spirit stuck his tongue out. “Do you have a *communist* world?”

“Yes, actually,” Challenger smirked, pulling out his communicator. He typed something in it, and before anyone could attempt to stop him, the world suddenly changed to *another* world where it was raining buckets. The people here were even louder and all in one space.

“..Ah,” Spirit said after a moment. “This is fucking miserable.”

“Surprisingly, it turned out better than the capitalist world,” Challenger shrugged.

“Can we go back there?” Ghostbur grumbled. “At least it was raining less there.”

Challenger raised an eyebrow, but typed something into his communicator and the world changed around them again.

Rust groaned and grabbed Walter’s arm. “Ah, fuck...”

Walter looked vaguely panicked. “Wh- are you okay?”

“I feel sick,” Rust mumbled.

“Like in Ace’s time?” Wilbur asked.

Rust nodded.

Walter looked up at Wilbur, confused.

“Is it, like... whenever we change around worlds a bunch at once?” Sky suggested. “Cause we kind of were in Ace’s time, too.”

“Can we *please* go somewhere where it’s not raining?” Blue interrupted the conversation. “Or, like, under a shelter?”

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but everything is on fire,” Alivebur snorted.

“Well, find one that’s not on fucking fire,” Ghostbur gave him a Look. “This doesn’t hurt that much, but if we stay out here, it fucking *will*. ”

“Jeez, okay,” Alivebur muttered, and Wilbur wondered how the Dream SMP Burs knew about the word ‘Jeez’ if Jesus didn’t exist here and they weren’t being controlled by him.

“Hmm, be right back, I can look,” Challenger said, and flew off. It was kind of odd, because it was really just like he was walking in the air.

“...that is so weird,” Phas commented, as if he could read Wilbur’s mind.

“What, flying?” Ace raised an eyebrow. “I still don’t get how your world just doesn’t have shit like Creators.”

“I think Earth would be horrible if we had shit like Creators,” Editor said dryly, sounding tense for some reason.

“True,” Wilbur admitted. “It’d be like a dystopian world.”

Challenger came back a few moments later, landing on the ground and pulling out his communicator and typing something in it. “It’s all on fire,” He said calmly as the rain disappeared and he put away his communicator.

The three Ghostburs stopped panicking, and Phantom immediately shouted, caught on fire for a brief moment, went invisible, put his hat on, and pulled out a bucket of water.

“Well, with all that sorted out, let’s get to business, shall we?” Challenger said with a creepy-looking smile as Phantom frantically put the fire out, Rust groaned as he leaned on Walter, and Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur finally got over the time travel headache.

Right. Sorted out.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #15: Wimpfred Is A Threat To Society

IMPORTANT IMPORTANT IMPORTANT: FWIATC SIDEFIC SIDEFIC !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
go read [Party In The \[REDACTED\]](#) by my good friend zo right now !!! it features the lovely walter herbert oglevee morrison crondale and the mysterious 'god conventions' ive mentioned a few times throughout the duration of the fic so far !! GO READ IT RIGHT NOW ITS SO GOOD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

thats all <3 hopefully next chapter will b easier than last chapter. lmao

actually sorting everything out

Chapter Notes

yooo hi whats up :]]
just a chapter w some dialogue, nothin much happenin lmao
sry for chapters comin out a lil slower...i have. next to nothing planned for challengers
time. lmao. suggestions are welcome tho i cant promise i'll use them

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Okay, first off,” Walter said before Challenger could continue. “This is in no way sorted out. Honestly, I should report you to The Creators, or something. Let’s get us all in one VC so that we don’t hear literally everyone in this Server, then sort out everything else.” He squeezed Wilbur’s hand, who squeezed his hand back.

Challenger rolled his eyes, but did as he said, and finally the noise calmed down to only the sound of the Burs and the sound of the world itself, without the other players.

“Wh- wait a minute,” Challenger narrowed his eyes at his communicator. “Why the fuck- Walter, why are people who died at the *beginning* here?!”

“I dunno,” Walter raised an eyebrow. “This isn’t my Challenge, you’re the one in charge here.”

Challenger gave him an unamused look and put his communicator away. “Whatever.”

“You could have *warned* me before you changed the weather!” Phantom exclaimed.

“Wait, Phantom, where’s Drowsy?” Sky asked.

Phantom was silent for a few moments, as if trying to remember. He then slowly took his hat off and sighed in relief. "Oh, thank god, he's in my hat." He put his hat back on. "How did he get there...?"

"Can we get a move on, please?" Challenger said impatiently. "I've got people to get rid of and communists to stop."

"Why would you stop communists?" Spirit pouted.

Wilbur audibly stopped himself from laughing, causing a few of the other Burs from Earth- not including Rust- to look amused.

"What?" Spirit frowned.

"Nothing, nothing, don't worry about it," Wilbur smiled.

Spirit looked confused, but Challenger just gave the other Burs a Look, and he started walking. The others followed, chatting among themselves.

"You okay?" Walter whispered to Rust as everyone else kept walking.

"Mmm, sure," Rust hummed, standing up straighter. "My stomach hurts."

"Don't you have radiation poisoning?" Walter asked, smiling.

"Yeah, but..." Rust trailed off and started walking, and Walter followed him.

"But what?" Walter frowned.

“But it doesn’t make sense,” Rust shrugged. “I only feel sick when we move worlds a lot at once.”

Walter felt a pang of fear and worry, once again annoyed that he decided to feel human emotions constantly. “Ah... maybe because.. um... whatever the time travel actually *is* is making you feel more sick?”

“I don’t know,” Rust muttered.

Walter glanced at the other Burs in front of them, then took Rust’s hand in his own. “You can tell me if something’s wrong, Wilbur.”

Rust looked at him, a conflicted expression on his face. He glanced at the ground. He didn’t say anything else, just looked forward again and kept walking.

Walter frowned, but kept walking.

His stomach hurt, too.

spirit slowed down so he was walking next to wilbur instead of challenger, smirking. “hey. wilbur.”

wilbur jumped, surprised. “oh, hi, spirit... what’s up?”

“oh, nothing,” spirit grinned, showing him what he had in his hand. “just check out what I found in challenger’s back pocket.”

wilbur's eyes widened at the sight of the communicator. "what the fuck- you pickpocketed him?!"

"yeah," spirit shrugged. "shhh, though. i wanna play with this thing first..."

"...how does that thing work?" wilbur asked.

spirit gave him a Look. "...the fuck d'you mean?"

"well, you don't have cell towers or anything, is it like.. a radio? it's obviously not a phone..." silbur frowned.

"...i have no clue what the fuck you're talking about," spirit said dryly.

wilbur sighed, then glanced around. "editor!" he called. editor looked over at him. "c'mere, i need you to help explain something."

editor walked over, making his way through the small crowd of burs to get to them. he glanced behind himself, then back at wilbur and smiled. "what's up?"

"can you explain to spirit how these 'communicator' things don't make any sense?" wilbur nodded to the device in spirit's hand.

editor blinked, glanced at the comm, then at wilbur, then at spirit. "uh, hmmm..."

"hey, editor," impostor said, suddenly right next to editor.

editor jumped and yelped, almost punching impostor in the face. he then glared at impostor. “jesus *FUCK*, impostor, what the hell??”

impostor laughed at him, as did wilbur and spirit. you can’t blame them, it was fucking funny. you should’ve seen it!

“shut the fuck up,” editor muttered, pushing his glasses up on his face. “whatever. impostor, you’re from the future, right? how does this thing work?” he showed impostor the comm.

“ooh, i have no clue, lemme have it,” impostor’s eyes gleamed with curiosity as he looked at the device in spirit’s hand.

“no, fuck you,” spirit stuck his tongue out at impostor.

“spirit,” wilbur sighed. “be nice.”

“fuck you, too,” spirit held the communicator away from the other burs.

“just let me see it for one second,” impostor pleaded. “i’ll give it right back!”

spirit narrowed his eyes at impostor for a moment before handing over the communicator.

impostor grinned and turned it over in his hands, inspecting it. “hmm... well, absolutely nothing i recognize... kind of like an old walkie-talkie thing, but not...” he tapped on the small screen, then pressed a few buttons on the side. the screen lit up, and he looked a little surprised. he typed something, then paused. “do you think challenger will care if we have this?”

“oh, he absolutely will care,” spirit nodded. he gasped. “wait, can we do commands from that comm, or is it an ign thing...?”

impostor blinked, apparently not understanding a word of that, before he looked back down at it. “uh... okay, no clue what you just said, but... i wonder if i could get, uh.. whoever runs comms back on the ship to check this out... i doubt this is better than anything they’ve come up with already, but you never know. any discovery helps.” he pressed a few more buttons, and it turned off. he flipped it around and frowned. he rubbed the back. “no battery or anything?”

“...what’s a battery?” spirit asked.

impostor stared at him. “like, a power source. how does it stay on?”

spirit stared back. “a... power source? i think it’s just... admin magic. or whatever.” he shrugged. “how would i know? i’m not an admin. or a god.”

impostor narrowed his eyes. “magic doesn’t exist, dumbass.”

editor snickered. “you sound like a scientist in a fantasy story who denies the, y’know, *magic* going on.”

impostor stiffened and gave editor a Look, to which editor backed up from. after a few moments, impostor just wrinkled up his nose in disgust. “ew. scientists. hate those *assholes*.”

“what the fuck?” wilbur laughed. “if it weren’t for scientists, you wouldn’t be on the goddamn *spaceship* you’re in in your own world! you’re an astronaut, for fuck’s sake!”

impostor stared at him, a complicated expression on his face. he frowned. “you can say that again...” he sounded bitter. what was that about??

they stood there in silence for a few moments before they were interrupted by challenger showing up right behind impostor, grabbing the communicator out of his hands.

“what the *fuck?!’*” challenger scowled.

“he did it,” spirit said immediately, pointing at wilbur.

“wh- no i didn’t!” wilbur exclaimed.

“proof??” spirit retorted.

before wilbur could answer, challenger cut him off. “spirit.”

spirit gave a nervous smile. “challenger...?”

challenger narrowed his eyes. he then sighed, looked at the sky, shut his eyes real tight, and muttered something that sounded like, “Creators help me...” before he turned around and went back to the front of the group.

“...what the fuck was that about?” editor asked.

“no clue,” spirit frowned.

suddenly, they heard a scream from around the back of the group, followed by a very loud, “walter, PUT ME DOWN!!!”

spirit immediately looked over to see walter holding rust in a bridal carry. he immediately burst out laughing. since they were all in a vc together, he could hear them talking all the way in the back.

“you said your stomach hurt,” walter grinned. “therefore, i’m carrying you.”

“since when did you get this fucking strong??” rust muttered.

“you missed a lot,” walter smirked.

“mhm, sure,” rust rolled his eyes, but he was smiling.

walter winced and put rust down. “ok, i can’t walk while carrying you...”

rust blinked, balancing himself again, before grinning. “what a shame.” he immediately picked up walter the same exact way. and kept walking.

“when the fuck did *you* get so strong, mister?” walter laughed. rust just smirked.

“wow,” spirit snickered. “gay people are real.”

wilbur and editor gave him a look of pure confusion, while impostor just laughed.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #16: walter, despite being a radio host, is in fact an introvert!

sry if it seems like i focus on rust n walter a lot lmao. i just love em :]

actually getting to business

Chapter Notes

AYO !! sry for not posting for a bit lmao....i got a lil stuck w the chapter and then i was at my grandparents house in a different state so i didnt write there and then i suddenly got motivation to write last night and wrote this entire chapter !! enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Challenger stuck out a leg to trip the person in front of him, who fell on the ground, then immediately stood up and flipped him off.

“Why the fuck did you do that?” Ace exclaimed.

Challenger said nothing, instead taking out his communicator and typing the following things in quick succession.

/kill Oreli

/kill Blopwobbel

/kill mjopa

/kill WolfclawGaming

“What the fuck did you do *that* for??” Ace immediately asked, annoyingly.

“We don’t need recurring characters,” Challenger rolled his eyes. “They annoy me. Mostly Oreli. The guy I just tripped.”

“Why are we killing people?” Mod called from farther back in the group.

Challenger sighed and opened his Inventory. “ *We’re* not killing people, *I’m* killing people because I *can*. ” He took out twenty one stacks of nether stars and tossed them on the ground. “You guys take those, have fun, buy some shit, try not to catch on fire, Walter, come with me.”

Walter narrowed his eyes, but followed him after Rust set him back on the ground. The other Burs walked off on their own in little separate groups, some going towards the forest, some going towards the shops, and some going away from all the fire. To each their own, I guess.

“What do you want now?” Walter sighed. “This is getting annoying, you know.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Challenger rolled his eyes. “Walter, if you’re trying to keep your whole godhood thing a *secret* from the other Burs and your boyfriend-”

“Husband,” Walter cut him off.

Challenger narrowed his eyes. “ *Husband* , then you’re doing a shit job of it. They’ve all got to be suspicious now, I mean, really. You’re practically screaming it to the whole world.”

“I’m just trying to help you out,” Waler frowned. “You’re obviously incapable of handling all this.”

“I told you not to help me,” Challenger grit his teeth, but took a deep breath. “This conversation is going the same way as the other one. Walter, I’m trying to help you out, too. If you don’t want them to all know you’re some ancient deity or whatever you are, then stop being so obvious about it. That’s all.” He paused. “Also, I don’t wanna hear any comments about the way I run my worlds. My Challenges, my business. Got it?”

“Sure, yeah,” Walter smiled. “But don’t come crying to me when the other Burs help your Players to overthrow you and start a communist revolution.”

“Believe me, there’s already a revolution,” Challenger muttered, and Walter just laughed and walked away, presumably to find the other Burs again.

Challenger didn’t like how easy Walter seemed to be agreeing with him. He was a fucking god, he was messing with the timelines so badly that *this* was happening, and yet here he was, agreeing to Challengers rules. Something was up, he just... didn’t know what.

“So, that’s the plan,” Spirit grinned. “What do you think?”

“You came up with this in the two minutes we’ve been here?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

“No, I’ve had plenty of time to think in Limbo, I had this ready. I just needed to make a few minor changes,” Spirit replied.

“I think it sounds great, let’s get on it,” Sky smiled. “Um, just one question... what’s communism?”

The other Burs that were there- Spirit, Alivebur, Revivedbur, Editor, Impostor, Geo, Ghostbur, Blue, and Mod- all looked at him.

“Um... it’s complicated,” Geo winced. “It’s... I don’t know how to explain it if you also don’t know what capitalism is...?”

Sky looked at him helplessly. “Huh?”

“It’s fine, it’s fine,” Spirit shook his head. “Just go along with it. Any more questions?”

“Yeah, just one,” Revivedbur raised a hand. “How, exactly, do you plan on ‘overthrowing the capitalist leader’ if the mentioned ‘capitalist leader’ is functionally invincible, immortal, and could kill us in a millisecond?”

Spirit blinked. Didn’t say anything for a few moments. “Um....” He looked around, and the grin came back on his face. “Okay, wait, I got it. We take that part out, ‘cause annoying him is effectively doing the same thing, right? There’s barely a government here anyways, so overthrowing him wouldn’t do much.”

Revivedbur raised an eyebrow, but shrugged. “Sure.”

Spirit narrowed his eyes and smiled. “Let’s fucking go.”

“So, you’re just.... stranded?” Ace raised an eyebrow. “In the middle of the ocean. With only a shark, Tommy, and whatever shit floats your way in the water.”

“I mean, there are islands,” Raft shrugged. “But, uh... basically. I guess.”

“Hm,” Ace hummed. “Sounds miserable.” He smirked. “Eventful, though, I’m sure.”

“Oh, very,” Raft laughed. “As I’m sure is obvious.”

Ace laughed as well. “How bad do those shark bites hurt?”

“Oh, they hurt like a bitch every time I move,” Raft replied.

Ace suddenly stopped walking. “Then why are you *moving*, you idiot??” He exclaimed. “Didn’t you just get bit in the arm?!”

“Yeah, but..” Raft slowed down to let Ace catch up again. “Whatever Rust did with that bite made it hurt less. I dunno.”

“Yeah, probably ‘cause he actually knows *first aid*,” Ace muttered. “You obviously don’t.”

“It’s really not that bad,” Raft smiled, trying to be reassuring. “It’s... um...”

“...uh-huh, sure,” Ace sounded unimpressed. “Not that bad.”

Raft’s face felt warm and he looked down at the ground. “Shut up.”

Ace obliged, not saying anything. Raft looked up to see that Ace had stopped walking again, and was staring over at the direction of the bank.

“...do you see that?” Ace asked.

Raft narrowed his eyes. “Um... the, like, ten Burs running towards the bank with a... flag? Flags?”

“Banners,” Ace corrected him. “But same difference. What are they doing...?”

“Should we go see?” Raft glanced at him.

Ace glanced at him and grinned, nodding.

“I still don’t get that thing,” The impostor muttered.

“What, my phone?” Editor glanced at him as he held up his phone for Spirit to look at. On the screen was an image of the communist flag. In front of them was also the communist flag. Just not a picture of it.

“Yeah, I’m... it’s confusing,” The impostor frowned. “It’s like... It somehow seems both incredibly advanced, but also... primitive.”

“Well, you are... however many years in the future from me,” Editor replied. He paused. “...what year is it for you?”

“I don’t think you’re supposed to tell people that when you’re time travelling,” The impostor pointed out.

“You’re no fun,” Editor muttered.

“What the hell are you guys doing?”

Editor turned around to see Raft and Ace walking over. Well, Raft was kind of limping over, but same difference.

“We’re starting a communist revolution,” Ghostbur beamed. “Spirit’s idea!”

“Oh, fun,” Raft looked up at where Mod was helping Spirit put the flag up on the front of the bank.

“Aaaand, done!” Spirit jumped down from on top of Mod’s shoulders. “Looks nice, doesn’t it?”

“You weigh, like, nothing,” Mod raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, I’m short, I get it, very funny, haha, we all laughed, good one, Mod,” Spirit said, deadpan.

“Calm down, Spirit,” Alivebur snickered, messing up Spirit’s hair. Spirit turned around and bit his hand. “WHAT THE HELL?!” Alivebur shouted, taking his hand back. Spirit looked triumphant and he turned back to the flag.

“Now we set more things on fire until Challenger notices and gets hilariously annoyed,” Spirit smirked.

“You seem awfully sure of yourself that this’ll work,” Ace tilted his head.

“Because it will!” Spirit proclaimed. “It will work! He’ll be pissed off, and it’ll be funny as hell. Trust me, I’ve got experience with this.”

“No, you don’t,” Ghostbur flicked him in the back of the head.

“You have no clue what I’ve been up to in Limbo,” Spirit stuck out his tongue at Ghostbur.

“I actually have quite a good idea,” Ghostbur raised an eyebrow. “You showed us. And it wasn’t overthrowing capitalist societies.”

“Fuck you,” Spirit muttered.

“Uh, I don’t think we’ll have to set things on fire to get Challengers attention,” Sky called.
“He’s on his way over.”

The other Burs all looked to where Sky was pointing, and indeed, Challenger was on his way over, Walter and a few other Burs following him.

“What the hell is this?!” Challenger scowled as he approached.

“A revolution,” Spirit smiled politely.

“Told you so,” Walter muttered, causing a few Burs to laugh, and Challenger’s scowl to deepen.

“I fucking hate it here, first Oreli, then literally everyone else, now *literally me*, what’s next?” Challenger muttered as he took out his communicator. “We’re leaving.”

“Wait, what?” Spirit frowned, but before he could say anything else or get any kind of answer from Challenger, the world suddenly changed around them and suddenly, all the Burs were in a... maze? With a glass ceiling? Crammed into one place, with Challenger in the front, looking at the other Burs.

“Welcome to the rat laboratory,” Challenger said calmly. “You all are the rats. Have fun.”

Chapter End Notes

^ ^^^^
—

bur fact #17: bur fact #11 is no longer true. (also ace is, well, ace. he just loves to make sex jokes (source: im ace and i make sex jokes all the time and i get to decide when my characters are ace))

iatrophobia

Chapter Summary

iatrophobia (n)

iat-ro-pho-bia

: an intense fear of doctors or medical procedures

Chapter Notes

im so annoyed. why is there no word for a phobia of scientists. just doctors. like its close enough but like. ugh.

whatever enjoy the chapter. lmao.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

And then he disappeared.

“Wait, what the *fuck* did he just call us?!” Bard exclaimed.

“Rats,” Wilbur replied. “We’re in a rat maze. Y’know, like in a lab?”

“Oh, lovely,” Editor raised an eyebrow, looking around. “Seems... homey.”

“Where did he *go*? ” Blue asked.

“I mean, we’re in a maze, he probably went to the end of it, right?” Phas pointed out.

“So... should we just... go through the maze?” Deadbur frowned.

“I guess we should,” Mod said, immediately turning a corner without warning.

“Wait, shouldn’t we not split up?!” Spirit shouted after him, looking around the corner and looking back at the other Burs with a frown on his face. “Aaaand... he’s gone.”

“...okay, so... we stay together?” Rust glanced at where Mod had just left from.

“Well, yeah, or do you want this to be a cliché episode of a show where the group gets split up in a maze and everyone hates it except like one person?” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “‘Cause if so, be my guest, and follow Mod. Otherwise, shall we get going?”

“Geez, alright, no need to sound so annoyed,” Rust muttered.

Editor snorted and the Burs slowly but surely walked out of the little starting room and into the maze, all going the same way. He looked around at them all, and noticed that... Impostor wasn’t moving. Like, he was just... standing there, looking rather panicked.

Editor frowned and walked slowly over to him, ending up at the back of the Bur pack.
“Impostor?”

Impostor blinked and looked at Editor, kind of surprising him, considering just... however long it had been ago- not long at all- Impostor had been threatening him with a fucking gun. And now, here he was, looking at him with nothing but fear on his face.

“I- um, *fuck*, I-” Impostor stuttered.

Editor glanced at the exit to the room. The Burs had all gone into the maze by now. “C’mon, let’s go.”

Impostor looked at him, then at the exit. "I-"

"Shh," Editor held up a finger and started walking. "Let's go. We don't want to get lost."

Impostor hated it here.

It was... everything he hated, this place. Why did he have to be here? Why? This was the fucking worst. Not only that, but he was with the one person here who knew he was, y'know, 'the impostor' or whatever. What god had it out for him??

"...shit," Editor muttered in front of him. "Where the fuck did they go...?"

Impostor didn't say anything, instead just followed Editor.

"Well?" Editor glanced back at him as he finally decided to turn left. "Not gonna kill me?"

Impostor glared at him.

"I'll take that as a 'maybe'," Editor looked forward again. "So, what was that about?"

"...what?" Impostor asked.

"Well, you obviously don't like this place, why?" Editor turned right.

Impostor followed him. “Um... it’s... a long story.” At least that was something he didn’t have to lie about.

“We’ve got plenty of time,” Editor glanced down a hallway, but decided to keep going.

“It’s... not something I feel comfortable sharing with you,” Impostor said coldly.

Editor glanced back at him, raising an eyebrow. “Mhm, and I didn’t feel comfortable with you threatening to kill me, but we don’t all get our way, now do we?”

Impostor glared at him again. “It’s none of your fucking business.”

“I think I should at least get a hint, y’know, I deserve it,” Editor turned right again.

Impostor didn’t say anything, just followed Editor. Again.

They continued on in silence for a few minutes.

“How the fuck have we not found them yet??” Editor muttered. “I swear to god, this place is... I don’t know, fucking magic or something. We haven’t even found the exit.”

“Horrible, isn’t it,” Impostor hummed. “How big do you think the maze is?”

“Probably not that big, I don’t think Challenger has that kind of commitment,” Editor replied.

Impostor shrugged. “He seems to like his Challenges, though. Who knows what lengths he’d go through for some fun.”

Editor gave him a Look. “You’re a joy to talk to.”

“Thanks,” Impostor rolled his eyes.

They continued on.

...he really did hate this place, it was horrible, too clean, too sterile, everything was much too white and gray, he hated the glass ceilings and floors, he felt like he was being watched even if he knew he wasn’t, like someone was having so much fun just *looking* at him wander around, completely helpless, like this place was made specifically t-

He walked straight into Editor.

“What the fuck, watch where you’re goi-AAAAAAAAAAAAA!!” Editor started to say, but cut himself off with a scream, and Impostor felt the ground disappear below him.

He landed in water.

“Oh, god, fuck,” Editor grumbled up, standing up in the.... very shallow and small pool they seemed to be in right now. “What the...”

Impostor stood up as well. “...the fuck?”

Editor stepped over the wooden walls of the little pool, and Impostor followed him. None of the other Burs seemed to be in here. Impostor looked up and saw that the maze they had just come from had a long tube down to where they were now. ...lovely.

“Are they still up there?” Editor asked, following his gaze.

“I guess,” Impostor frowned. “Can you see them anywhere? The floor of the maze is glass.”

“Um, no,” Editor squinted. He frowned as well and looked back at Impostor. “Why the fuck did you walk into me??”

“I was.. distracted,” Impostor muttered. “Whatever, should we wait for them?”

“I mean, yeah,” Editor tilted his head. “Unless you wanna try to figure whatever this shit is out.” He gestured to the odd.. thing around them, with pressure plates on the floor and locked doors.

“...well, what if they’ve already gotten past this room?” Impostor hesitated.

“Do you think they would just keep going without everyone?” Editor raised an eyebrow. “At least one of them would realize we weren’t there.”

That was true. Impostor didn’t say anything.

Editor took his beanie off and wrung the water out of it, though there wasn’t a lot of water. He then took his glasses off and wiped them off with the now mostly-dry beanie. He glanced at Impostor. “Not gonna get the water out?”

“Would you like to enlighten me on how one gets water out of a spacesuit?” Impostor raised an eyebrow.

Editor muttered something Impostor couldn’t hear and put his glasses and hat back on. “You’re the astronaut, not me.”

Impostor shrugged.

They stood there in silence for a few moments.

“...why *did* you threaten me?” Editor asked quietly.

Impostor glanced at him. “...I thought it was obvious.”

Editor just stared at him.

“You were obviously already suspicious of me, and I can’t have anyone finding out, so I... y’know...” Impostor muttered.

“I wasn’t *that* sure,” Editor raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I didn’t know that, I thought you were,” Impostor retorted. “And if you told anyone, and *they* found out..” He trailed off. He supposed Editor would fill in the rest.

“...so you were making sure I couldn’t tell anyone,” Editor looked at the ground.

“I’d rather it be you than me,” Impostor said plainly. He didn’t like that thought, but.. it was true.

Editor didn’t say anything. Impostor supposed Editor didn’t like that reply.

Suddenly, there was a scream from the tube, and water splashed everywhere.

“Ah, *fuck*,” Spirit swore, scrambling to get out of the water. He looked at the two of them. “Um... hi, when did you two get here??”

“Like, two minutes ago,” Impostor replied.

Spirit glanced between the two, then looked back at the tube. He leaned over the edge of the little pool and looked up. “You’re good to jump down!” He shouted to the other Burs.

One by one, the other Burs came down. It took a while, as you can probably imagine. It took even longer than it needed to, because Mod showed up in the middle of them coming down, and a small argument started over that. After they all finally got down, they continued on.

“So, uh.. what’s going on in here?” Wimpfred frowned.

“No clue,” Impostor shrugged. “We, uh, didn’t actually look.”

“How did you guys get here before the rest of us??” Ghostbur narrowed his eyes at Editor and Impostor.

Impostor glanced at Editor, who refused to make eye contact with him. “Um... I dunno.”

The other Burs obviously realized that something was going on with the two of them, but thankfully none of them asked more about it, although Impostor noticed a few suspicious looks towards him and Editor. He felt hot.

“Let’s look around and see what we find,” L’manbur walked to the back of the room with the pressure plates.

The Burs all spread out, looking around the room. They eventually figured out that the pressure plates in the back made the doors open to the two other pressure plates in the front of the room. When one person stood on each of those two pressure plates, the blocks in the front of the room would lower, letting people get through to the water to swim up. Relatively complicated, but thankfully they were all generally more competent than a rat.

“Alright, who’s standing on the pressure plates to let the rest of us through?” Spirit asked.
“Not it!”

“We’re not doing ‘not it’,” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes. “I’m sure someone’s fine with staying back, right? We’re probably just gonna find Challenger there, and maybe a bunch of other Players from the Challenge.”

After a bit of bickering, they eventually landed on Alivebur and L’manbur staying back, certainly a recipe for nothing but greatness, I’m sure.

“Can someone else other than *him* stay back??” Alivebur complained.

“No, bye,” Spirit smirked.

“The Ghostburs fucking *melt* in water, why couldn’t they stay back?” Alivebur grumbled.

“Shut the fuck up and get on the pressure plate,” Deadbur flipped him off.

“You’re an asshole!” Alivebur informed him.

“Staying in the same room as L’manbur while not being close enough to fight each other could be good for you,” Ghostbur smiled innocently.

“Kill yourself,” Alivebur said immediately.

“I’m already dead, idiot,” Ghostbur replied.

“You guys are no fun,” Alivebur groaned.

“Deal with it, bitch,” Revivedbur called.

“You’re so *mean* to me!!” Alivebur retorted.

“Don’t care,” Bard shrugged.

“I love you, too, Alivebur,” L’manbur smirked.

Alivebur groaned very loudly. Impostor wondered if he was upset, he really couldn’t tell.

Impostor walked towards the front of the room, where the water was. He walked up to Editor, muttered two words- “I’m sorry.” -and kept heading to the water.

He didn’t know if he was being genuine.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #18: rust, editor, phas, impostor, and [REDACTED] are all from the same earth slightly to the left of our own! no, none of them except imp and [REDACTED] have met! yes, there is a very good reason for that!

lol <3 wonder whats up w imp <3

self-hatred, or at least something similar

Chapter Notes

bit of a shorter chapter today folks hehe . not my best writing either but still fun methinks

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur sighed and sat on the floor after they changed VCs.

“Glad to see you love my company,” L’manbur called.

Alivebur glared at him, though he couldn’t even see him. “Shut your face.” He looked at the ceiling. “Why did they even have us stay here? We could’ve put something on the pressure plates instead.”

“I think they wanted us to talk to each other,” L’manbur replied.

“That’s dumb,” Alivebur muttered.

“You could at least act like you want to talk to me,” L’manbur chuckled.

“It wouldn’t be a very convincing act,” Alivebur rolled his eyes.

“Well, we can at least talk like the others obviously want us to,” L’manbur pointed out.

“I think it’s mostly Resurrectedbur who wants us to talk,” Alivebur muttered.

“I dunno, most of the Burs from the SMP seemed inclined to leave us here,” L’manbur laughed.

“Oh, fuck them, who cares?” Alivebur groaned. “They fucking left us behind! I don’t even hear you complaining that much, you all have it out for me!”

“I think you’re just paranoid,” L’manbur snickered.

“Fuck off,” Alivebur glared, though, once again, it was a useless gesture.

“Nice comeback, I don’t know how I’ll recover from that one,” L’manbur said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Alivebur sighed. “Shut up, Mr. President.”

L’manbur snickered again, but didn’t say anything else.

They sat in silence for a few more minutes. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but it wasn’t exactly comfortable, either. It was just... empty. A little boring.

“Hey, Alivebur, can I... ask you a question?” L’manbur finally broke the silence.

“You just did,” Alivebur replied immediately.

“Well, never mind then,” L’manbur muttered.

Alivebur frowned. “I was joking, yes you can ask me a question.”

L'manbur hesitated for a few moments, and Alivebur almost opened his mouth to keep talking, but he finally said something.

“Alivebur... why do you hate me?”

Alivebur's heart skipped a beat. “Wh- what?”

“I said what I said, why do you hate me?” L'manbur repeated.

Alivebur blinked and looked over towards L'manbur, though he knew he couldn't see him. “I- I don't hate you, what?”

“It really feels like it sometimes,” L'manbur mumbled.

“I... but.. I don't,” Alivebur said again. “You're... I mean... It's... It's-”

“Complicated?” L'manbur asked.

“Yeah, yeah!” Alivebur nodded. “It's, uh, complicated!”

“Thought you would say that,” L'manbur chuckled. “But... I think you're avoiding the question.”

Alivebur looked at the floor and didn't say anything.

“Please answer,” L'manbur said softly.

Alivebur took a deep breath. “I... I wasn’t lying when I said it was complicated. I don’t really... I don’t think I know how to explain it.”

“Just try.”

Alivebur glanced around, then pursed his lips. “I... hmm.. I think it’s...” He sighed. “Fucking- I don’t know, I’m not a therapist!”

“You need a therapist to figure out why you hate someone?” L’manbur sounded doubtful.

“I don’t hate you, I just- ugh,” Alivebur shut his eyes tight. “Look, I don’t know.”

L’manbur didn’t say anything for a few moments. Finally, he broke the silence. “...Alivebur, um... what happened to L’manburg?”

Alivebur froze and opened his eyes. “Wh- what?”

“What happened to L’manburg in your time?” L’manbur repeated.

“Um...” Alivebur looked at the ground again. “I... a lot. A lot happened.” He bit his lip. “I probably shouldn’t tell you the details, should I?”

“Resurrectedbur would tell you not to,” L’manbur hummed. “But I don’t particularly care if you spoil the future for me.”

Alivebur snorted. “Well, then, if you’re asking... Tommy and I got thrown out of L’manburg. And now we can’t go back.”

“I- what the *fuck* ?!” L’manbur shouted.

“You haven’t picked up on it yet?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. “I’m surprised.”

“How was I supposed to pick up on *that* ??” L’manbur exclaimed.

“I thought it was obvious,” Alivebur frowned. “None of us have done a very good job at keeping secrets... secrets.”

“Well, yeah, but it’s not like you’ve outright said this before,” L’manbur muttered. “...have you?”

Alivebur hesitated. “Um, I’m not sure. What does this have to do with me ‘hating you’ or whatever?”

L’manbur hummed. “well, ...correct me if I’m wrong here, because I probably am... but.. I feel like you see me as... a reminder *of* L’manburg, and the fact that.. you’re not.. there anymore. So, you don’t like me for that.”

Alivebur didn’t say anything.

“And... maybe you think... past you failed in stopping whatever or whoever threw you out of L’manburg,” L’manbur continued. “And you’re upset with yourself for that, so... you’re upset at me for that.”

Alivebur didn’t like how hard this was hitting. What the fuck was going on?

“So... was I right?” L’manbur laughed quietly. “Or was I *really* wrong?”

Alivebur hesitated. He... honestly didn't know. "Well, I... felt called out, so, if that's the answer you want, then...?"

L'manbur was quiet for a moment. "So... you do hate me?"

"I.. still don't think that's right," Alivebur muttered. He felt like he knew what *was* right, but he... didn't really want to say it out loud. Or maybe he just didn't want to tell L'manbur. "I don't hate *you*, I just..." He balled his hands into fists. "Y'know what, maybe I do, except not. Maybe I hate myself from a month ago, because he was *dumb*, but... not you." He closed his eyes. "'Cause you're... different."

"...you kind of just admitted you hate me," L'manbur chuckled.

"No, I don't hate *you*," Alivebur said firmly, opening his eyes. "You're... a different person than I was a month or so ago." He took a deep breath. "Me from a month ago was... an idiot. He didn't understand the weight of it all, and he was..." He trailed off. "I... was..."

"Alivebur..." L'manbur murmured.

Alivebur didn't say anything.

"You're not an idiot," L'manbur said softly. "And you never were. You were just... couldn't see into the future." He laughed quietly again. "And I guess I can't either."

"...well, you have a warning I never got," Alivebur muttered. "Don't make the same mistake I did."

"...I'll try," L'manbur replied.

They sat in silence. Not comfortable nor uncomfortable.

Just waiting.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #19: grian and phas are canonically cousins in the fwiadc multiverse. there is a reason

can u tell i fucking love cwilbur so much like god hes so sad. im also no theorist or analyzer but man :(((hes just so :((((/pos yk i just. im thinkin abt them (alive n lman).

anyways im also going the fuck to sleep it is two thirty am

the rat cage

Chapter Notes

HIHI HI HI HI SORRY FOR NOT POSTING FOR A WHILE..... school started last week and god math is kicking my ass but its ok !! i got a lil stuck w this chapter but its ok bc its given me plenty of time to think abt fwiadc !!!! specifically abt murdertrio god i love them. anyways...

enjoy !!!!!!!!!!!!! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“...what do you think they’re talking about?” Blue asked as the group walked through the little tunnel that was a little bit too short for most of the Burs.

“They’re probably just arguing,” Resurrectedbur said, wincing as he hit his head against the top of the tunnel, bending down a bit more.

“At least they have a chance to talk to each other now,” Deadbur muttered. “They were starting to annoy me.”

“Alivebur is literally you but not dead, you two aren’t that different,” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“Please don’t start arguing now, I don’t think my head can take it after that fucking headache,” Resurrectedbur rolled his eyes, jumping out of the tunnel into the next room.

“‘Headache’ as in L’manbur and Alivebur, or-” Blue started to ask.

“The time travel,” Resurrectedbur cut him off. “God, I can still hear the fucking ringing.”

Blue and Spirit shared a glance, then followed Resurrectedbur and jumped down into the next room.

The room in question was a large, but simple room, with glass walls and a glass ceiling like the other rooms. The floor was all sand, except for the little river separating the two parts of the room, and a little section in the back of the room with a little patio-like thing, which had a floor of gravel. There was a wooden bridge across the little river, a stack of hay against one of the walls, and a cage next to a sign that said ‘cheese in there’ and an arrow pointing to the cage. On the other side of the bridge was a little red concrete square in the ground and a pressure plate a little bit away from it. Under the patio were a few note blocks and a barrel of water. It was very obvious that it was for rats.

Speaking of rats, the room was filled with people. Blue assumed these were the ‘rats’.

“Oh, look, there they are, Techno!”

Blue looked up to see Challenger standing on top of the glass ceiling looking down on them. Next to him sat Technoblade, although... he was different from the Technoblade Blue knew. He supposed it was because this Technoblade was from a different Server.

“Challenger??” Wimpfred narrowed his eyes.

Challenger kicked a bit of glass, then dropped into the room through the hole he made. He smiled. “Welcome, welcome.” He glanced behind the Burs in the front of the pack and frowned. “Aw, Alivebur and L’manbur couldn’t make it?”

“They stayed back to keep the door open,” Spirit explained.

“...you guys know you could’ve just left something on those pressure plates, instead of someone, right?” Challenger raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, I just didn’t want to deal with their arguing, my head hurts,” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “And they need some alone together time anyways.”

“Hmm, I hear you,” Challenger muttered.

Technoblade suddenly dropped into the room right next to Challenger. He glanced between Challenger and the other Burs. “Uhh, you didn’t tell me about the clones of yourself.”

“Because I didn’t know about them when I invited you to come help me,” Challenger sighed. “That’s where I’ve been since the social experiments. Time travelling.”

“Wh- time travellin’??” Techno gave him an odd look. “Wilbur, what in the world?”

“I don’t know, ask someone else, although no one has an answer,” Challenger shrugged. “But, uh, these guys are here now.” He glanced at the Burs. “I was thinking of just leaving them in here with the rats to help with the experiment, y’know?”

Technoblade looked over the group. “Yeah, sure.”

“Wait, what the fuck??” Geo exclaimed.

“Oh, actually,” Challenger hummed. “Bard, if you want me to omit Fundy from the experiment, I can. He *is* only two.”

Bard blinked. “O-oh, um...” He looked uncomfortable. “What... is the experiment?”

Challenger and Technoblade shared a glance, and Techno quickly flew up out of the room (Oh, great, he was a Creator, too?) and into a box outside the rat room. He pressed a button on top of a command block, and a person running across the bridge suddenly dropped dead, then disappeared.

All the Burs stared at where that person had been for a few moments, all of them with varying levels of horror.

“Um, yes, please, take him,” Bard said quickly, offering Fundy to Challenger, who took him, probably a little less gentle than Bard would’ve liked, but Fundy was fine. Although, he did seem a little upset his dad wasn’t holding him anymore.

“Dada?” Fundy asked, frowning at Bard, though it was a little hard to tell that he was frowning considering he was half-fox.

Bard gave him a kiss on the forehead. “I’ll see you in a bit, okay, my little champion?”

“Alright, you guys have fun,” Challenger smirked. “I’ll be right back, Techno for the love of god please don’t spawn a fucking ravager or I’m firing you.”

Techno crossed his arms. “No fair.”

“If you kill all the rats, we won’t have an experiment,” Challenger flew up outside of the room and replaced the glass he broke. Fundy looked confused.

“You literally gave them a button to kill each other,” Techno pointed out. “I don’t see how a ravager is worse than that.”

Challenger landed on the top of the box outside the rat cage, broke a bit of the roof, and set Fundy inside gently. “What is with your *obsession* with those things?!”

“One, they’re *huge*,” Techno grinned. “Two, don’t you think they’re amazin’?”

“No,” Challenger said bluntly, staring at him from outside the cage.

“Um, what are we supposed to be doing?” Blue quietly asked Spirit.

Spirit shrugged. “I don’t think we’re supposed to be ‘doing’ anything, but...” He glanced around, then grinned. “Wanna go look around?”

Blue blinked. “Uh, sure!” He smiled. “Should we get Ghostbur to come with us?”

Spirit glanced back at the group of Burs. “Well, he’s way at the back with Phantom... wanna grab him really quickly?”

“Yeah, gimme a sec,” Blue nodded. He started to weave his way through the Burs, who were starting to disperse anyway. Soon enough, he made his way to the back to where Ghostbur was giggling, grinning at the floating hat that was Phantom.

“Uh, hi?” Blue spoke up, and Ghostbur turned his head to look at him.

“Oh, hi, Blue!” Ghostbur beamed. “Guess what Phantom figured out.”

Blue tilted his head and smiled at Phantom. “Oh? What?”

Phantom snickered, then went through the glass wall.

Blue frowned. “Uh, what’s new about that? You can go through walls, that’s nothing new...”

“Yeah, but do you think Challenger thought about that?” Phantom laughed quietly.

Blue gasped. “Ohhhhh!” He giggled. “Hee hee, he didn’t plan for someone who’s able to go through *walls* !!”

“Exactly!!” Ghostbur smiled mischievously. “So, what was it you wanted to tell us?”

“Oh!” Blue blinked. “Um, Spirit and I were just gonna go wander around and we were wondering if you guys wanted to join us?”

“Absolutely!” Ghostbur cheered. “We’ll join you!”

“Actually, you guys can go,” Phantom walked back through the wall. “I think I’m just gonna stay under the roof over there so I don’t have to stay invisible and hungry the entire time.”

“Oh,” Ghostbur frowned. “Oh, okay.” His smile immediately came back. “Alright, seeya!!!”

“Bye,” Phantom and his hat wandered over to the patio thingy with the water barrel and note blocks.

“....don’t you think that we should be able to see Drowsy under his hat when he’s invisible?” Ghostbur whispered to Blue.

Blue stared after Phantom. “Um.”

Geo narrowed his eyes at the note blocks. He knew how they worked in *Minecraft*, but not how they *actually* worked. Do you just... hit it? Is there a specific way you’re supposed to use it? He didn’t know, he had no clue, but he also didn’t want to just... hit it to find out. If it didn’t work, he’d look like a bit of an idiot. He supposed he could find a Bur who *was* from *Minecraft*....

“Hey, Geo,” Resurrectedbur said from right behind Geo, scaring him.

“OH my god, jesus christ,” Geo gasped. “Fuck, you scared me... uh, hi.”

Resurrectedbur laughed. “Sorry, sorry... what are you doing?”

“Oh, um... I was just trying to figure out how these things work,” Geo gestured to the note blocks next to the two of them.

Resurrectedbur frowned. “What? You just... hit them. It’s pretty simple.”

Geo blinked. “Oh.”

Resurrectedbur narrowed his eyes. “What, are there no note blocks on Earth?”

“No,” Geo hummed, looking at the note blocks and tapping one experimentally. A note played. “But there are plenty of other instruments that I *thought* didn’t exist here, but Bard has a guitar, so...”

Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “You thought... instruments didn’t exist... where? In Challenger’s worlds?”

“No, no, in... um... Minecraft,” Geo said awkwardly. He wasn’t really sure if Resurrectedbur- or any of the Minecraft Burs- would know that ‘Minecraft’ was actually a game.

Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow. “Um... okay.”

Apparently not.

Resurrectedbur walked over to the note blocks. “Hmm, y’know, I’m pretty good with these things,” He hummed. “I’m sure Ghostbur’s even better than I am, I know he had a whole little stand with note blocks...” He stood in front of the note blocks and tapped all three of them a few times, each tap making the note go higher.

Resurrectedbur tapped each note block a few more times each until he smiled and hit them harder, this time actually playing a tune as the notes stayed the same. Geo recognized it as ‘Mary Had A Little Lamb’.

Geo smiled and clapped. “Nice!”

Resurrectedbur turned to face him and bowed dramatically.

Suddenly, Phantom appeared right next to Geo, scaring the shit out of him.

“JESUS christ, what *is* it with you people and *scaring* me today?!” Geo gave Phantom a glare.

Phantom shrugged sheepishly. “Sorryyy.... but do you have any food?”

“Um, let me look,” Geo opened his bag and reached in. He felt around, but didn’t feel any food besides a few crumbs at the bottom of the bag. He frowned and looked in. Pitch dark as always, so where was his shit? He set it on the floor and sat down, putting his arm all the way in to really reach in there. After a few minutes of feeling around and pulling out random things- including but not limited to, the U.S. Constitution, a hissing cat that immediately ran off never to be seen again, and a model of the Titanic- he finally pulled out a turkey and cheese sandwich.

“A-ha!” He smiled and looked up to offer it to Phantom.

Phantom and Resurrectedbur were both staring at him.

Geo frowned. "What?"

"You do know how weird that looks, right?" Phantom asked.

"How... what looks?" Geo asked.

"The fucking- bag thing," Phantom pointed to his bag.

"*Her* name is Betty, and you *will* respect her," Geo narrowed his eyes. "Now, do you want the sandwich, or not?"

Phantom and Resurrectedbur shared a glance. Phantom took the sandwich and took a bite. He smiled. "This is pretty good!"

"Thanks, I made it myself," Geo grinned, standing up and shouldering the bag again.

As Phantom finished the sandwich, he took out his hat again and put it on. Geo noticed that Drowsy was still in the hat, asleep and looking very cozy.

"OH, I just remembered!" Phantom beamed. "Wanna see something cool?"

"Absolutely," Geo and Resurrectedbur said at the same time.

Phantom went invisible, and the two watched as his hat went through the glass wall of the rat cage. "I can go *outside* of the rat cage!!" His voice called.

“Oh, shit!” Resurrectedbur’s brows flew up. Phantom walked back into the cage and went invisible.

“Ooh, damn,” Geo hummed. He thought for a moment, then grinned. “Okay, hold on, give me a moment, I’m gonna try something...”

“Don’t do anything stupid,” Resurrectedbur said.

“Oh, this is stupid, alright,” Geo muttered, hoping Resurrectedbur didn’t hear him.

He shut his eyes real tight, did the thing in his mind that he didn’t quite know how to describe, and opened them. He was about ten feet away from where he was before. He scowled.

Resurrectedbur and Phantom were staring at him again, as well as a couple other random people near them.

“What the *fuck?!?*” Resurrectedbur exclaimed.

“Give me a minute,” Geo said, closing his eyes, thinking the thing, and opening them. This time, he was on top of the hay pile, scaring the shit out of Wimpfred, who was standing next to the hay pile.

Close. Think. Open. Nope. Close, think, open. Nope. Close, think, open. Nope.

He grumbled and just walked back to where Resurrectedbur and Phantom were by the note blocks.

“What the *hell* was that??” Resurrectedbur asked.

“I was *trying* to teleport out of the rat cage,” Geo sighed. “But I guess that’s not gonna work.”

“Do you not... control where you go?” Phantom frowned.

“Ehh, not really,” Geo shrugged. “I mean, I can kind of think, like, ‘I want to go out there’ and hopefully, that’ll help, but...”

“Oh...” Phantom tilted his head. “Do you need to be more specific?”

“Oh, I’ve tried,” Geo shook his head. “Honestly, the more vague I am, the closer I seem to get, but I think it’s just pure random luck. Like, if I try right now, thinking ‘out somewhere’, then I bet it’s gonna-” He closed his eyes, thought the thing, and opened his eyes.

Oh.

He was... not in the rat cage.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #20: challenger and bard can bond over caring for beings smaller than them and being incredibly stressed abt it, leading to an unlikely friendship <3 aka local god and single father agree that children are stressful

oh next chapters gonna be fun :)

ESCAPE !!!!!!! ...is not recommended by 4/5 dentists.

Chapter Notes

yes thats the chapter title

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Resurrectedbur stared at where Geo had been standing two seconds ago.

“...where’d he go?” Phantom frowned.

“Probably just somewhere else in the rat cage, I doubt he made it out,” Resurrectedbur chuckled.

“Yeah,” Phantom laughed. He looked around. “Um... but, I don’t see him, do you?”

Resurrectedbur frowned and looked around as well. He didn’t see Geo anywhere in the room. He did a quick head count of the other Burs, and not counting Alivebur and L’manbur, there was just one less than normal. ...where was Geo?

“Maybe he’s in the room with Alivebur and L’manbur?” Resurrectedbur shrugged. “Or in the maze.”

“Hmm,” Phantom hummed. “Yeah, probably. We could ask Challenger?”

Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “I mean, there are only so many places he could be, so I don’t think it matters that much...”

Phantom shifted on his feet uneasily. “I don’t know... I feel like we should ask, anyways. Better to know where we all are than not, right?”

Resurrectedbur glanced at Challenger, who was currently arguing with Techno on the other side of the bridge. Probably about ravagers. “Sure, let’s go ask.”

The two walked over to the bridge.

“Challenger!” Resurrectedbur shouted.

Challenger looked down to him. “Hm? What do you need?”

“We can’t find Geo,” Phantom replied. “He was teleporting around with his weird teleportation shit, and he just disappeared. He’s not anywhere in the room.”

Challenger frowned. “Hmm. I’ll take a look, Techno, give me a second.”

Techno, Resurrectedbur, and Phantom all watched Challenger quickly float up and break the glass, replacing it immediately. He flew off towards the maze.

Technoblade glanced around for a few moments, before taking out a little gray egg with brown spots. He quickly placed two down on the bridge, and two four-legged beasts appeared where he had placed the eggs. And oh my god, they were terrifying.

Everyone on the bridge immediately scattered, staying as far away from the ravagers as possible, though the ravagers gave chase.

Resurrectedbur grabbed Phantom’s arm and pulled him to the side so the ravagers wouldn’t try to go for them.

“What the fuck is *that?!* ” One of the other Burs shouted near the two of them.

Resurrectedbur looked over at the Bur, who turned out to be Rust, who had pulled his rifle out, like he seemed to do a concerning amount.

“Put that away, Wilbur, no weapons in the house,” Walter calmly lowered the tip of the gun with his finger.

“...one, we’re not in any house,” Rust raised an eyebrow. “And two, that is a fucking *creature* , I feel like I have a reason.”

“Nuh-uh-uh,” Walter shook his head. “Away.”

Rust grumbled, but slung the rifle strap back over his shoulder.

Challenger suddenly appeared right next to Techno, who jumped and hid the egg behind his back.

“I didn’t see Geo anywh-” Challenger started to say, but cut himself off when he noticed the ravagers. He slowly turned to Techno. “Technoblade.”

Techno grinned. “Wilbur!”

“Technoblade,” Challenger narrowed his eyes. “I said *no ravagers !*”

“I didn’t do that,” Techno denied. “I would never. Nope. Never.”

Challenger opened his Inventory and pulled out a diamond sword, then handed it to Techno. Techno sighed and went to go kill the ravagers, who were both chasing other Players.

Challenger turned to Resurrectedbur. “Anyways. I didn’t see Geo anywhere. I can try /tp-ing all of us to me, and then he’ll maybe show up.”

Resurrectedbur hummed. “We could try that. Just warn everyone bef-”

Challenger didn’t say a word before he took out his communicator and typed something in, *not* giving literally anyone a warning.

Geo opened his eyes to... what?

He looked around and tried to take in his surroundings, but before he could, he immediately realized that he *couldn’t breathe*. He tried, he really did, but no matter how much he tried, no air entered his lungs at all.

It was then that he fully realized that he was not on Earth, not in a Minecraft server, not anywhere he’d ever been before or anywhere he’d ever imagined visiting.

No, instead, he was looking at a fucking star, like an actual star, big and orange and glowing, being sucked into what he assumed was a black hole. Well, it wasn’t like he could see it, since it was, y’know, a black hole, but one could only assume.

Well, that explained the no oxygen thing. Speaking of which, his vision started to blur and got darker around the edges, which was very odd considering he was, y’know, in space. He really wished he could breathe right now.

How did he even *get* here?

...and how was he supposed to get *out*?

Phantom felt himself get teleported over to Challenger, and was immediately knocked to the ground. Thankfully, he was invisible, and could go through solid objects, so he just went into the ground, while the other Burs had to deal with being suffocated by the other Burs.

Phantom watched as after a few moments of confusion and arguing, the other Burs finally figured out what was going on, Resurrectedbur explained the situation to them, and they looked around.

Still no Geo.

At least, for a few moments, that was.

Soon enough, Geo appeared right next to Phantom, scaring the shit out of him. Geo was doing the weird 'glitch' thing, but, like, way more than normal. After a few moments of absolutely everyone being confused and increasingly concerned, Geo managed to get it under control and take a *very* deep breath.

"Where the fuck did you disappear to??" Resurrectedbur asked.

"I- I don't even know," Geo replied, a grin on his face. "Definitely out of the rat cage, I can tell you that much."

"...okay, was it Earth?" Wilbur frowned.

"Oh, no, it was in space," Geo hummed.

The Earth Burs all shouted in various degrees of surprise, though Impostor seemed unimpressed.

“Like, just, in space?? No fucking *air*? ” Phas exclaimed.

“Yeah, I could *not* breathe,” Geo’s grin stayed on his face, even as he was saying this. “What was really weird was where I was specifically, though... it was like... a star, right? A star that was getting *eaten by a black hole* .”

All the Burs stared at him. Impostor looked significantly more interested now, almost a little nervous.

“I thought black holes weren’t proven to exist,” Rust frowned. “Like, they were just... theories?”

All the Earth Burs turned to him, looking confused.

“What the fuck, yes they do exist,” Editor narrowed his eyes.

“As someone who lives rather far in the future from you and works on an interstellar cargo ship,” Impostor spoke up, starting strong there. “Black holes *definitely* exist. And they are a problem.”

“Anyways, that was really w--rd,” Geo said, glitching a bit in the middle of the word ‘weird’.
“Fucking cool as hell though... I *gotta* try that again...”

“Oh, no you don’t,” Resurrectedbur grabbed his arm. “What happens if you happen to teleport, uh...” He frowned. “I dunno, what’s a dangerous part of space?”

“All of it,” Impostor immediately answered.

“Unhelpful,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “Whatever. Just... don’t, alright?”

“Fine, fine,” Geo sighed. “That hurt a lot, anyways.”

Impostor blinked. “Wait, don’t hum- um, don’t stars and black holes give off a fuckton of radiation?”

Geo frowned. “Um... I feel fine, I feel like if I had radiation poisoning, I’d be able to notice.”

“Ehhh,” Rust rocked his hand back and forth in a so-so gesture. “Kind of.”

“Well, you would be able to notice,” Impostor crossed his arms. “Because you’d be *dead* .”

Geo stared at him. “Am I immortal, or something?”

“Welcome to the club,” Challenger smirked. “Let’s test.” He pulled out a sword.

“What the fuck?!”

“Put that *away* !”

“Stab him!!!!!!”

“Challenger.”

“Geez, fine, I was joking,” Challenger muttered. “Can’t take a joke...”

“Pretty fucked up joke,” Wimpfred pointed out.

“Says the man who blew himself up,” Challenger retorted.

Wimpfred glared at him.

“Okay, let’s not right now,” Rust interrupted them before an argument could start. “Geo’s back, he’s not dead, presumably he doesn’t have radiation poisoning, the ravagers are gone, we’re all good, yes?”

Challenger frowned and crossed his arms, glancing at Techno, who immediately put whatever he was holding behind his back. Challenger sighed. “Yeah. Whatever.”

“Great, so let’s calm down, and go back to what we were doing,” Rust smiled.

“...wait,” Ace frowned. “Challenger... If you teleported WilburSoot to WilburSoot... shouldn’t Alivebur and L’manbur be here, too?”

“Hm,” Challenger blinked. “That is... strange.”

“Well,” Phantom frowned as well. “Where are they-?”

Before he could even finish his question, or anyone could answer, the world changed around them once again, the rat laboratory morphing into a landscape of nothing but dirt as far as the eye could see.

“...was that an answer?” Phantom asked after a few moments.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #21: baby fundy likes [REDACTED] but doesnt like imp. [REDACTED] has bragging rights <3

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/X-ray_binary (yes, this black hole will be important later, definitely not how you think though. lol.)

wilbur soot's.... completely normal pest control business

Chapter Notes

I LIVE !!! I FUCKING LIVE !!!!!!!!!!!

THATS RIGHT IM NOT DEAD

SRV FOR NOT UPDATING FOR LIKE. A MONTH AND A HALF I GOT SUCH BAD WRITERS BLOCK ON THIS ONE SO THANK YOU SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SOOOOO VERY MUCH TO MY FRIEND ZO (I_Likes_This on ao3) FOR WRITING THIS CHAPTER..... ITS SO GOOD AND JUST WHAT I WANTED TO HAPPEN IN THIS CHAPTER PLUS SOME <3333 THANK U SO MUCH ZO and all of u reading this better thank them too.

but yeah !! i PINKY PROMISE more chapters soon, maybe even like in-a-few-days soon because we're really getting in it now. i know ive said this over and over and over again but next chapter is literally where all the FUN STUFF STARTS !!!!! like these next handful of chapters are ones i have been waiting SO LONG !!! to write !!! and im so excited to write them so stick around i swear im not dead and i wont disappear on u !!

also a few things:

1. I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT THIS SIDEFIC HAS EXISTED FOR OVER A YEAR NOW ???? LIKE A YEAR AND TWO MONTHS NOW !!! HOLY FUCK GUYS !!!

2. I ALSO DIDNT REALIZE THAT WE'RE AT OVER 100K WORDS ??? GUYS?????????

3. 10K HITS !!!! WOOOO (actually, 13k at the time of writing this)

4. i will admit part of me not updating for a while was bc ive got New Interests now not just writers block (cough cough if u like ace attorney specifically shipping the gay lawyers then like. im not saying it'll be soon but at some point i may or may not be writing some gay lawyers-)

5. ENJOY !!!!!!! AND ONCE AGAIN THANK U SO SO SO SO SOOOO MUCH TO ZO I DONT KNOW WHERE THIS FIC WOULD B WITHOUT U <33

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The silence in the pressure plate room dragged on, an odd air that was neither heavy nor light. Important as their last conversation was, there was nothing more to say. Together, L'manbur and Alivebur stood, each lost in their own thoughts. It was for this reason then that when the world warped and turned dark, L'manbur nearly didn't notice, if not for the fact that the glass he was leaning against vanished. He stumbled, falling back onto something much thicker and damp.

“What the fuck!?” He shouted, something crumbling lightly onto his head. Around him was nothing but darkness, the walls receding into an unending void. L’manbur clutched the wall to steady himself, feeling it squish a little beneath his grip. Soft, damp, and thick, but crumbly? It was a sensation he knew all too well from the war, having it blasted against him as his nation was detonated, watching it splatter across his people and the walls. It was dirt, deep underground, untouched by sun or heat. But if he was underground, where were the other Wilburs? Or for that matter, Alivebur?

“Alivebur? Hello?”

For a moment, there was nothing but the echo of his own voice, bouncing off the walls of the tunnel. Then came a soft thump of footsteps, amplified by the dirt cave. Quickly following came a voice both the same and different from his own, as Alivebur stumbled into view, looking a bit faint.

“L’manbur!”

“Alivebur!” L’manbur cried, running to him. “Do you know where the fuck we are?”

Alivebur simply frowned and glanced at the dark earth around them, holding himself a little.

“How the hell would I know?”

“Look, I don’t know.” L’manbur muttered. “Um... I guess we can just look around? Try to find something?”

Alivebur shrugged, and followed L’manbur as he turned to walk down the tunnel.

After a couple of minutes, the two reached a fork in the path.

“Oh, great. Another fucking maze.” Alivebur groaned.

“C’mon, mazes aren’t that bad!” L’manbur chuckled. “Left or right?”

Alivebur narrowed his eyes, squinting into the darkness. “Hm. Left.”

“Left it is, then!” L’manbur exclaimed, grabbing Alivebur’s hand and dragging him into the left branch. He proceeded to politely ignore the sound Alivebur made, which was an odd cross between a bird squawk and a choking noise.

As they wandered down the tunnel, the walls seemed to slowly widen, leading to perhaps some cavern or structure. Their footsteps echoed longer, fading into the dark. Carefully, the tunnel became a cave, just as dark as the tunnel but for a single protrusion from the smooth dirt walls.

“What on earth is that?” breathed L’manbur.

Silently they approached the shape, its form becoming clearer as they drew close. It was a box of a strange dark-striped stone, just large enough for a single person. From within came a muffled sound, oddly like crying. L’manbur unconsciously squeezed Alivebur’s hand and reached out to touch the rock.

“Alivebur... someone’s crying.”

“I noticed.” Alivebur mumbled.

L’manbur looked at him with large eyes, the care cradled in them something Alivebur had long lost.

“L’manbur,” he said, unthinkingly squeezing L’manbur’s hand back. “That’s bedrock. There’s nothing we can do.”

“But... I...” L’manbur swallowed hard. “You’re sure?”

“I wish I wasn’t.”

Alivebur pulled L’manbur away from the box, fumbling their way through the darkness again. For a long while they walked past twists and turns, L’manbur occasionally glancing back the way they came. Eventually he pulled forward to lead, almost dragging Alivebur as the dirt began to slope up beneath them. As eager as Alivebur was to get out of here, the pace was a little fast (look, it’s not like he’s had the greatest exercise or health regimens recently).

“You don’t have to hold my hand, y’know.” He muttered.

“I know,” L’manbur said, as he pulled them forwards. “But I thought I would. So we don’t get lost.”

He glanced back at Alivebur, who narrowed his eyes as he continued with a teasing grin. “Besides, I thought you said you didn’t hate me!”

“Wh- I don’t!” Alivebur shouted, fumbling for an excuse. “Your hands are just... sweaty.”

“We both know that’s a lie.” L’manbur replied. “Besides, if anyone’s hand is sweaty, it’s yours!”

“I have gloves on, you idiot.” Alivebur said.

“Fingerless gloves!” L’manbur retorted, barely refraining from jokingly calling him a slut.

“Okay, and? My hands aren’t sweaty.” Alivebur repeated.

“You keep thinking that.” L’manbur smiled, politely and pointedly ignoring how distinctly damp Alivebur’s gloves were and how his hands were shaking. Then his smile turned to a

frown. “Hm.”

“What?” Alivebur peered over his shoulder.

The ground beneath them had leveled out, forming a room of sorts. In front of them was a staircase, if the ledges of compacted dirt rising into the darkness could be called that. Still, it looked sturdy enough, and it was a potential way to the surface.

“Should we-” Alivebur began.

“I mean-” L’manbur replied.

“Let’s just. Go.” Alivebur said, and headed for the stairs. L’manbur made short work of following after him.

It was yet another long period of silence as they hiked, the stairs fading into darkness in front of and behind them. Light came slowly, filtering through loose dirt and down the tunnel. Eventually, they emerged to a vast and empty plain of earth. Blinking away the spots in his eyes from the transition, Alivebur stared at the crumbling structures of dirt spread across the land.

“Where the FUCK are we?!” he shouted, watching a nearby pillar shift from the echo.

“No clue. Maybe one of Challenger’s worlds?” L’manbur frowned.

“Where is he, anyways?” Alivebur asked.

Almost immediately, in an excellent demonstration of the phrase “speak of the devil, and he shall appear”, a little horde of people appeared right next to them.

“PRIME ALMIGHTY!” Alivebur shrieked. “Where the fuck did you all come from?!”

“Oh, there you are!” Phantom exclaimed. “There’s our answer!”

“I guess that’s why they didn’t show up when I teleported you all.” Challenger frowned, looking around. “This is my world still. The mole extermination world, to be exact.”

“Extermination?” L’manbur asked, voice strained and strangled.

“Yes, I-” Challenger began, then paused. “Why are you two holding hands?”

Alivebur and L’manbur made eye contact, then yanked their hands apart as if they were burned.

“Aw, it worked!” Ghostbur cheered. “You guys don’t hate each other anymore!”

“I never hated him!” Alivebur argued. “Did you all seriously think that?”

“Yes.” said about 7 Burs at the same time. The silence of the rest of them spoke volumes.

Alivebur blinked, then blushed. “...oh.”

“It’s alright, we’ve got it all figured out now.” L’manbur elbowed him gently. “Anyways, did we miss anything?”

“Oh, you absolutely did.” Wilbur laughed. “Geo teleported himself right next to a fucking black hole.”

“It was an accident!” Geo shouted. “And it wasn’t right next to a black hole. It was... a good bit away at least.”

“That’s still too close.” Ressurrectedbur sighed.

“Yeah, but like... it’s not like I got sucked in or anything! Which means I wasn’t that close!” Geo grinned in a way that screamed “fuck you!”

“Eh.” Impostor muttered. “That doesn’t really mean much, considering how powerful they are. You can be pretty far away and still be sucked in. It’s a pain in the ass for ship routes.”

“Fuck off, Mr. ‘I’m from the future’!” Geo stuck his tongue out and flipped him off for good measure.

Impostor was unamused. What, did a good hearty “eat shit” lose its meaning in however many hundreds or thousands of years?

Challenger interrupted the brewing feud with a rare moment of thoughtfulness.

“Oh, Bard, here’s your kid back.” He snapped his fingers, and suddenly Fundy was in Bard’s arms again, causing Bard to stumble and nearly drop him. Like the lucky bastard he was, Phantom just pat Drowzy’s head through the fabric of his hat, having not handed his son off to an irresponsible megalomaniac who let people fight to the death in ridiculous scenarios for fun. Thankfully for the eardrums of everyone involved, a small child did not end up in the dirt against his will.

“Fuck, Challenger, you could’ve given me a little warning!” Bard gasped, adjusting his grip on Fundy.

“Yes, well, I didn’t.” Challenger smirked. “Anyways, welcome to the mole world!”

“The fuck is a “mole world”?” Wimpfred asked confusedly. Perhaps it was another one of those “different universe” things, like not dying and the giant bull-like beasts?

“I am so glad you asked!” Challenger exclaimed with a malicious grin. “These are my moles! Moles are pests! So I am the exterminator, and it’s my job to kill the moles!”

L’manbur looked deeply unsettled by the idea that people were trapped here just to be murdered at Challenger’s whims. “So... do they have rights?”

“Absolutely not!” Challenger smiled, literally waving the concern away. “Don’t worry about that, they pay to be here.”

Wilbur wheezed quietly. “Oh yeah, I guess they do.” This caused Spirit to shoot him a dirty glare, to the surprise of absolutely no one. When was their turn for a life-changing bonding field trip, huh? When were they going to have a deep conversation about their problems, hm?

Raft coughed from where he stood, still lightly bleeding and staring at all the dirt in a state of shock. It was at this point that everyone belatedly realized he had an open wound and falling down would not be great for that, Ace running over to support him. He gaped at the earth which faded into the horizon as far as the eye could see.

“You just... have all this dirt? All just here?” He asked, looking around.

“Yes????” Blue replied confusedly. “You don’t have land????”

“I haven’t seen this much land in months...” Raft breathed, unable to look away.

“But what makes this different from all the other places we’ve been?”

“I just assumed they were large islands, I guess. I didn’t really think about it. But this... this is endless...” Raft sighed, trailing off as he stared into the distance.

A few of the Burs followed his sight line as he squinted, simply taking in what to him was a legendary sight. It was for this reason that they saw a rapidly approaching dot on the horizon, making its way to the floating form of Challenger at an astonishing pace.

“Hey, Challenger?” Ace called.

“Yes?” Challenger asked, flying to the small horde of burs.

“What’s that?” Wimpfred asked, pointing at the now vaguely person-shaped thing approaching.

Instantly, Challenger’s usual smirk dropped. He swore, pulling a diamond sword out of nowhere, as many burs were prone to do.

“Shit!” he muttered. “It’s a mole! I thought I had gotten rid of all of them on the surface!”

“A mole?!” Revivedbur exclaimed. “That’s a fucking person!”

“Same goddamn difference!” Challenger hissed, sliding the sword back into nothingness while summoning a bow and nocking an arrow.

The person skid to a stop in front of the group, glaring at Challenger from behind their medical mask. They slammed down a sign, angry writing scrawled across it. It read “Wilbur, i challenge you to a duel because you kill’d endersaltz”.

Challenger let out a grating incredulous laugh. “You can’t challenge me, you’re a mole!”

“What?!” L’manbur shouted, a sort of righteous fury in his eyes. “Have you no honor? A man has challenged you to a duel for justice and you refuse! Accept this, lest you reveal yourself to be a coward and a farce!”

“You dare-!” Challenger began, whipping around to face L’manbur. However, he could not deny there was no honor in his refusal, and truth to the insult. What good of a Creator would he be if he had no respect for a mortal’s ambition? He had to at least pretend he gave a shit!

“Okay.” he bit out through gritted teeth, voice echoing with power. The bow in his hands vanished, a new one and a bundle of arrows appeared; he tossed them to the ground in front of the man, then his own returning.

“Oreli.” he sneered, landing on the ground. “10 paces. Step back.”

The two each took 10 paces back, facing each other on a flat space. The crowd of burs, now presented with the opportunity to watch people beat the shit out of each other, did the thing all humans do and crowded around. Well, almost all of them.

“If anybody doesn’t want to see a man die, raise your hand now!” Walter yelled.

Tentatively, Wilbur and Editor raised their hands, quickly followed by Geo.

“Excellent!” Walter smiled, then clapped his hands. Instantly, the world went quiet for the three. The background chatter of the other burs was gone, as was Walter’s voice. He was clearly speaking, but there was no sound.

“What the fuck??” Editor exclaimed. Wilbur made a choked noise, while Geo confusedly snapped his fingers by his ears as if to check his hearing. The three of them could hear each other, so why couldn’t they hear anybody else?

“Oops!” Walter suddenly exclaimed. “Forgot I didn’t join you, sorry!”

“Walter, what the fuck.” Wilbur sighed. “What did you do????”

“I put you in a different “VC”! This way you can ignore the fight! Which, speaking of, looks like it’s about to start! I better go!”

“Huh, okay...” Geo mumbled. “So... Do you guys like geography?”

Meanwhile, L’manbur shoved his way to the front of the crowd. Standing between the fighters, he raised an arm to the sky.

“When I lower my hand and say ‘begin’, you may fire!” he cried. “On your mark, aim, BEGIN!”

With the flash of L’manbur’s falling arm, two arrows flew. One struck. One missed.

“Let’s go, let’s go!” Challenger chanted to himself as he fired. “Pistols at dawn! Pistols at dawn, bro!”

The assault rained upon the men, blood and ichor alike watering the soil. Arrow after arrow shot through the air, sinking into either flesh or earth. Ducking and weaving throughout the dunes of soil, the Creator and the Player traced a deadly dance across the barren plain. Up a hill, into a valley, behind a well-placed block, the battle of man and being raged. Challenger shouted jabs at his opponent as they fought, praising his own prowess. If the warrior cursed the god for his suffering, none could tell, for his only words were the whistling of his arrows through air. The impromptu crowd cheered and jeered, spectators at an unexpected coliseum.

“I’m a hardcore minecrafter-” Challenger crowed, a final arrow striking true. It pierced his left shoulder, digging deep into his chest, a mighty blow. With its point, Challenger burst into smoke, the man before him now a godslayer.

A thunderous applause shook the air, mixed with cheers and shouts. While generally incomprehensible due to sheer volume, the vibe was essentially “GET HIS ASS” and “YOOOOOO”. The man stooped to pick up Challenger’s bow, turning to face the crowd. He held it in the air, then in one swift motion, slammed it over his knee and snapped in half.

Above the roar of celebration, a booming laugh echoed unnaturally. Its sound sent silence spiraling throughout the burs. From within the crowd emerged the tyrant Creator, now whole and uninjured.

“Well, well, well.” he proclaimed, flying to the duelist. “You’ve done well, mole.” Challenger waved a hand, the arrows in the man’s body vanishing. In his hands appeared a diamond shovel and a healing potion, the way a monarch would hold a scepter and orb. In one quick movement, the potion slammed against the bloody land, another instantly taking its place. Seeing the fighter now healed, Challenger planted the shovel into the dirt.

“For you,” he said. “ You did so well. I am so proud of you.”

The man looked at the shovel that stood before him, then looked back at Challenger in thought.

“Go on,” he coaxed. “Dig.”

Oreli stared at the god with the same defiance he had carried when he first held the bow. A single swift kick sent the shovel to the ground, in front of Challenger yet again. Despite his silence, the message was clear- I don’t want your fancy shovel.

Challenger frowned nastily. “I think you misheard me. Dig.”

The man grabbed the shovel and drove it into the earth. Once, twice, scooping up two dirt blocks. Then in a sharp toss, the shovel clattered to the bottom of the hole. He then turned and began to place blocks beneath him, towering far above the god. A stunned silence echoed across the plain as all present struggled to process what just happened.

An odd noise shattered it, as if the silence had been a thin sheet of ice on a still pond. It was rough and quiet at first, then grew in ease and volume. The burs split and parted as they turned to the source- near the center, doubled over with laughter, stood Spirit.

“He just fucking- you- he-” he wheezed. “He just threw it away!”

Challenger bristled, preparing a retort, and yet Spirit’s cackling continued.

“He beat your fucking ass and- and- he beat your ass so easily and just- walked away!”

Challenger snarled wordlessly as the little ghost wheezed, and yet the laughing specter paid him no mind.

“Mimimi I’m Challenger and I’m god! Keemstar called me a hardcore minecrafter!” Spirit began to mock Challenger, pitching his voice even higher than it already was. “I rule over worlds and people do everything I say!”

The surrounding burs began to snicker. It was a scene most similar to a class of children watching the insufferable know-it-all who claimed their dad worked at Nintendo and ruined everyone’s fun get clowned on when the teacher wasn’t there. Challenger flushed.

“Shut it!” he hissed. “You try managing hundreds of people doing a hundred different things all at the same time!”

“Okay, boomer.” Spirit wheezed, doubling over again at his own joke. Over the sound of his giggles came two audible gasps of pain. He looked up, still grinning.

Then his smile dropped.

bur fact #22 (sry zo im skipping a few because SPOILERS /lh): all of the burs are incredibly thankful that baby fundy is yet to meet an adult fundy. can u imagine f(x) fundys in a trench coat? ffiatc? the world is not prepared for fwiatc 2: electric boogaloo

like i said in the notes at the start, new chapters SOON TO COME !!! we're getting into the REAL FUN SHIT NOW BOYS EHEHEHE

the moment you've all been waiting for

Chapter Summary

ladies and gentlemen,
are you ready?

Chapter Notes

woop woop

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walter twisted a thread of the timeline around his finger as he tapped his hypothetical chin.
“Hmm.”

What are you up to now?

“Nothing,” Walter said calmly.

You’re fucking insufferable.

“As you’ve made a point to remind me time and time again.”

Because it’s true.

“Suck it up, fucko.”

I... whatever. Do you even have a plan here?

“...you could... say that,” Walter said delicately.

I'll take that as a no.

“I do, I do,” Walter hypothetically rolled his eyes. Or, well, he would, if they weren't focused on the strings in front of him. **“It's just none of your business.”**

Mhm, sure.

Walter ignored him. He did have a plan, it was... just... a little complicated. He gently pulled another string towards him and tied a knot between that one and the other he was holding. He looked farther up the timeline, and decided, fuck it, why not, he already knew what he was doing from here.

He moved down the line and rearranged the strings. A few cuts here, a knot or two there, replace this one completely, take this one out, put that other one in again, tie it up in a nice bow, and... ignore the end. He'd cross that bridge when he came to it, and he didn't have to go anywhere near it quite yet.

I feel like we've switched personalities in our arguments since you joined the Burs. You used to bug me, now I bug you.

Walter glanced back at where DreamXD was- or, at least, the manifestation of him that existed here. Walter had put (theoretical) yellow crime scene tape around him. He thought it was funny. DreamXD obviously did not.

“Well, I've had to be more focused on the timeline now!” Walter hypothetically smiled. In theory.

Excuses, excuses.

“You’re just homophobic,” Walter turned back to the web that was the timeline, looking at the whole thing. Or, well, the specific section he was focused on. **“Anyways, I’ll see you in a few.”**

Wh- huh?

“Let’s just say we’re only just getting started, and I have a few things to kick off.”

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #23: lmanbur is deeply afraid of resurrectedbur and revivedburs tubbos

ahaha. writing next chapter rn and Well i think u guys might like it ! ^_^

shout at the walls ('cause the walls don't fucking love you)

Chapter Notes

so. its been a month.

sorry abt that guys LMAO i got a little Distracted by getting New Interests (but dw im not leaving yall im finishing this goddamn thing.) and writing New Things (hey if u like ace attorney then maybe go check out my aa fic..... ehehe) but i am back! and ive literally already written next chapter so even if i get a little bit of writers block Again then yall will have at least one more chapter soon !!

ummm TW for arguing and a small mention of suicide near the end? just whats going on w spirit. yk.

but literally like just a few little sentences of dialogue for that. but like. a good amnt of the chapter is Arguing so if u dont like that then ! i will give a lil recap in the end notes :) ik i hate reading arguing So i get it lmao.

to skip the arguing, dont read from 'Wilbur wasn't sure how he felt about the implication...' to 'Spirit just stood there in front of Wilbur...!' if you want to skip the suicide mention, skip from "'Well, suck it up, 'cause I am right,'..." to 'Wilbur narrowed his eyes...!' love yall <3

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Deadbur glanced around the dark, wet train station he was far too familiar with.

He heard Spirit's laughter immediately stop, as well as a few confused noises from the Burs who hadn't been here before, and a couple sharp inhales from those who had.

"Um... where are we?" Sky frowned. "Is this another one of Challenger's worlds?"

"...this is definitely not one of mine," Challenger responded.

"Uh," Deadbur glanced at the other Dream SMP Burs. Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur were, of course, dealing with the time travel pain, Ghostbur and Blue were trying not to get hit by

the water slowly dripping from the ceiling, L'manbur and Alivebur also seemed like he didn't know what to do, Bard was as confused as the not-Dream SMP Burs, and Spirit was...

Spirit was glancing around, looking absolutely terrified, his breath coming in short, quiet gasps. Deadbur knew he should do *something*, but he didn't know *what* to do, and the slight headache he had wasn't helping. Needless to say, he was endlessly grateful when someone else took over.

"Alivebur, Ghostbur, and Blue, you help Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur," L'manbur instructed. "Deadbur, you explain to everyone else what's going on, I'll help Spirit, and everyone else, stay out of it for now. Got it?"

"Sir, yes sir!" Ghostbur chirped, ever the enthusiast.

Deadbur watched as L'manbur went over to Spirit, bending down to be on eye level with him. Ghostbur, Alivebur, and Blue went over to Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur, and the rest of the Burs looked at him expectantly.

"Okay, uhm," Deadbur hummed. "First off, is Geo here yet?"

"No-" A Bur started to say- Deadbur couldn't tell who, they were all in a small, dark, space- but got cut off by Geo showing up.

"Where were you?" Editor asked him.

"Quebec," He answered immediately. "What did I miss?"

No one answered him, since none of them really knew.

"Uh, let's move over here," Deadbur glanced at the other Dream SMP Burs, and moved the other way. The other Burs followed him.

He took a deep breath, ignoring the light pounding in his head. “Okay, so. This is... the afterlife. Specifically, Spirit’s afterlife.”

As he expected, that got a few confused responses, so he cut them off. “It’s a long story, too long to tell, and not mine to tell. But, obviously, Spirit and I are dead, so we have afterlives, but they’re different. Not that different, but different. This is Spirit’s, maybe you’ll see mine at some point. But, basically, this is Spirit’s time, and he has, uh...” He winced. “Less than good memories with this place, and he’s not having a good time over there, as you may be able to tell.”

“...oh,” Phantom frowned. “So, uh, what are we gonna be doing here?”

Deadbur pursed his lips. “Um, nothing. That’s the thing, this is... limbo? So it’s kind of like. Eternal nothingness. So as you can imagine, not much to do, even less if Spirit is feeling up to leading us around, which I doubt he will be.”

None of the Burs seemed to really know what to say to that.

A few moments later, Alivebur, Ghostbur, Blue, Resurrectedbur, and Revivedbur came over to where they were.

“Hey, Deadbur,” Blue spoke up. “Did you get a headache or anything?”

“Um, yeah? Kind of,” Deadbur nodded. “Why, did you?”

“Yeah, and so did Ghostbur,” Blue frowned. “But not Alivebur.”

“Did... anyone else get one?” Deadbur glanced at the other Burs, some of who were now sitting on the nearby bench or leaning on the stone columns.

Most of them shook their heads or said ‘no’, but Phantom raised his hand a little.

“...well, not to point out the obvious, but you’re all some form of dead,” Mod pointed out. “Y’know, common denominator.”

“Hmm, and Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur were the first people to feel it,” Ghostbur hummed.

“And now the ghosts and dead people are feeling it too,” Phas continued.

“I guess Spirit feels it too, then,” Resurrectedbur winced. “Ooh, that can’t be good for him...”

“Is he going to be okay?” Phantom messed with the brim of his hat nervously.

The Burs who knew the most about this glanced at each other, and Resurrectedbur opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, Spirit and L’manbur appeared right next to them, the fog making it so that no one noticed them walk over.

“Hey, we’re back,” L’manbur smiled.

“Wilbur,” Spirit narrowed his eyes. His voice sounded slightly strained, and it was obvious he had been crying, from his voice to his breathing to his face. “We need to talk.”

Deadbur glanced up at Wilbur, who was, of course, over with the other Burs.

“I...” Wilbur pursed his lips. He seemed a little surprised, but he also seemed to know what Spirit wanted to talk to him about. “Okay.”

Spirit was giving him the most dirty look Deadbur had ever seen. If looks could kill, well, Wilbur would be staying in Limbo even after they left.

The other Burs watched as the two walked away.

“...what is with those two?” Deadbur muttered. No one else there had an answer, or if they did, they weren’t going to tattle.

Wilbur rocked on his feet as Spirit glared at him.

“...”

“...”

“...so,” Wilbur started awkwardly. “You wanted to talk to me?”

“..yes,” Spirit said. “I...” He sighed. “I feel like we should talk about... y’know. The whole. Thing. About you. And all of us. And what better time than now?”

“I mean, yeah, I guess,” Wilbur tilted his head. “...so, how did you.. figure out all the shit about. Me, I guess?”

Spirit paused, like he was considering the question. “Well, y’know Chat?”

“Um, like, Twitch Chat?” Wilbur frowned.

“I guess,” Spirit shrugged. “They told me.”

Wilbur stared at him. Spirit stared back.

“What?” Spirit asked. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“That’s... Chat doesn’t... isn’t in limbo,” He said slowly.

“What?” Spirit frowned. “Yeah, they are. Like, the rats ‘n’ shit? They talk to me all the time.”

Wilbur carefully considered this statement and tried to find a way to tell Spirit he may have been talking to random subway rats without getting punched in the face.

“I know what you’re thinking, and you’re wrong,” Spirit narrowed his eyes. “Yes, they were Chat, and they told me. All. About. You.” A chill went up Wilbur’s spine.

“They told you all about *me*, huh?” He hummed.

“Yes,” Spirit crossed his arms. “All about you. About how you’re the cause of everything that’s ever happened to me, everything that’s ever happened to Revivedbur, everything that’s ever happened *ever* .”

Wilbur wasn’t sure how he felt about the implication that he was some kind of god. He supposed that in this context, he may as well be to Spirit. “I don’t think that’s-”

“Nuh-uh,” Spirit cut him off. “Let me speak.” Wilbur obliged, and Spirit continued. “What Chat told me was that you were the one who caused everything that Wil- that Alivebur went through, everything that *I* went through, and that you’re the reason I died, and the reason I’m stuck in *here* for the rest of fucking eternity, apparently.”

Spirit's voice was mostly calm, but it didn't take a genius to know he was upset as all hell and one bad move would end with Wilbur having a black eye, if him punching Wilbur earlier was anything to go off of. Spirit didn't continue talking, so Wilbur took that as a sign he could talk now.

"I... um... there's a lot I have to explain," He said awkwardly. Spirit gave him a look that clearly said, 'you fucking think?'.

"Then get to it," Spirit said.

"I am, I am, calm down," Wilbur muttered, then carefully said, "I think there's been a bit of a... misunderstanding."

"Oh, really?" Spirit raised an eyebrow. "Go on, then. Explain."

"I'm getting to that part, be patient," Wilbur rolled his eyes, then took a deep breath. "Okay, so. On Earth, in my time, I am a content creator who mostly makes videos and shit with video games, specifically one called 'Minecraft'. Most of you Burs are characters that I played as in a story, including you. So, I guess Chat was telling the truth, bu-"

"So you admit it," Spirit cut him off, voice cold and deeper than the high-pitched voice all three Ghostburs had. "You admit that *you did this to us*." Though Spirit already knew, a part of him had hoped it was a simple misunderstanding that could be cleared up in a civil conversation. It would have spared him the identity crisis.

"Well, that's the thing," Wilbur winced. "You all are just... were just characters. You wouldn't feel bad if you write a story with, you know, characters who have bad things happen to them, right? Well, that's how I saw you guys."

"But... but we're not just *characters*!" Spirit spat. "We're real people! Who actually exist!"

"But you weren't to me!" Wilbur retorted.

“I... but you- I-” Spirit’s hands balled into fists. “Do you *still* think of us like that? Do you think I’m just some little fucking *puppet* to mess around with?”

“I- well, um,” Wilbur suddenly felt uncomfortable. What was he even supposed to do when he got back home? Was he just supposed to keep going on with his characters, even now that he *knew them personally*?

Spirit’s eyes started watering. “So you do.”

“No, I just-” Wilbur tried to start.

“You *fucking* asshole!” Spirit cut him off. “You- you- you don’t even *care*?! You see what you’ve done to all of us and you just don’t *care*?? You think it doesn’t matter?” Tears were falling down his cheeks now, and Wilbur definitely didn’t like how it sounded like water hissing on a hot stove. “Well, breaking news, bitch, because *I* definitely think it fucking matters! Anyone else would!”

“That’s not it, you don’t get it,” Wilbur raised his voice as well. “It’s kind of my fucking job to do this-”

“And that justifies it??” Spirit cut him off *again* . “Just because you get some money out of it, you think you’re free to do whatever the fuck you want?”

“ *Spirit!* ” Wilbur cried, exasperated. “I mean it when I say you don’t *get it!* It’s not as cut and dry as you make it seem! On Earth, you all are just fictional characters-”

“You’re not on fucking Earth, genius!” Spirit shouted. “You’re here, in hell, with *me*. So fuck that shit and look me in the eyes and I *dare* you to tell me that it doesn’t matter.”

“Okay, but you’re mad at me for shit I did to you when I saw you as a *character*,” Wilbur argued. “You can’t get mad at me for trying to write a fucking story!”

“Yes I can, because- because... I... you...” Spirit’s anger seemed to almost fizzle out, as he was faced with the realization that he had no counter-argument. He seemed at a loss for words, though what was left was anything but silence. His sniffing was absolutely deafening, even more so than if there *was* just silence.

Spirit just stood there in front of Wilbur, staring at the ground, and Wilbur reached out to touch him, maybe try to pat him on the shoulder or whatever. Spirit stopped him, though, flinching and holding up his hand.

“Don’t. Touch me.” Spirit managed to say.

Wilbur drew his hand back, and glanced around. There was a bench close by, so he tried to guide Spirit over to it. He succeeded, and they both sat down on it. Spirit pulled his knees up and hugged them, covering his face.

Wilbur hated listening to him crying- especially since there was that hissing sound that came with it- but he obviously didn’t have any tissues on him, so he took off his sweater and offered it to Spirit, gently setting it by him, making sure he noticed without touching him.

“I- what?” Spirit sniffled.

“Well, I don’t have any tissues, so...” Wilbur said, a little awkwardly as he gestured to the sweater.

“...ah,” Spirit slowly picked up the sweater, staring at it. He didn’t thank him, but Wilbur hadn’t really expected him to. He couldn’t blame him.

They sat in mostly silence for a few more minutes as Spirit calmed down and Wilbur tried to figure out what to say. Unfortunately- or, well, maybe it was fortunately- Spirit interrupted

the silence first.

“Do... you want to talk about... this?” He asked, his voice rather deadpan for someone who was just shouting and crying.

“Um, yes,” Wilbur seized the opportunity. “I want to hear your explanation of why you’re mad at me, without the shouting.”

Spirit made a pouting face like a small child, but obliged. “Well... Chat told me a *while* ago that a man named ‘Wilbur’ who wasn’t Alivebur was the cause of all this shit, and- and that this was his story, and it was his fault that... I was in here.” He looked like he blushed, but it was kind of hard to tell, considering that one, he had just been crying, and two, it’s already hard to tell when he’s blushing. “...so, obviously, I’m mad at you.”

“But... how can you tell that *I’m* the guy Chat was talking about?” Wilbur frowned. “I mean, everyone here except Walter and Wimpfred are named Wilbur. Even if you take Alivebur out of the equation, that still leaves... uhh..... at least 10 Burs. I think.”

“I... I don’t know,” Spirit’s face scrunched up in confusion. “I saw you and just knew that you were this ‘Wilbur’ guy.” He raised an eyebrow. “You, uh, also made it kind of obvious with your Ghostbur and Deadbur impressions thing.”

“Oh, yeah, I forgot about that,” Wilbur laughed. “But... still, like I said, I can’t really do anything about the whole story thing now, and, uh... sorry, but I’m not going to retcon your entire storyline just because.”

Spirit was silent for a moment and didn’t meet Wilbur’s eyes. “And that’s another thing. You basically have a gun to my head, with how easy it would be for you to... do anything, really.”

Wilbur pursed his lips. “Well, I don’t think I appreciate that analogy, but I guess you’re right.”

“Well, suck it up, ‘cause I am right,” Spirit crossed his arms. “I’m right, and I think I have a right to be upset with you, considering the fact that there’s no one else for me to blame this on, and you *are* guilty as charged.” His voice raised a bit, the tone of his voice becoming angrier. “You’re the reason I’m here in this hellhole, you’re the reason all of the other Burs have to deal with this place too, and you’re the reason I jumped in *front of that FUCKING train-*” He blinked and slapped his hand over his mouth as soon as he said it.

“...wait, what?” Wilbur looked at Spirit, furrowing his brows. “What did you just say?”

“I- well, y’know, I guess it’s just a ‘plot point’ or something to you...” Spirit mumbled into Wilbur’s sweater. “The... you know. I’m not repeating myself.”

“No, what *train* are you talking about?” Wilbur frowned.

“Uh, the trains here?”

“Well, yeah, but what about the trains?”

Spirit looked up at him. “I- what do you mean?”

Wilbur narrowed his eyes, then immediately widened them again in realization. “Wait, I... I think we have *another* misunderstanding on our hands.”

Spirit glanced to the right, then back at him, confused. “Um. Huh?”

“I didn’t have you do *anything* about any trains,” Wilbur crossed one arm across his chest and rested his chin in the other. “Honestly, according to the Reddit posts I made, you *should* be, uh... never mind.” He winced. “But the point is...” He blinked. “Oh my god, and...”

“...I can’t finish your sentences for you,” Spirit raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, wait, you know how Sky has that whole thing with the sky gods, where he keeps getting weird flashbacks to things he’s never experienced?” Wilbur said excitedly, as if he were talking about the plot of a book or something. “And how, uh, there’s two revived c!Wilburs?”

Spirit nodded. “Yeah... wait, what was that last w-”

“Well, I didn’t do those things,” Wilbur cut him off. Rude. “Like, this keeps happening, where there’s some shit about one of the Burs that you give me dirty glares for but I also have no clue what’s going on.”

“So, what you’re saying...” Spirit’s eyebrows furrowed. “Is that there’s someone or something else behind all this?”

“There’s gotta be,” Wilbur hummed. “But... who? Or, rather, what?”

“No clue...” Spirit tapped his chin.

“...wait,” Wilbur said, a thought occurring to him. “This is going to sound crazy, but... what if it was Challenger?”

“I don’t think he has control over spacetime,” Spirit said dryly, wiping his face one last time with Wilbur’s sweater before offering it back to him.

Wilbur carefully took it and gazed at it for a moment. “Yeah, you’re probably right.” He put the sweater behind him on the back of the bench. “Then *who* ?”

“I dunno, but I also don’t think it’s that important right now,” Spirit muttered. “Or that we’ll be able to figure it out just by theorizing.”

“True, true,” Wilbur sighed. There were a few moments of silence between the two of them before Wilbur broke it. “Um, for the record, I apologize for... kind of being a dick to you this whole time.”

“...I kind of want to say ‘it’s fine’,” Spirit frowned. “But also I really just wanted that apology, even if I don’t really... think I fully deserve it now.”

“Well, even if I’m not really in the *wrong* for doing that shit, I was in the wrong for, well, antagonizing you this whole time, I guess,” Wilbur pointed out. “Like the time I threatened you with Reddit, even if you don’t really know what that *is* ...”

“Oh, that,” Spirit nodded. “Yeah, no, that was kind of a dick move.” He shrugged. “I guess you didn’t know I’d get that freaked out by it.”

Wilbur laughed quietly. “Well, I’m sorry for that anyways.”

“I accept your apology, and I apologize for shouting at you without hearing you out first,” Spirit grinned. “Now, should we get back to the others?”

“Um, before we do...” Wilbur grimaced. “About them, do you think we should... y’know, tell them? About. Me.”

Spirit blinked, and opened his mouth to say something, but then closed it and frowned. “Um... maybe? I mean, I don’t want to give them an identity crisis, and I’d bet you a hundred bucks that some of them are already dealing with some complicated identity shit.”

“I will not take you up on that bet, I completely agree,” Wilbur hummed, then frowned. “Wait, ‘bucks’? What, are you American?”

“Um, no,” Spirit raised an eyebrow. “But I guess a large amount of your chat must be.”

“To be expected,” Wilbur shrugged. “Anyways, I do think it could be a bad idea to tell them, but like... I feel like the longer we keep it from them, the worse it’ll be when we *do* tell them, y’know? Especially since it’s not just one person keeping the secret from them.”

“I get that, yeah,” Spirit frowned, crossing one arm across his chest and resting his chin on his other hand. “Hm. Maybe we’ll get a convenient prompt to tell them?”

“That’d be great, but I doubt it’ll happen,” Wilbur snorted.

Spirit sighed. “Whatever. Let’s just go back, if one of us decides on a whim to tell them then, so be it, if not, we’ll just tell them when we get that urge.”

Wilbur tilted his head before grinning. “...Horrible plan. I’m in.”

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #24: blue's favorite drink is hot chocolate !!!! he likes it w a mountain of whipped cream, rainbow sprinkles, mini marshmallows, and two cookie sticks <3 (i love that too <333)

(recap for the arguing: spirit argued w wilbur about whether or not wilbur was to blame for everything going wrong w his life, they ended up agreeing more or less that wilbur did cause it, but wasnt really in the wrong at the moment, but had done some asshole-ish things during the span of this whole thing.)

also i think this Should be obvious but just in case: i dont think cc!wilbur is an asshole lmao. hes literally just. a content creator. he helped write a story. i just think that his characters wouldnt really love that he did that yk lmao

anyways uhgg in case i dont update by then (but i think i will lmao) or just forget, happy early one year anniversary to the end of the main fwiadc fic (12/26/2021)! i know! how the fuck has it been so long! good fucking lord!

the wonders of mother nature, as told by someone who hasn't been on earth in years

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Editor was getting bored of staring at the ceiling. This place was incredibly boring, even with other people to talk to, and he was suddenly incredibly impressed with Deadbur, Spirit, Resurrectedbur, and Revivedbur for not losing their goddamn minds in this place. He couldn't *imagine* being in a place like this for more than, like, uh....

Wait, how long had they been in here?

“How long have we been waiting here?” Editor asked, not to anyone specifically.

“Um, like, half an hour maybe?”

“No, more like an hour.”

“What? It's been, like, fifteen minutes.”

“Guys, it's literally been three hours.”

“What the fuck are you *talking* about??”

“It's only been forty-five minu-”

“Alright, shut up,” Deadbur cut them all off. “Time is weird in here, don't try to come up with a concrete time, you'll just confuse yourself more.”

“...thanks, guys,” Editor said dryly.

They fell back into silence.

Editor stared a drop of water on the ceiling slowly being pulled by gravity until it finally let go and fell onto the concrete floor of the platform with a light, *drip!*

...*drip!*

...*drip!*

...*drip!*

...He was getting bored of this. He looked around, but the only mildly interesting thing was Impostor, sitting next to him, looking at his little tablet thing with the widest eyes Editor had ever seen on something that wasn't some small creature that clearly had no thoughts happening in its brain.

“Whatcha doing, Imp?” Editor asked, looking over Imp's shoulder.

“Huh?” Imp jumped, flattening the tablet screen against his chest so that Editor couldn't see it. “Oh, um, nothing.”

Editor stared at him. “I am so bored. Please tell me what you're doing.”

Imp stared at him. “Um. Okay. Only if you...” He sounded and looked embarrassed. “Only if you promise not to laugh?”

“I’m not going to,” He promised.

Imp looked at him for a few more moments, and just before it became uncomfortable, he turned the screen so that Editor could see. On the tablet, there was a tab open that looked very much like a Wikipedia article about... frogs?

“How do you have any kind of connection here?” Editor frowned.

“Oh, I already had this open,” Imp muttered. “I opened it in, uh, Phantom’s time, I think?”

“...how did you have connection *there* ?!” Editor asked.

“I think this tablet can connect way easier to stuff than your, um, phones can,” Imp smiled. “You know, with me being in the future and all that, it just makes space travel and intergalactic communications and travel easier...”

“...I am so scared and so excited to go to your time,” Editor said simply. He glanced back at the tablet. “Why are you looking at an article about frogs?”

“Oh, they’re just really interesting,” Imp said, scrolling down a bit as excitement filled his voice. “Like, especially the poisonous ones? It’s so *cool* ! I’ve heard of and seen plenty of weird space creatures, but the weirdest ones always seem to be on Earth. I mean, when you really compare the living beings on Earth compared to, say-” He said some word that Editor didn’t recognize as English, not even as a name. “-they’re so fucking weird! It’s like, yeah, that other planet has some strange arguably man-eating plant, but Earth has *waterbugs*. Water. Bugs. And animals who don’t lay eggs! *Sentient* beings who don’t lay eggs! And *frogs* ! *Poisonous frogs* !”

“...care to explain why they’re so interesting?” Editor asked, smiling as he rested his chin on his hand.

“I don’t think I could explain to you precisely why I find them so fascinating, it’s really just everything about them,” Imp zoomed in on a picture of a vibrantly colored frog. “I mean, first off, the fact that Earth frogs- and just Earth animals in general- are specially *colored* to let you know that they could hurt you?? Like, it’s just so cool! Nature did that! You don’t have to guess whether this little thing is the cute little guy who you can hold and give little pats to or is the very very deadly little guy who if you touch you will regret it! On other planets, you would either have to know exactly what each small detail between two very similar species are so you don’t die while trying to enjoy nature, but with Earth you can just look at the colors! Isn’t that *cool*?? ” He looked up at Editor, his eyes practically sparkling.

Editor just nodded and smiled, finding this very fun to watch. “Yeah, I guess it is, I never really thought about it...” He wasn’t lying- now that he thought about it, nature was pretty cool like that. Although... he had to admit, he didn’t expect a cold-blooded murderer like Imp to be this excited over... frogs.

...hm.

“...I have so many questions,” Sky spoke up.

Editor glanced around and realized that most, if not all, of the other Burs who were here at the moment were also looking and listening to Imp’s explanation of one of the many wonders of Earth’s nature.

“Earth is just like that,” Editor shrugged.

“ *Why* ?” Sky asked.

“I don’t know, but it sure is useful,” Raft grinned.

“I know, right?” Rust nodded.

“You two need to see a doctor,” Walter said.

“The more I hear about this ‘Earth’ place, the more curious I get,” Ghostbur hummed. “Is it really weird?”

“Um, how am I supposed to respond to that?” Editor frowned. “I guess it could be?? What do you count as *weird*?”

“Well, didn’t you say that ghosts don’t exist on Earth?” Blue spoke up.

“No, they don’t,” Editor shook his head, giving Phas a Look before he could interrupt. “When you die, you’re just...” He winced. “Um, I won’t get into religion or anything like that. What I’m saying is that I guess we don’t really... know?”

“...how do you *not know* whether fucking ghosts exist??” Phantom narrowed his eyes.

“I think we’ve got a few more pressing matters to be dealing with at the moment,” Rust said dryly. Walter flicked him on the back of his head.

“Like what?” Ghostbur frowned.

Rust stared at him, then glanced at the other Burs from Earth. “Um.”

“Too much,” Geo said simply. “And I think we kind of always have had too many other things to deal with. We’re just... a little busy.”

“...Question,” L’manbur spoke up. “Do you guys have wars on Earth?”

“Duh,” Phas replied.

“Like, uh, most notable ones I can think of are... the World Wars, I want to say the Cold War, but that was barely a war-” Geo listed.

“Wait, what was that last one?” Rust cut him off.

“The... Cold War?” Geo frowned.

“Yeah, that,” Rust tilted his head. “What’s that?”

“...did you not take high school history??” Geo asked incredulously.

“I didn’t go to high school,” Rust said.

“Why the fuck not??” Editor asked.

Rust blinked, then glanced at Walter, who easily said, “He was homeschooled.”

“Yeah, yeah, um, that,” Rust nodded. “Homeschooled.”

“Another question,” Alivebur spoke up innocently. “In your apparently very dire situation where you crash landed onto an island in a plane so bad everyone assumed you were dead, how have you managed to survive this long when you’re that bad of a liar?”

“I- unprompted??” Rust said, sounding slightly offended.

“Answer the question, gayboy,” Alivebur shot back.

There were a few moments of silence as Rust and Alivebur stared at each other before all of them burst out laughing.

“That- Alivebur, you can’t- you can’t fucking *say that* -” Ressedbur laughed.

“He didn’t answer me!” Alivebur defended himself.

“What the *fuck* did we just walk in on?” Wilbur asked.

They all managed to stop laughing for a few moments to realize that Wilbur and Spirit had finally finished doing whatever they were doing.

“Um, why are you not wearing your sweater?” Revivedbur asked.

“None of your business,” Spirit answered for him. “Anyways, why did we just walk in on a hate crime?”

Half of the Burs snickered at that, and Rust pouted. “Goddamn, can’t even get away from it in the afterlife...”

“No reason,” Alivebur said, once again as innocently as he could say it.

“Well, whatever, have you guys found anything to do *other* than being homophobic?” Spirit asked.

“Imp was just telling us about frogs,” Sky nodded to Imp.

“Great, continue,” Spirit said.

“Um... is that it?” Editor frowned.

“What do you mean?” Spirit put a hand on his hip. “Until we switch times, there’s not much we can do in the meantime, so...”

“Oh, I guess so...” Editor hummed.

“What time do you think we’re gonna go to next?” Wimpfred asked.

As if in response- and perhaps, it was supposed to be an answer- the universe decided to move them to a new time right there and then. Though this meant Impostor couldn’t keep talking about frogs, this really was a blessing, because let’s be real here, none of them wanted to stay in there a moment longer than they had to. Even if they did want to listen to him talk about frogs.

Chapter End Notes

alivebur homophobic real /j

ive already written next chapter lmao. and im starting the chapter after that rn. el em ay oh.

i wonder where theyre going Haha ^_^

bur fact #25: sky struggles with insomnia, and can often be found at like 12 am sipping some coffee ! all periods without sleep are never any longer than what is Phantom Approved™ <3

dropping bombshells

Chapter Notes

hellooo! merry christmas to those who celebrate, hope u had a good day, but more importantly (/j) HAPPY ONE YEAR ANNIVERSARY minus one day OF THE END OF THE MAIN FWIATC FIC !! god how has it been so long. anyways enjoy. weve got a fun chapter today :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rust blinked, and he was suddenly in a new place. What else was new? One moment, they were all in one time and one place, and the next moment, they were in an entirely new time and place. Same old, same old.

This specific place seemed to be a sort of cafeteria, with a few large, round tables with chairs around the room. In the table in the middle, there was a large red button with a glass cover over it, and a group of people was standing around it. They were all wearing different colors of the strange suit that Impostor had been wearing this entire time. The other Burs were standing- or sitting- in generally the same places as they had been in Spirit's time. It just so happened that the Burs who had been sitting on benches were now sitting on chairs around tables.

But the thing that stood out to Rust the most was the giant windows across the room, that allowed them all to look out into the expanse of space- stars, planets, galaxies, or whatever else might be out there. It was a wonderful sight, one that left Rust feeling both amazed and *incredibly* confused at the same time.

“Where the *fuck* is this??” Alivebur frowned.

“Oh, good god,” Imp said, nothing but dread in his voice. Rust followed his gaze to the other people standing around the table, who were all looking at them, specifically Imp.

“Is this your time?” Ghostbur asked him.

“Unfortunately,” Imp muttered, and pulled out his tablet from seemingly nowhere, tapping on the screen. “Give me two seconds and let me do the talking.”

The other Burs shared a few glances between them, because what the *fuck* was that supposed to mean?

“-ilbur, what the *fuck* ??”

“Hold on, hold on, I can explain,” Imp said, walking up to the table. “Um, I think I can.”

“Where the hell have you been, we’ve been looking for you everywhere!” A voice shouted. They sounded somewhat familiar, but Rust couldn’t put his finger on it, and he couldn’t really see their face from where he and the other Burs were standing.

“Um, time travelling. My bad,” Imp winced.

The other people were silent for a few moments.

“You realize you could literally get arrested for attempting something like that, right?” One of them finally asked.

“I know, I know, but it wasn’t even my fault!” Imp argued. “But we’re not getting into time law right now, that hurts my brain to think about.”

“Fair enough.”

“Same.”

“Who the hell are all those people, though?” One of the other people asked, gesturing to the Burs.

“Alternate versions of me, we don’t have time to explain,” Imp smiled. “But for a bit, they’re going to be here, but they’re all obviously not impostors, so don’t even try accusing them.”

He and the other people around the table kept talking for a bit, but Rust wasn’t paying attention anymore. He was busy looking around the room, because what the *fuck*.

First off, they were in space, which was already a lot to take in. Secondly, they all seemed to be so nonchalant about it, even the other Burs who were from Earth! Thirdly, there was also all sorts of other shit around the room that looked very high-tech and futuristic, nothing like Rust had ever seen, even in drawings or something. It was honestly rather intimidating, and he wanted to know more, but he didn’t know how to ask about it, or if he even wanted to.

After a few more minutes of Imp and the other people arguing, they eventually stopped, and seemed to come to the agreed-upon conclusion that the Burs were fine, and they weren’t going to fucking kill them, which they were apparently planning on doing. Rust was a little disturbed by that, but not as much as he thought he should be. If they tried anything, he could defend himself, anyway.

“Okay, now that that’s done,” Imp muttered, turning back to the Burs as the people he had been talking to walked away from the table in different directions, most of them pulling out a tablet that was similar to the one Imp had. “Uh, welcome to my time. A few rules before we do anything else- one, don’t touch *anything*. Anything at all besides the floor, because I don’t want you people somehow blowing up the ship by accidentally pressing the wrong button. Two, if you have any questions, ask me. Try not to bother anyone else. Three, if you witness a murder, it’s fine, just go to the table in the middle of this room and press the big red button. That should be the only time you would ever touch anything. Uh, also if you see someone go in or come out of a vent. Four, try to stick together with at least two to three other people- preferably other Burs. Don’t split up, and if you find yourself all alone, find someone else as soon as possible.” He listed all of those things, then looked over the group of Burs. “Got it?”

They all nodded, saying absolutely nothing.

“Great,” Imp put his hands on his hips. “Any questions?”

They were all silent for a moment, before Wilbur raised his hand. “What year is it?”

Imp stared at him. “Do you know how many laws I would be breaking if I told you that?”

“Wait, laws?? About *time travel* ?” Wilbur exclaimed.

“Uh, yeah, what, do you expect us to let anyone do whatever they want with time and space with no legal consequences?” Imp raised an eyebrow. “I’d lose my job if I told you what year it was, no doubt about it, no exceptions.”

“...okay, different question,” Geo raised his hand, and Rust realized that Geo hadn’t had to teleport back to them or whatever it was he did every time they changed times. “Where are we?”

Imp tilted his head, looking at the ceiling in thought. “Um... around... maybe a few lightyears away from the humans’ solar system?”

“Different question,” Sky raised his hand. Why were they even raising their hands? This wasn’t school. “What is a ‘light year’?”

“A measurement of distance,” Imp explained. “How far a light particle can travel in one human year in a vacuum.”

“Different question,” Rust raised his hand. “Why are we talking about vacuums?”

“Because space is a vacuum,” Imp said. “Duh.”

“...I’m so confused,” Ghostbur sighed.

“Space is confusing,” Imp nodded. “Very much so. But that doesn’t really matter right now, anyways. I’ll explain anything you need to know if we get into an emergency. Any other questions?”

Now, Rust was very, very confused. Which was fine, because all of the Burs were confused, but he felt even more confused, considering that since he was one of the few Burs from Earth, he should probably know some of this stuff already. However, also considering the fact that he didn’t go to high school because he was *rather busy* during that time, and the fact that... well. He supposed he should, at this point, probably just tell all of them, because he wanted answers, and because there was no point in keeping this secret that he didn’t really have a good reason to keep beyond simple paranoia.

“Um, one more thing,” Rust frowned. “Not a question, but... uh.” He glanced at Walter, who was looking at him with a small smile on his face. Walter nodded, and Rust sighed. “Uh. question for Wilbur. What year is it in your time?”

“2022, almost 2023, why?” Wilbur frowned.

Rust slowly nodded. “Hm. Um. Well. In... my time- Walter and I’s time, rather- it’s 1944.”

The other Burs all stared at him.

“And I’m rather confused,” Rust smiled nervously. “And I thought I might as well tell you now?”

“...you’re joking,” Geo blinked. “Right?”

“Uh. No,” Rust replied.

“...how old are you?” Wilbur asked.

“24, I think,” Rust frowned. He turned to Walter. “Right?”

Walter tapped his chin thoughtfully. “I think so. You might be 25 by now, though, time travel is weird.”

“Hold on, hold on,” Editor spoke up. “So that war you mentioned you were fighting in...”

All of the other Earth Burs besides Walter and Imp all looked like they made the same realization at the same time.

“You’re fighting in *WORLD WAR FUCKING TWO???*” Phas exclaimed.

Rust just smiled nervously again.

“What the *fuck*, Rust!” Wilbur shouted.

“What’s that?” Blue asked.

“Uh, literally the war with the *most deaths ever in the history of humanity thus far??*” Geo answered incredulously.

“I... hold on,” Editor frowned. “Then you also lived through the Great Depression?”

“Yeah,” Rust nodded. “Um. That’s why I didn’t go to high school. I was kind of... busy.”

“What’s *that*?” Spirit asked.

“The Great Depression?” Editor said. “Uh, a period of time from 1929 to 1939 where the world went into a kind of economic crisis.”

“Anyways,” Rust spoke up. “Can I please get an explanation of when the *fuck* humanity went to *space*?”

“Uh, I don’t know when we first went to space, but we went on the moon in 1969,” Phas offered.

Rust stared at him for a few moments. “What the *fuck*?”

“Hey, that’s not that far,” Walter elbowed him lightly, grinning. “If you get back home safely and then neither of us die before then of unusual circumstances, we could see that!”

“Walter. Please.” Walter simply laughed at him.

“I guess that also explains why you two’s relationship is illegal,” Geo hummed. “And why Rust kept being so confused over modern-day things like smartphones.”

“Those things are weird, alright?” Rust crossed his arms.

“Lovely,” Imp spoke up, seeming not at all surprised by the bomb Rust just dropped. “Any more questions or big reveals people want to make?”

They were all silent for a moment, though Rust noticed that Editor and Imp shared a few glances that looked like they had a story behind them. Wilbur and Spirit were also acting rather suspiciously- although, they were kind of just like that. Something was definitely up, though. But... Rust didn’t really care enough at the moment to pry. Besides, he wanted to hear some explanations for this weirdass technology.

Imp nodded. "Great. Remember to stick together and *don't* touch anything. Got it?"

"Got it!" They all said at the same time.

"Wonderful," Imp smiled. "You can go now." He went to turn around, then paused. "Uh, Editor, come with me for a second."

Editor frowned and followed him as the rest of the Burs dispersed, staying in small groups.

Chapter End Notes

so uhh yea. walter n rust's duo name is 'ww2-o' get it like world war two duo like two-o like ww2-o (thank u zo for coming up w that AMAZING name) ehehehe
i fuckin love them sm. if u go back and reread the fic, a few parts where rust is Confused abt smth none of the other burs (besides maybe sky or imp) are (see: phantoms time with the coffee maker bc have u SEEN 1940s coffee machines OH MY GOD HWY DO THYE LOOK LIKE THAT, when the other earth burs were talking abt space, literally last chapter, etcetc) are bc he is like 80 years old! yeah he is olddd LMAO ive had 2 look up so much shit abt when things were invented/happened/confirmed to exist :sob:

oh fun fact, the original title of this chapter in the google doc for the fic is "dropping bombshells (is that a joke in poor taste? fuck, i'll make jokes about 9/11, but world war two is a bit too far, right?)" el em ay oh

anyways!!! yeah! next chapter is Also probably going to have a Big Reveal that will probably need some Explaining on my part :) see u soon (hopefully) <3

bur fact #26: the ghostburs tend to sleep in a pile ! theyre often undiscernable, becoming an odd blob of gray, yellow, and blue :]]

you're on your own, space ranger

Chapter Summary

parasitoid (n)

par-a-sit-oid

: an organism that lives in or on an organism of another species (its host) and benefits by deriving nutrients at the other's expense, eventually killing them.

Chapter Notes

i kinda combined two definitions (definition of parasite and the actual definition of parasitoid) for that summary 2 make it more accurate cos the actual definition of parasitoid just talks abt insects. there are No Insects here. godbles.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Editor followed Imp down the hallways of the ship. After passing a few other doors, Imp stopped at a door, tapped something on his tablet, and the door in front of the two of them opened. They walked into the room together.

The room was small, with nothing but a table and computers, as well as a vent in the corner. On the computer screens, there was camera footage from all over the ship. Editor saw most of the Burs walking around. A couple of them were just standing around in groups, but most were wandering about the ship. The door shut behind them automatically.

“So... what did you want?” Editor frowned.

“I... just thought we should have a talk,” Imp muttered. “We haven’t really had the chance to do so yet, and... we have some shit to talk about.”

Editor put his hands in his coat pockets. “Um... okay.” After a few moments of Imp not saying anything, Editor spoke instead. “Well, I guess I already know why you, y’know, almost fucking killed me. Umm, let’s see... what are you planning to do now?”

Imp tilted his head. “Hm. I... haven’t planned that far ahead.” He paused. “Wait, why would I tell you that even if I had a plan??”

Editor snorted. “You’re not very good at this ‘impostor’ thing, are you?”

Imp sighed. “Unfortunately.”

Editor blinked, then frowned. “Wait, why are you even doing this?” He furrowed his brows. “And from how you and the other people were talking, this sounds like something that’s been going on for a while... how long have you been doing this? Are there more ‘impostors’? On this ship? Elsewhere?”

“Okay, um, one question at a time,” Imp said. “And... I can’t tell you that.” He bit his lip. “Well, I guess I can tell you that it’s been happening on many interstellar ships, and that I’m not the only one on this ship. That’s pretty much common knowledge.”

Editor leaned against the back wall and contemplated that. “Why can’t I know why you’re an ‘impostor’? Is it the same reason for all the other ‘impostors’?”

Imp pursed his lips and glanced at the ceiling. “Um... that’s... confidential.”

“Confidential?” Editor tilted his head. “So, it’s like, a government secret?” His eyes widened. “Did I get caught up in the middle of a sci-fi story about government corruption??”

Imp gave him an unimpressed stare.

Editor smiled sheepishly. “Okay, yeah, that was a little far fetched.” He frowned again. “....so, is it not that?”

Imp rolled his eyes. “No, it’s not a *government secret*, if I’m just you but from a different universe, would *you* really work for the government to kill a bunch of people??” He paused. “Also, any government of sentient beings worth its salt has *many* much better ways to kill a bunch of people at once while making it seem like it wasn’t them.”

Editor frowned. “Okay, I guess so...” He tapped his chin thoughtfully and paced around the room. “Uh... are you doing it because you want to, or is it a sort of forceful thing?”

Imp tensed up, almost imperceptibly, and immediately relaxed again, but Editor managed to notice out of the corner of his eye. He whipped around to face Imp.

“I’m onto something, aren’t I?” Editor grinned.

Imp didn’t react. “Are you done making up theories?” He asked.

“Avoiding the question,” Editor accused him, tapping on his chest.

Imp stared at him, raising an eyebrow.

Editor backed up and narrowed his eyes. “Hmm... maybe... you’re a *spy* sent by a secret agency trying to, uh... I don’t know. Kill a bunch of people.”

“Wow,” Imp said, completely deadpan. “You got it.”

Editor crossed his arms and huffed. “Well, you’re not giving me any hints.” He paused. “Uh... maybe you’re... Oh! Maybe *you’re* the one forcing someone to do something!”

Imp seemed to almost have learned his lesson from Editor noticing his slip-up before, because he didn’t move this time, but... he did suspiciously glance away and refuse to meet Editor’s eyes.

“I’m getting closer, I can feel it…” Editor narrowed his eyes. “Come on, Imp, just tell me!” He grinned. “I could just tell everyone elseee…”

“You know what happens if you do,” Imp glared at him.

“And you do realize that there are-” He did a quick count in his head. “-seven entire Burs who have at some point visited the afterlife for a prolonged period of time, and yet are still walking with us here, in the realm of the living?” He challenged, regretting his choice to do so almost immediately. This was *not* the best place to get killed, Imp could blame it on anyone and get away with it.

Imp, however, did not kill him. He didn’t even pull out a weapon. All he did was stare at Editor for a few more moments, before sighing. “I… look. You’re right. Is that what you want to fucking hear? There. You got it.”

Editor’s eyes widened, surprised.

Imp pinched the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes, then looked back to Editor. “You wanna know why the fuck I’m here?”

Editor blinked. After a few moments, he realized that that hadn’t been a rhetorical question, and he hesitantly nodded.

Imp took a deep breath.

Please don’t kill me, please don’t kill me, please don’t kill me please don’t kill me, Editor thought, really wishing he hadn’t started this. *I’m only 23, I don’t wanna d-*

His thoughts were cut off by Imp’s eyes sliding shut, and him falling forward towards Editor. Editor caught him, just barely making it.

“I- wh- uh,” Editor glanced around, panicked. “Imp, what the fuck??”

Imp did not respond, but after a few moments, he began to stir in Editor’s arms. Good thing he did, because Editor’s arms were starting to get tired, and, murderer or not, Imp probably shouldn’t get dropped on the floor.

“Um, Imp, what the fuck?” Editor immediately asked.

Imp glanced up at him slowly, and the two made eye contact. After a few moments of this, Imp’s eyes widened with fear, and he flinched back so bad that Editor let go of him.

“Wh- I- h- wh-” Imp stammered as he immediately stood up, backing up from Editor. “Where- who- huh?” His breathing was very quick, and he was obviously very confused.

“Uh... Imp?” Editor took a slow step towards him.

Imp backed up again, accidentally knocking over the chair in front of the security cameras table. He didn’t even seem to notice. He opened his mouth, presumably to say something, but before he could utter a word, something dark covered his mouth.

Was that... a *shadow*??

What looked to be a living shadow, or maybe a being made of ink, with glowing white eyes and a white line across the middle of it, was standing there, staring at Editor, and holding Imp back.

“Here it is, Editor,” It said, voice echoing in a way that was *very* reminiscent of when Imp had threatened Editor in Phantom’s time... wait-

“Wait, *what* ??” Editor took a step back, honestly not sure what to think. “Is that- are you- *Imp* ??”

“The one and only,” The shadowy being said. “Or... well, I guess not.” It... he... huh?? ... whatever, Imp made a sound that sounded vaguely uninterested, but without something like shrugging or a frown, Editor couldn’t really tell.

“What the fuck is going on,” Editor asked, his voice shaking.

“I can’t really tell you that much,” Imp replied. “Anyways, give me a moment to *deal with this* ...”

Suddenly, the... not-Imp, who was Imp before, but was just a random guy- or, no, maybe still a Wilbur?- whatever, the man that Imp was holding back, his eyes widened, and actual-Imp (the shadowy being)... dissolved?? Disappeared?? He wasn’t there anymore, and not-Imp looked much calmer now.

“.....” Editor could feel a headache coming. “.....HUH??”

Imp smiled. A horrible smile. Editor hated this. “There’s your explanation.”

“Y-you fucking- parasite?!” Editor shouted, appalled.

“Parasitoid, actually,” Imp smirked. His voice was still echo-y. “And if you tell a single person anything about me that they don’t already know...” He narrowed his eyes, and the echo disappeared. “This ‘host’ is dead.”

Editor couldn’t do anything but stare at Imp, his heart racing, his breathing quick, his mouth open, and his brain not working.

“I’ll leave you to that,” Imp said casually. He walked up to the door, which opened for him automatically, and Editor felt like an idiot for not running earlier. “See you later.”

The door closed behind him, and Editor did nothing but blink.

...what the *hell* had he gotten himself into?

Chapter End Notes

so for anyone who needs an explanation bc i didnt rlly make it clear what was going on: imp is (and all the impostors on any ships in this universe are) a parasitic alien that is pretending to be someone else on the ship! in this case, his 'host' is the wilbur soot that was supposed to be the guy in charge of the security cameras on the ship. (yes they'll b Actually meeting him at some point . just be. um. be very very patient bc thats not for a While LMAO)

THANK U SO MUCH ZO (for like the 18th time) FOR COMING UP W LIKE 90% OF IMPS WHOLE THING KSJDHFSJD !!! <333

(oh also, those three (imp, editor, and the actual wilbur) are murdertrio !! <3 dw after. a WHOLE LOT of Shit we'll b getting a Lot of murdertrio content bc i love em <3)

bur fact #27: walter and rust love complicated desserts that take hours to prepare . one example is baked alaska- domes of ice cream on top of a sponge cake, covered in browned meringue ^ _ ^

anyways, happy new years! i dont think it should be 2023 yet tbh . can we go back a few years pls /j

catching up (and a little bit of research on the supposedly supernatural)

Chapter Notes

ive returned. hi

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was currently deep in thought. Because what the hell.

Apparently two of his characters- one of which was just a random character he made up for like ten minutes??- were not only fucking *married* but not really, but were also from 1944. And one of them was *fighting in World War Two*. How in the world was he supposed to explain this when he got back home. It was already going to be hard enough, but now this shit, too?? Good *lord*.

He also happened to be following the two aforementioned Burs (because he was going to walk with Spirit, but he left with the other Ghostburs, so Wilbur just... chose a direction), who were talking about... what were they talking about? He hadn't really been paying attention.

"And prices are so high because of everything!" Walter was saying, very quickly and a little loudly. "Honestly, it's like the Depression all over again!"

"It can't be that bad," Rust replied.

"I mean, yeah, duh, but still," Walter crossed his arms. "Groceries cost so much last week, even without you there, just me and the damn cat!"

"Don't call him that."

“He’s pissed on the bed twice in the past week and a half.”

“Well, maybe you should try being nicer to him.”

“I don’t think that’s how cats work, Wilbur.”

“Have you tried calling him by his *name* ?”

Walter stopped abruptly, almost causing Wilbur to bump into him. “You want me to tell you that Franklin Delano Roosevelt pissed on my sheets. In front of other people.”

“Sorry, what the *hell* ?” Wilbur asked.

“Call him Mr. President, silly,” Rust rolled his eyes, ignoring Wilbur completely. “Unless you want to call him Woodrow Warren Calvin Herbert Franklin G. D. Wilson Harding Coolidge Hoover Roosevelt.”

“That’s even more ridiculous,” Walter scoffed.

“Says Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Soot-Crondale.”

“Am I going to get an explanation for ‘Franklin D. Roosevelt pissed on my sheets’?” Wilbur asked.

“It’s our cat’s name,” Walter replied, causing Wilbur to have even more questions. He had a feeling he wouldn’t be getting answers, though.

“Anyways,” Walter continued walking and turned back to Rust. “The prices? Insane. Mr. President? I think he doesn’t like that you’ve been gone for so long. He seems stressed.”

“Well, I’m sorry to him, but there’s a reason I’ve been away for so long,” Rust shrugged. “I am kind of legally dead.” He paused. “Oh, good lord, that’s going to be hard to sort out...”

“Don’t worry, I can deal with it,” Walter smiled. “You need some rest, anyways.” He leaned over and gave Rust a quick kiss on the cheek, who smiled as his cheeks turned slightly pink.

Wilbur suddenly felt a little awkward.

“Why do you ask so many questions?” Phantom frowned.

Phas shrugged. “I’m just curious. I mean, you guys are the only ghosts *I’ve* ever met or heard of that didn’t just try to scare or kill someone, so... I wanna know what the difference is.”

“We are from an entirely different world,” Ghostbur pointed out, tapping his chin.

“Sure, but it’s still interesting,” Phas tilted his head. “C’mon, pleaseee?”

“...I’m fine with it,” Spirit volunteered.

“Me too,” Ghostbur and Blue said at the same time.

The three all stopped walking and turned to look at Phantom at the same time, who looked uncomfortable.

“Um...” He fiddled with the brim of his hat that he was holding. “I... Sorry, but no.”

“Oh...” Phas frowned. “That’s.. that’s fine.” He quickly took out his notebook and smiled at the three Dream SMP ghosts. “Shall we start, then?”

“Wait, one condition,” Ghostbur cut in. “We get to ask you a few questions when you’re done.”

Phas blinked. “Uh, sure?” What could they possibly have to ask him about?

“Alright, go ahead,” Spirit grinned and started walking again.

Phas opened his notebook and flipped through a few pages. “Alright, first thing first. I’m assuming Spirit isn’t actually a spirit type ghost?”

“Uh. What’s a... ‘spirit type ghost’?” Spirit frowned.

“It’s... like, a fairly common ghost,” Phas turned his journal around to show Spirit. “Basically the ‘default’ ghost, I guess.”

“Rude!” Spirit put his hands on his hips and pouting. “I am not *default* !”

“We’re aware,” Blue patted him on the shoulder, a sentiment that Spirit did not seem to appreciate.

“Also, I know you don’t want any questions, but there’s also a ghost type called ‘phantom’,” Phas nodded to Phantom. “Actually kind of interesting; if you take a picture of one, they disappear for a few seconds! Kind of similar to your invisibility thing.”

“...huh,” Phantom tilted his head.

Phas paused. "Fairly certain you aren't a phantom, though, 'cos otherwise my sanity would probably be way lower..."

They all stared at him. "Sorry, what?" Ghostbur asked.

Phas blinked. "Oh. Uh." He smiled sheepishly. "Ghosts tend to lower one's sanity, and phantoms lower it faster when they look at you."

"...don't you think something like that would make it obvious that we *aren't* the kinds of ghosts you're used to?" Phantom raised an eyebrow.

"Ehh, if anything was gonna tip me off, it should've been the fact that none of you are trying to kill anyone and you all look..." He paused again. "...normal."

"How descriptive," Spirit joked.

"Well- okay," Phas frowned. "Usually, ghosts look kind of gorey, I guess. You guys obviously aren't."

"Ooh, ooh, actually, I could look *really* disturbing," Spirit said eagerly. "Like, believe me, I can be incredibly un-fun to look at!"

"...don't, do that," Ghostbur told him.

"You are no fun," Spirit deflated.

"Anyway," Phas reeled the conversation back in. "Is it also safe to assume that none of you are capable of killing someone in, like, one hit, then? Without any other weapons of any kind?"

“Yeah, no,” Blue shook his head.

“Mmmm, debatable,” Phantom shrugged.

“I thought you weren’t answering questions,” Phas frowned.

“I just said you couldn’t directly ask me any.” Phantom pointed out. “But I think I could probably kill someone in one hit if I aimed properly.”

“I... how??” Spirit asked.

Phantom held up a hand, then curled his fingers slightly, and they became noticeably sharper. “Claws.” He paused. “Also teeth, but that seems way grosser.”

“Agreed,” Phas muttered. He pulled out a pencil from his pocket and scribbled a few notes down in his journal.

“Any more inquiries?” Blue asked.

“Um, nope,” Phas shrugged.

“Great, ‘cause we definitely have a few for you,” Spirit frowned.

“Shoot,” Phas replied as he started to write down one last thing.

“So, uh, why do you have so many little ghosts flying around your head?”

Phas stopped writing.

He frowned nervously. “Uh, what are you talking about?”

“Mmm, I guess you can’t see them,” Ghostbur glanced at Spirit as he tapped his chin contemplatively.

“See what?” Phas asked, quickly finishing the sentence he was writing, then putting the journal away.

“There are a bunch of little ghosts around you,” Blue explained.

“I mean, there are little ghosts around a lot of Burs- specifically from Earth, it seems like- but you have a *lot*, ” Spirit elaborated. “Like. A *lot*, a lot.”

Phas usually ignored such ghosts, and at this point had gotten used to them, and most people he’d met either didn’t notice them or straight up didn’t think ghosts were real, so it was... strange, to say the least, honestly unnerving for it to be suddenly brought up.

Most of them were random ghosts he seemed to have pissed off here and there- a spider he must’ve stepped on, a ghost who had been a little too pissy about him being in their house, et cetera, et cetera. Some of them were closer- a childhood pet, some ancestor, whatever. They got a little annoying, but, like he said, he mostly ignored them.

“What other Burs have ghosts?” He asked, mostly because he didn’t feel like explaining, but also because he was genuinely curious.

Only Phantom seemed to have picked up on his not-so-subtle change of subject, but he didn’t say anything, just put his hat on his head and glanced away.

“Uhh, Editor, Raft, Geo, Rust and Walter...” Spirit listed.

“Imp, too,” Ghostbur added, then frowned. “Imp and Rust have a lot, too.”

“Well, Rust did kind of just say he’s fighting in, like... what was it again?” Spirit pointed out. “Some war? That’s gotta come with some ghosts.”

“Yeah, but what about Imp?” Blue furrowed his brows. “He’s just... an astronaut.”

“I dunno, isn’t space dangerous?” Ghostbur tapped his chin. “Imp seemed very adamant about that. Maybe something to do with that?”

“And then there are the ghosts around this ship thing...” Blue hummed. “Y’know, the ones who stare at us, then kinda float away and start messing with wires or whatever?”

“Wait, what ghosts??” Phas interrupted.

“Huh?” Blue blinked. “Oh, there are a few ghosts roaming around this ship.”

“They don’t seem very social...” Spirit said thoughtfully, then immediately changed this concentrated expression to a pout. “They won’t even fuckin’ talk to me.”

“Interesting...” Phas took out his notebook and pencil slowly, then flipped to the page with all the ghost types listed. “Hmm.” He tapped his chin with his pencil. “I’ll... see you guys later.”

Phantom stared at Phas as he walked away.

“What’s he up to??” Ghostbur frowned.

“I’d guess he’s off to see what type of ghost the ship ones are,” Spirit shrugged.

Blue nodded slowly, then glanced at Phantom. “Hey, why didn’t you want to answer any questions?” He paused, then hastily added, “Not that you have to answer that one, either. I’m, uh, not judging you or anything. Just, um, curious.”

“No, it’s fine,” Phantom shook his head. “I just…” He hesitated. “I didn’t want a bunch of questions about the whole ‘phantom hybrid’ thing.”

“Oh,” Blue tilted his head. “Makes sense.”

“Fair enough,” Spirit agreed, and Ghostbur nodded, as well.

Phantom smiled. At least they weren’t going to pry. He didn’t think he wanted to try to explain *that*.

“……” Ghostbur bit his lip. “I’m… I’m gonna go and make sure Phas isn’t alone. Imp did seem very insistent that we didn’t split up, right?”

“But… then you’ll only have two people,” Spirit frowned. “Didn’t he also say that you should have at least three?”

“I think that’s only if you’re in a group with another crew member,” Phantom recalled.

“Yeah,” Ghostbur nodded. “And besides, I’m already dead. I mean, not *Spirit* levels of dead, but still!” He smiled. “I’ll be fine. I just want to make sure Phas is, too.”

“Alright,” Spirit relented. “See you later.”

“Seeya!” Ghostbur waved, and Blue and Phantom waved after him as he set off in the same direction that Phas did.

Chapter End Notes

LMAO SORRY FOR TAKING SO LONG this chapter wasnt even hard to write tbh it was rly fun . and next chapters gonna b even more fun . but anyslay ! it just so happened that i posted last chapter like right before finals and the state standardized tests and new classes so i was a lil too Overwhelmed and Busy to work on fwiadc or love pyramid but !! hopefully now that im done w all the End Of Semester shit, i'll be less busy !! (atho i might not respond to comments as quickly but i probably still will reply eventually ^_^) so uh. yea !

also disclaimer i havent actually ever played phasmophobia but i have watched yt videos (including wilburs) of it ^_^ and i glanced thru the wiki so . yea

bur fact #28: geo eats rocks . he says it helps him figure out Where in the world he is. he says most of them are tasty and hes not dead yet so

we're just floating in space like the millions like us, dear

Chapter Summary

there's a place in the sky
said to have all that we need-
that emotional right
to belong

Chapter Notes

hiiii sry for taking over a month lol ^_^ i literally finished this chapter last week but i forgot to post it oopsies.....but here it is ! and a rather plot-heavy one, too....its gonna be Like This for a bit if u havent caught on yet el em ay oh

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Imp walked into the cafeteria, hoping to distract himself from the absolutely *idiotic* decision he had just made. He was so dead. Editor was probably on his way to tell everyone else. There was no way he was surviving this. He was going to be thrown out into space, and they'd all know he was nothing but a monster in disguise, if that was what they wanted to tell themselves.

...he needed something else to think about.

He looked around and saw that Ghostbur was standing near the large window on the other side of the cafeteria. Imp sighed inwardly and supposed that he might as well talk to him. Maybe they'd have an actual good conversation.

“Hey, Ghostbur,” Imp greeted the ghost, walking up to the window next to him.

Ghostbur glanced at him and smiled. “Hello!” He turned back to look out the window.

“..what are you doing?” Imp asked.

Ghostbur gestured to the window wordlessly.

Imp frowned. “What?”

Ghostbur giggled. “It’s just so pretty, isn’t it?” He smiled serenely. “All of the stars and planets and stuff you can see... it’s just amazing.”

Imp paused to look outside for a few moments. “I guess I don’t really... pay attention to that kind of stuff.” That was a lie. You couldn’t blame him, a life spent half on a planet destined for doom and half on a ship screaming through the cosmos at the cool speed of just below the speed of light meant he couldn’t exactly escape looking at the stars, as much as he fucking wished he could.

Ghostbur didn’t say anything for a few moments. “Why aren’t the stars twinkling?” He frowned. “They usually do that, don’t they?”

“There’s no atmosphere to interfere with the light hitting your eyes,” Imp explained immediately. “And we’re outside of the Earth’s solar system, so there are more stars closer to us.”

Ghostbur hummed, as if processing that information. He didn’t seem to really understand it. “I think they’re prettier when they twinkle.”

Imp frowned. “They’re not supposed to twinkle, though, that’s just your eyes not seeing them correctly.”

Ghostbur laughed, and it sounded like a windchime. “Who cares what they’re *supposed* to do? They’re not *supposed* to do anything. They just are. They do what they want.”

Imp furrowed his brows. “Stars... aren’t alive, Ghostbur.”

Ghostbur just sighed. “You need to think outside of the box more often. I think you’d find it fun.”

Imp didn’t say anything.

Ghostbur suddenly tore his eyes away from the window to smile at Imp. “Well, I guess I should be finding Phas. I had a question to ask him.” He started walking away. “Bye, Impy!”

Imp stared after him silently until he walked out of sight. Imp glanced back at the window. He wondered if he could see home from here.

...Ghostbur was right. It really is pretty out there.

“Hey.”

Imp stiffened, and turned around to see Editor standing across the room, looking at him.

“I’m ready to talk,” Editor said, voice quiet, yet his words echoed around the cafeteria. He narrowed his eyes. “So come on.”

Imp was *so* dead.

Revivedbur glanced at Sky as the two of them walked through the corridors of the ship along with Resurrectedbur and Deadbur. Sky seemed, like always, very interesting in his

surroundings. This was different though, because not a single one of them except Imp had any idea what the deal with this place was, so Sky wasn't alone in his confusion.

"How the hell does the crew know how to get around this maze?" Deadbur complained. "I swear, there's no end to these halls! And how have we not seen a single person since we left the cafeteria place?"

"You've seen us," Revivedbur joked.

Deadbur responded with a halfhearted glare.

"Anyways, I think the ship is just big," Revivedbur shrugged. "I mean, they've got a whole crew on here and probably cargo, they need it to be big. Lots of rooms 'n' shit."

"Well, duh," Deadbur frowned. "But they could've made it easier to navigate. Honestly, how are we supposed to find our way around here like this?"

"I think that might be the point," Resurrectedbur hummed. "Like, they mentioned they had a problem with hijackers, right? So, make it confusing to get around, and voila, people who don't know the layout can't find important rooms and stuff."

"One would think that someone brave enough to try to hijack a giant thing like this would plan ahead and find a damn map," Deadbur pointed out.

Resurrectedbur paused. "...I guess."

"How long has it been since we left the cafeteria?" Sky asked.

"Umm, maybe ten, fifteen minutes?" Resurrectedbur replied. "Why?"

“Just curious,” Sky shrugged. “...we have *got* to be near the cafeteria again, right? We’ve just been walking down the same hallway, and there *was* another door on the other end of the cafeteria.”

“Yeah, I don’t know,” Revivedbur frowned. “It’s gotta be soon.”

They kept walking, making quiet conversation on the way. Sky wasn’t talking much, Revivedbur noticed, but he did seem to be listening. The other three of the group’s conversation mostly consisted of complaining about limbo, because Deadbur made one off-hand comment that made Revivedbur complain, which made Resurrectedbur complain, and they just kept talking. So... it kind of made sense for Sky not to talk. It wasn’t like he had anything to complain about to do with limbo.

...wait.

“And the way that there’s always that one fucking drop of water *always dripping* and making that *annoying sound*- ”

“Yeah! Like, I’m kind of glad it’s there, so it’s not *complete* silence besides the trains, but my *god* it gets anno-”

“Wait, Sky,” Revivedbur stopped walking as he cut off the other two’s conversation abruptly, a thought occurring to him. “You’re just on an island in the sky, right?”

Sky seemed surprised to be suddenly addressed, and blinked once before answering. “Um, yeah? As we’ve established?”

“Do you think...” Revivedbur hesitated. “Do you think that maybe that’s, like, your limbo? And you’re dead?”

They all stopped walking at this idea. Silence.

“Wait, that almost makes sense,” Deadbur gasped. “You’re stuck on some random place, you can’t escape, you really hate it there, you *do* have some pretty prominent scars from the lightning-”

“I- no- I’m not dead-” Sky said quickly, almost in a panicked tone.

“But it does kind of click, doesn’t it?” Revivedbur said eagerly. “I mean, there are some differences, but still!”

“I don’t think-” Sky tried to say.

“It doesn’t quite line up,” Resurrectedbur cut him off, and the three turned to look at him. He frowned. “For one, Sky has animals on his island. Sure, we all have Chat, and Spirit has multiple people’s Chats, but that’s entirely different. Two, some things actually *change* . He can place and break blocks, he can actually do things. Three, he most likely would have shown signs of physical appearance changing to fit the void. Four, you’d be able to see the scars through his clothes.”

“.....” Revivedbur crossed his arms. “...well, it was a nice theory.”

“Sure,” Revivedbur shrugged.

Revivedbur glanced at Sky, who was now tugging at a loose thread on his sweater- one of many. Jeez, he needed a new sweater. That thing showed *very* obvious signs of wear.

“Whatever,” Deadbur glanced at the closed door in front of them. “Can this thing open? I swear, it’s been closed the entire time we were having that conv-”

The door opened.

“You first, Your Highness,” Resurrectedbur sarcastically and dramatically gestured for Deadbur to go first.

Deadbur rolled his eyes in response and stepped in, then sucked in a breath.

“What, wha- oh!” Revivedbur pushed him out of the way, only to see what he was surprised about. They were in the cafeteria again. Resurrectedbur and Sky walked in behind him.

“Fucking finally, *damn* !” Deadbur shouted, the sound echoing across the empty room.

“It’s not like we’re doing anything different now,” Resurrectedbur pointed out. “And there’s not even anyone else here.”

“Yeah, but it’s good to know that there’s an end to this damn place,” Deadbur smirked.

“Yeah, sure,” Revivedbur snorted, glancing around. His eyes caught on the giant window on the wall that showcased what seemed like the whole entire universe to them. He smiled.
“Look at those fuckin’ stars, man.”

The other three glanced at the window as well.

“Wow,” Was all Resurrectedbur said, whistling.

“You don’t get that view in limbo,” Deadbur remarked.

Revivedbur glanced at Sky and opened his mouth to ask what he thought, but before he could, he realized what was going on. Sky’s eyes were open wide and not blinking, and he was as still as a statue, not a single muscle moving. His lips were pressed together uncomfortably. He was simultaneously tense and scarily relaxed. And his unblinking eyes were staring right at that giant window.

Revivedbur closed his mouth and breathed out through his nose. He glanced at Resurrectedbur and Deadbur, who had also realized what was going on.

“One of those memory things?” Deadbur asked. Revivedbur just nodded. Time to wait.

Wilbur flopped down onto the grass, putting his hands behind his head. It was a beautiful night, not a cloud in the sky. The crickets were chirping, but not too loudly. There weren't many biting bugs out. The temperature was perfect, with a nice, cool breeze blowing gently on his hair.

Another man laid down on the floor next to him. His face was blurry, but the red and white T-shirt he was wearing and his light blonde hair seemed... familiar. Close, but just out of reach.

“Alright, let's see here,” He said. He sounded like he was a teenager, almost an adult. “Star time!”

“Star time!” Wilbur laughed in response.

“Let me get out my map, here,” The other man muttered, sitting up, opening a book, and flipping through the pages. “Summer, northern hemisphere. Here we go.” He looked up at the sky, then back down at the book, then back up at the sky. “Uhhh... there's... Ursa.. Major? Maybe? Wait, no! No, that's Ursa Minor. Definitely.”

“That's the Big Dipper, that's Ursa Major.”

“Right. ...I knew that.”

"I'm sure you did."

"I did! It was my first guess! Just- fuck you."

"I didn't say anything!"

"Shut up." He glanced between the book and the sky again. "Hm... and there's Orion, the great hunter!"

"You can't see Orion in the summer, dumbass," Wilbur laughed. "But at least you got the hunter part right." He reached over and shut the book on the other man's lap, who squawked in annoyance. "Look, just find your own constellations. You obviously don't know the actual ones anyways, so might as well, right?"

"Oh, like you know them," The other man snarked, but he set the book on the ground and flopped onto the ground again. "...now what?"

"It's like looking at clouds," Wilbur grinned. "But with the stars. It's just connect-the-dots! Like, um, those ones right there look like a weird mouse."

"There's no ears."

"Creative liberties."

"Or tail."

"Suspension of disbelief."

"Or feet."

“I said it was a weird mouse, didn’t I? Now come up with your own.”

He huffed out an annoyed sigh, but he begrudgingly looked up at the stars. “Hmm... those ones to the left there look like.. a boat. In the ocean.”

“Yeah, there you go!” Wilbur smiled. “And there are some clouds!”

“Wait, where?” The other man sat up abruptly. “I thought the fuckin’ weatherman said it’d be clear!”

“No, no, the stars look like clouds!” Wilbur pointed out. “To make the sea choppy. A dangerous sea adventure.”

“Oh,” He relaxed. He paused. Then tensed up. “Wait, fuck! There are actually clouds!”

“Huh?!” Wilbur frowned. He scanned the sky, and lo and behold, there were grey clouds creeping in from the top right of his vision. “What the hell!”

“That damn weatherman,” His friend said through his teeth.

“Whatever,” Wilbur sighed. “Let’s just enjoy this a little bit longer then, yeah? Before the stars get blocked out.”

“Sure,” He said, lowering himself back down to the grass.

Not two minutes later, the sky started pouring.

Wilbur screeched dramatically, as did his friend.

“Damn you, weatherman!” His friend shouted to the sky. “I wanted to see the bull, Taurus!”

“That’s a winter constellation, you idiot!”

“Shit!”

Suddenly, a flash of lightning filled the sky, and the thunder was very soon to follow.

“Ah, shit,” Wilbur winced. “That’s really close.”

His friend picked up the book he had been reading before. “Then let’s fucking go, c’mon!”

“Alright, alright, Tommy!” Wilbur laughed as he reached out to grab his hand.

~

Wilbur looked at the clouds overhead that had been pounding rain down for hours. Maybe. He wasn’t sure how long it had been. It wasn’t like he had a watch here. It had just been raining pretty much ever since he was here.

He glanced down beneath the one block of an island that he was on. The rain that didn’t hit him or the island fell below into the void, of course. He wondered where it went. There was a bottom, apparently, because when he fell down there he did die and respawn up here. Absently, he wondered if it would eventually reach the island and he could go in the water. Swim away from here.

He sighed and looked up again, wishing he could lay down or something, but he was sure he'd fall if he tried to do that in any comfortable position. Instead, he just sat down, legs hanging off the edge of the island, and stared at the clouds.

The clouds were dark, grey, and foreboding, but there were a few holes between all the clouds where the night sky poked through. The stars seemed to shine brighter than Wilbur had ever seen them.

...wait, when had he ever seen the stars before?

He didn't remember anything from before this place, though he hadn't been here for that long anyways. So... why did stargazing feel familiar?

Lightning flashed in the sky, startling him out of his thoughts. At first, he wasn't worried. Lightning wasn't that big of a problem. Like, what were the chances it would hit him? Lightning always went for the tallest... thing... it could... find...

His heart dropped to his stomach as he realized that he was the equivalent of a lightning rod here. He was the only thing here, after all.

He frantically tried to think of something else to get the lightning to strike. Maybe he could just crouch down and hope for the best? Crawl under the island and cling on like his life depended on it, because it did?

Wilbur didn't get to make a decision about what to do before there was another flash, the loudest thunder he had ever heard, a sharp pain in the middle of his back, and everything went dark.

Sky sharply sucked in a breath and almost tripped over his feet trying to figure out what the hell had just happened.

“Sky!” A voice said, and he flinched away from it, holding up a finger, hoping it got the message across as his other hand went up to his head.

Holy *shit* . What the fuck.

He took a deep breath and realized that his hands were trembling. Actually, all of him was trembling.

“I- Sky, sit down,” The voice... himself? said. Something touched his shoulders and gently guided him towards a table. He immediately sat down, grabbed the bench, and closed his eyes as tight as he could.

After a few minutes, he calmed himself down enough to slowly open his eyes. In front of him stood three people... oh, right. Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, and Deadbur.

“Sky? Do you need some water?” Re...surrectedbur. Yeah. Resurrectedbur asked quietly, sitting down next to him.

“Um-” Sky coughed lightly. “Sure.”

Resurrectedbur got up and went towards where the food probably was, considering this was a cafeteria. Revivedbur sat in his place, and Deadbur stayed standing, looking like he didn’t really know what to do.

“Another memory?” Revivedbur asked casually.

Sky just nodded.

“Did it... have Tommy in it?” Revivedbur ventured.

Sky glanced at the ground. “I... think so.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Sky saw the corners of Revivedbur’s mouth tilt up a tiny bit. “Hm.”

Resurrectedbur came back with a plastic cup with water in it. He handed it to Sky, who took a sip. It was cold. Not freezing, but still cool.

“I didn’t put ice in or anything,” Resurrectedbur said. “I just got water from the tap.”

“...how does a *tap* work on a fucking spaceship?” Deadbur muttered, probably to himself. No one answered him, so hopefully it was just to himself.

Sky absently tapped his finger on his cup. Took a sip of water. Bounced his leg. Took another deep breath. “Let’s go.”

Revivedbur blinked. “Where...?”

“I don’t know, I just don’t want to stay still,” Sky murmured, standing up.

Revivedbur stood up as well, frowning. “O...kay, let’s go.” He shared a glance with Resurrectedbur and Deadbur, who were also frowning.

As they walked out of the cafeteria, Sky glanced out the window again. He didn’t recognize any of the stars as part of constellations. It made sense; they were in an entirely different part of space.

He supposed he’d just have to make new constellations.

Chapter End Notes

im not gonna jinx it by saying that the next chapter should be out soon but also seeing as the next chapter is mostly stuff ive already planned out And is murdertrio shit.... i meannnn ^ ^
_

bur fact #29: spirit is very much a pants man . hed rather die (a third time) than wear anything other than pants . hed kill (not literally. probably. mm. maybe.) to wear smth other than his sweater tho

horribly human

Chapter Notes

so um funny story about this chapter i posted the last chapter then wrote this like a couple days later but then held off on posting it bc i didnt want to have a big break in between chapters again but uhh now look where we are <3
but ! i am about to write the next one so HOPEFULLY it wont be as long but i dont wanna jinx it so umm u never know !
anyways, enjoy, i really like this one :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Editor's mind just kept replaying that scene again and again, of Imp's horrible grin and threat, of the other man's terrified expression, of *everything* that just happened. He didn't even know where to start. It was all so unnerving, he had no clue what to do.

What was even more unnerving, though, was the fact that Imp, who was standing next to him as they walked, looked almost... defeated. He didn't look like someone who had just threatened Editor with his own murder and the murder of another, and potentially everyone else on this damn ship. He looked like... he looked like a kid who just got caught stealing a cookie. ...Almost. He was still walking, his spine (or, well, was it really his?) straight, but his facial expression showed just enough fear to make Editor think that something wasn't right here. He wasn't making eye contact, either.

It also wasn't helping that Imp wasn't saying jackshit. A death threat would've been better than this; maybe then, Editor could try to discern whether it actually had any bite behind it, or if it was an empty threat made in the heat of the moment.

It sure felt like the former the other times.

Before he could say anything, Imp started speaking.

"Hey, Editor," He said quietly. "I have a question."

“...what?” Editor asked suspiciously.

“Um...” Imp took a deep breath. “You know that paint stuff you put on your nails? Can I, uh, can I look at it?” He sounded very embarrassed.

Editor blinked, surprised, stopping in his tracks. He glanced down at his hands. “My nail polish?” He had nearly forgotten he had put it on during Phantom’s time. He usually wore his gloves, anyways. He took off one of said gloves and cautiously held out his hand to Imp.

Imp seemed surprised that he actually agreed, and looked at his hand with sparkles in his eyes. Uh, literally. What the *hell*? How did he do that?

He hesitantly raised his hand to take Editor’s, glancing up at his face the entire time, though never really making eye contact. Editor let him take it, and he stared at the blue nail polish gradient as if it were the most beautiful thing in the world. It wasn’t even near the best gradient Editor had done, but Imp was looking at it like it was a beautiful diamond.

After a few moments, Imp suddenly dropped his hand, looking embarrassed, and continued walking. Editor put his glove back on and followed him.

“Can you maybe- you don’t have to, but if you want to, you can, I just wanted to ask but you don’t have to say yes- couldyoupaintmynailspleaseifyouwant?” Imp said nervously, rushing it out all at once at the end.

Editor blinked. “Uh. What?”

“Could you paint my nails?” Imp repeated, his face very pink. “Please?”

“S....ure?” Editor said slowly. “I guess? When we get somewhere we can sit down and get nail polish.”

Imp pumped his fist in the air with a quiet, “ *Yessss!* ”, then immediately stood up normally again, spine straight as he walked.

Editor stared at him.

How was this guy supposed to be a mindless killing machine, but get excited over frogs and nail polish? How was he supposed to be someone who murdered people without hesitation when he was so... what was even the word?

God, this was too confusing for Editor. He was just a random video editor, this was *way* above his pay grade.

“I... I still don’t get it,” Editor sighed, crossing his arms. “So, you’re some evil alien sent to kill all of humanity and to do that you’ve taken over some human like you’re a parasitic insect. That’s what I’ve got right now.”

Imp didn’t say anything, seeming caught off-guard by the sudden topic-change.

“I just want an explanation,” Editor frowned. “That’s all I’m asking for.”

“I can’t give one to you,” Imp said. Coldly. Stiffly. Practiced.

“...” Editor narrowed his eyes. “Listen. I feel like there’s more to this than “you’re a heartless killing machine”, so I’m willing to listen if you just explain. You haven’t done anything yet, so I’m giving you a fucking chance here.”

“Haven’t I?” Imp asked. Coldly. Absently. Accusingly.

“You haven’t killed anyone yet,” Editor shrugged. “As... far as I know.”

“Exactly,” Imp’s shoulders tensed. “As far as you know. As far as you know, though, I’ve also killed a million people before. You don’t know anything about it. As far as you know, I’m- like you said- a heartless killing machine.”

“I didn’t call you that, I meant it as-” Editor started, but Imp cut him off.

“Let me finish,” He interrupted. “You’re also aware that I’m a parasite. You said that yourself. Multiple times. I said so myself. So yes, I’ve done plenty of things wrong, so what *you* should be doing is shutting your mouth and ignoring me, for your sake, and for mine.”

Editor paused, letting all that sink in. It didn’t quite make it. So he continued, grinning. It was kind of forced, but Imp didn’t know that. “See, that’s what I want! Some exposition, a little bit of explanation. For your sake, huh? So, there’s a reason behind this. Therefore, not a mindless killing machine.”

“...” Imp frowned and glanced to the side, squinting slightly. “You do remember what happened last time you started this shit.”

Editor froze, then forced himself to relax again. Imp just wanted to scare him so he’d stop. Well, he’d have to try harder. “Yes, and that also got me more answers,” He smirked. “Sooo... what is it? What’s the motive?”

“Why the hell would I even tell you?” Imp glared at him.

“Because then, I can help you,” Editor repeated. “Whatever’s going on to make you do this shit, I’m sure I can help you with it.”

“You can’t,” Imp retorted.

“How do you know that?” Editor shot back. “I’m sure I could try something. Even if it is in your time, we’re probably time travelling for a reason!”

“It’s out of your control, just like it’s out of mine, so give. It. Up.”

“There’s another thing,” Editor smiled. “It’s out of both of our control. So it’s got to be something like... someone has something on you. Or something. Or it’s like, some kind of fucked up dystopian job type thing.”

Imp sharply inhaled at that. Damn, for the whole ‘heartless monster’ facade he tries to keep up, he’s bad at hiding his emotions. He crossed his arms, gripping his sleeves tightly.

Editor’s smile faltered, and turned into a frown. “Uh, Imp? You okay?”

Imp let out the breath and dropped his arms, stopping and turning on his heel to look at Editor, causing him to stop walking as well. “See, that’s what’s so *fucking* frustrating about you. About all of you. You’re just too... you care too much. I don’t know. I tried to kill you, like, three times now, and you’re still asking if I’m okay. I just basically told you to shut the fuck up, and now you’re trying to comfort me. Get your head out of your ass, drop the savior complex, and mind your own business.” He shut his eyes tight and turned around again. “*Please.*”

Editor just stared at him for a few moments, mouth slightly open in surprise. He regained his composure after a few moments, closing his mouth and catching his brain up with what just happened.

Imp wasn’t walking, just standing there, back turned.

“...You confuse me,” Editor finally said. Quietly. “One moment, I think you’re a normal guy. Then you turn around and threaten me with a gun to the head. Then you get excited over frogs. Then you threaten me and some other guy. Then you ask if I can paint your nails.” He narrowed his eyes. “What’s your fucking deal?”

Imp didn't say anything.

"You get upset with me for caring about you when you're already upset, and you threaten me, and you're doing... whatever you're doing," Editor continued. "But you're just..." What was the *word*? "You're just..." Wait. "You're just too human."

Imp somehow tensed up even more than he already was.

"You've got too much humanity in you for your own good," Editor said. "Whatever job you've got, or whatever the hell you're doing, you're destined to fail. You're just too human, aren't you?"

It kind of sounded like he was teasing him, or accusing him of something, but he didn't mean it like that. Somehow, he felt like Imp also understood that.

They stood there like that, just a foot apart, neither really looking at each other.

Editor heard a shuddering inhale, then:

"It's for a good reason."

He looked up in surprise, and saw Imp turned around to face him, though he was still looking to the side, pointedly not making eye contact.

"What?" He asked.

"It's- what I'm doing, it's for a good reason," Imp repeated. "I swear."

Editor blinked. “Oh. I. I see.” He smiled softly, and for the first time in the past hour, it was genuine. “I guess I can’t really argue with you on that, since I don’t know the reason, but... thanks for at least telling me that much.”

Imp didn’t say anything, he just turned around again. “Let’s just go.”

Editor followed after him, his brain running a mile a minute.

Chapter End Notes

im so normal about imp and editor u have no idea. /lying

bur fact #30: mr president (walter and rusts cat) is more powerful than both walter and challenger. cats reign supreme over people (u cant say no to a kitty :3) AND hes immortal. what more could u ask for

and by the break of dawn, we'll be in love!

Chapter Summary

oh my god, it's come to this-
we've been undone!

Chapter Notes

chapter summary is that purely because im laughing at myself (in a good way)
anyways actual chapter summary: cringe is dead, dont be weird in my comments (im
sure yall wont b tho, just a precaution), enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was so damn confused. No, actually, he was *still* so damn confused. He'd already been over this in his head multiple times, but he still didn't get how the universe was so weirdly changed so as to make *these two* be like *this*. It was fine, whatever, he didn't care *that* much, but it was getting kind of awkward.

Okay, no it was getting really awkward. He was basically the third wheel at this point, and it was just as exciting as it sounds.

It wasn't like Walter and Rust were, like, kissing or anything, but it seemed like Walter was *trying* to rub it in. Not in an asshole-ish way, just in a vaguely-making-fun-of-him way.

As if to display his point, Walter suddenly glanced back at Wilbur and said, "Are you okay, Wilbur? You're looking rather... warm."

Wilbur was probably blushing. You can't blame him, when Walter and Rust were being like That right in front of him. Part of him wanted to brush it off and pretend like it was fine, but another, slightly bigger part of him wanted to seize the excuse to leave. So he did.

“It is a little hot in here, that’s all,” Wilbur smiled pleasantly. “I’m gonna go get some water-look, the cafeteria is just ahead! I’ll see you two there, hopefully it’s cooler!”

“Oh, of course,” Rust nodded. “See you!”

Wilbur walked past them and straight down the hallway to the cafeteria. He glanced back at the two of them. Walter was smirking at him. That little *bitch*-

He walked straight into Revivedbur.

“Oh, shit,” Revivedbur muttered. “Shit, sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Wilbur assured him. He glanced behind him, where Resurrectedbur, Deadbur, and Sky were standing. Sky was staring at something in the cafeteria, but tore his gaze away when he realized that Wilbur was there.

“Oh, were you leaving the cafeteria?” Wilbur asked. “I was gonna suggest we all wait in the cafeteria until we switch times. Just so we’re not all spread out, yeah?”

“Hm,” Revivedbur blinked. “I guess that makes sense.”

“Sounds good to me,” Deadbur shrugged. Sky gave a thumbs up, and Resurrectedbur nodded in agreement.

“Walter and Rust are right behind me,” Wilbur pointed with his head to their direction. “So that’s... seven out of...”

“Twenty... something?” Deadbur guessed.

“Twenty-two?” Revivedbur said.

“Twenty-three,” Resurrectedbur supplied with an air of confidence. And also tiredness.

“Jesus Christ,” Wilbur muttered. He looked over the Burs in front of him and frowned. “Wait, if all three of you dead Burs are here, then how are the others going to know when we’re switching times?”

Revivedbur blinked, then glanced back at Resurrectedbur and Deadbur, who also both looked surprised, as if none of them had realized this already.

“The Ghostburs have been noticing it, and they’re all still out there,” Deadbur pointed out. “Bam. Problem solved.”

“I’m fairly certain the Ghostburs are all also in a group together,” Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

“...it’s fiiiiine,” Deadbur said, though his nervous smile did not exactly radiate confidence.

“They’ll all probably find their way to the cafeteria eventually, anyways,” Resurrectedbur assured them. “For now, we can just sit down somewhere.”

“Great, ‘cause my legs hurt,” Walter said, suddenly right behind Wilbur and scaring the everloving shit out of him.

“JESus Christ,” Wilbur cursed loudly. “Walter- uh. ..what’s your full name again?”

“Walter Herbert Oglevee Morrison Crondale-Soot,” Walter easily replied.

“Soot-Crondale,” Rust corrected him as he approached.

“Same difference,” Walter shrugged.

“Yeah, that,” Wilbur said. “Imagine I full-named you. Fucking hell, don’t sneak up on people!”

“I didn’t do anything, you’re just unobservant,” Walter walked past him and into the cafeteria.

Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, Deadbur, Sky, and Rust followed him, and Wilbur grabbed Rust’s shoulder as he passed him.

“Divorce him,” He muttered. Rust just rolled his eyes with a smile and kept walking. Wilbur followed.

The seven of them waited in the cafeteria for a bit, nothing much happening. Eventually, Imp and Editor walked in.

“Hey,” Resurrectedbur called to them as they walked over. “We’re just gonna wait here until we change times, come sit down.”

“Oh,” Editor blinked, sharing a glance with Imp. “Alright.” He sat down next to Wilbur and took out his phone. “Did you know that we have, like, a relatively stable connection here?”

“Wait, what?” Wilbur stared as Editor opened Wikipedia, tapped on a hyperlink, and the new page loaded. It took longer than usual, but still, it *actually* loaded. Wilbur immediately took out his phone and unlocked it, but right as he was about to open Twitter or something, he heard multiple gasps from the other Burs. He looked over to see Resurrectedbur, Revivedbur, and Deadbur all wincing and putting their hands to their heads.

“Changing times?” Sky asked.

Revivedbur just nodded, pressing his lips tightly together.

“And... most of us still aren’t here,” Wilbur sighed, turning his phone off and putting it in his pocket.

“Great news,” Imp spoke up, walking over to the table in the center of the cafeteria. He flipped up the clear case around the large red emergency button. “I have a solution. You may want to cover your ears.” He pressed it.

The other Burs got about a half a second to cover their ears before a loud blaring alarm went off all around the ship for about ten seconds. After around twenty seconds, pretty much everyone on the ship was in the cafeteria. Twenty-three Burs combined with the entire ship’s crew made it a pretty crowded room, but thankfully, it was also a pretty big room. Concerningly, the Burs looked more worried than any of the crew.

“That was just to get all of us in one place,” Imp explained calmly to his crewmates. “No murder or anything.” He paused, glanced at his tablet, then nodded. “No murder.” He blinked, then quickly said in one quick sentence, “And we’re leaving now, I’ll hopefully be back soon, please don’t tell anyone, I don’t wanna get arrested for unauthorized time travel. Thanks!”

Wilbur noticed that all of the Ghostburs- including Phantom- also looked like they had the time travel headache.

He blinked, and suddenly he and the other Burs were in a... house? He heard a gasp and looked over to see Rust with his hands over his mouth, his eyes flicking all over the place.

“I- Walter?” He asked slowly.

Walter looked around, then smiled at Rust. “Welcome back home.”

Wilbur watched as Rust gleefully looked around, talking about how much he missed this place. Wilbur was incredibly lost, even more so than he was usually with all this. For one, this wasn't a place he recognized at all, and he didn't know how this was somehow Rust and Walter's house. Even though so much about the Burs seemed to be incredibly different from all the shit he'd planned, written, and acted out, one would think that one of the Bur's houses looked at least somewhat familiar to his own or a house he had been in. Even Editor's house had been familiar- it was a place where he filmed part of the ARG.

But this? This was completely new.

"There's no fucking way," Rust said, giant smile still on his face. "There's no way! You're joking!"

"You're acting as if I gave you some big gift," Walter laughed. "You're in your own house. Congratulations."

Rust gasped. "Wait, you still have Mr. President, right?"

Walter nodded. "Why wouldn't I? He doesn't seem to die. Or age. At all. He looks exactly the same as when you left."

Rust rolled his eyes and started walking around, down the hall to other rooms. "Do you know where he is?"

"Uh, no," Walter called, not following him. "Probably in the bedroom." He hesitated, then added, "And don't go into my study!"

"I can't wait for Tommy to see this," Rust said excitedly, still walking around into other rooms as if he had just gotten this house. "I- shit..." He walked back into the front room and went up to Walter, grabbing him by the shoulders, then pulled him closer until the two were full-on kissing. Walter looked incredibly shocked for a moment- as they all kind of were- before he melted into it.

After a few moments, the two pulled away from each other, Rust looking more flustered than he had ever looked- which was really saying something, considering what he's looked like every time Walter's done so much as compliment him- and he just stared at Walter for a bit before turning and walking down the hall, leaving everyone shocked.

After a minute or so of complete surprised silence, Rust came back holding a fluffy white cat. "Franklin D. Roosevelt pissed on the bed," He said quietly. Walter sighed, and Rust laughed.

"I'm sorry, what the fuck did you just say?" Phas asked.

"Oh, the cat's name is named after every U.S. President he's lived to see," Rust replied, sounding distracted. Wilbur couldn't blame him. "His full name is 'Calvin Herbert Franklin Coolidge Hoover Roosevelt'."

The conversation continued, but Wilbur was too distracted by the fact that two of his characters who both looked just like him had kissed on the lips right in front of him to listen. He didn't have anything against it, of course, it was just... odd to see, y'know? Not something you would ever expect to see. Especially since he had never intended for these two to even know that the other existed. There was... a lot going on. How was he supposed to explain this one to Twitter?

Mr. President suddenly jumped out of Rust's arms and walked around the room, sniffing all of the Burs. He approached Phantom, who didn't notice him at first. The cat rubbed his head up against Phantom's leg. Phantom glanced down at the cat, froze, then made an ungodly screech, went invisible, his hat fell off, he showed up clinging to the ceiling, fell back on the ground, went invisible again, and then made a sound from *underneath the floor*.

"Holy fucking shit, what the hell?" Ace shouted.

"He left marks on the ceiling," Spirit pointed up at said ceiling, specifically at the claw marks Phantom had left.

"Oh my god, that did *not* help the headache," Blue muttered.

Rust picked up Mr. President again. “I’m gonna go put him in the bathroom. And... also get some water.” He did a quick headcount of the Burs who had time travel headaches, then turned and left.

Wilbur felt something grab his arms from behind, and immediately glanced back to see Phantom, standing behind him and giving his arms a death grip. His eyes were wide.

“Is the cat gone.” Phantom asked through his teeth.

“Uh, yes?” Wilbur said. “Please don’t rip my sweater.”

Phantom glanced down at his hands, retracted his claws, and loosened his grip on Wilbur’s arm.

“Are you scared of cats?” Wilbur asked incredulously.

“I mean, phantoms *are* scared of cats, right?” Ghostbur asked. “Like creepers!”

Phantom blinked. “Oh. Oh shit, they are-” He patted his head, then his eyes widened. “Where’d Drowsy go?”

“He’s right here, don’t worry,” Bard called, gesturing to the couch, where Fundy and Drowsy were sitting next to each other, staring at each other in a sort of confused fascination.

“Oh,” Phantom said, and relaxed. “Got it.”

Rust walked back into the room, noticeably with no cat in his arms, and instead holding a few glasses of water, which he gave to the Burs with headaches. Afterwards, he stretched his arms

above his head and took a deep breath. “I’m gonna go shower, come get me if we’re switching times, I’ll try not to take too long.”

Walter gasped. “Wait, you know what we should do? We should stay here for a bit, like in Phantom’s time! We actually have enough room, and we’re not in immediate danger or have anything going on for once. It’d be perfect!”

Rust blinked. “That- sure, but we don’t have twenty-two beds, and we can’t just *build* that many like in Phantom’s time.”

Geo cleared his throat to get everyone’s attention. “Uh, I do have sleeping bags in my bag, you just didn’t ask in Phantom’s time. Like, I have plenty.”

“...oh yeah,” Phantom said. “I kinda forgot you had an infinite bag filled with stuff.”

Geo smirked, then shrugged the bag off of his shoulder. “Alright, I’ll just need to dump this out somewhere to search through it.”

“Not in my living room, you’re not,” Walter immediately said, walking over to him. “C’mon, there’s more space in the dining room.”

“I’m gonna go shower, then, you guys get that figured out,” Rust backed out of the room.

“Oh, quick question,” Phas spoke up before Walter left with Geo. “Where on Earth are we?”

“New York,” Geo answered before Walter could get a word out. Walter gave him a Look, but didn’t object.

“...I thought Wilbur Soot lived in ‘England’ on Earth,” L’manbur frowned, furrowing his eyebrows.

“We did,” Walter smiled. “Then stuff happened.” He turned around and walked out. Geo glanced at him, then back at the group, shrugged, and followed him.

Chapter End Notes

uhhh yeah. anyways i made it from wilburs pov bc 1. i was Not abt to make it from rusts or walters and 2. i think its fucking hilarious. imagine being in that situation. i wouldnt even know what to do. itd be so funny anyways,
bur fact #31: revivedbur hates eggs. he just does. no matter how theyre cooked. theyre just bad. (this doesnt have anything 2 do w the red egg in dsmp. he just doesnt like eggs)

taking inventory

Chapter Notes

o btw im thinking of having an upload schedule of saturdays and also maybe wednesdays. just so i dont post like three chapters back to back then disappear for two months . so uhggg yeah
oh also happy 69 chapters last chapter . 4got 2 mention it lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walter led Geo to the kitchen, then once they were sufficiently out of sight and earshot of the other Burs, turned to him. “Alright, we’re gonna go to the void place thing, because I need to fix the timeline, and you need to empty your bag in a bigger place.”

Geo blinked, then nodded. “Got it.”

“Also, you might want to brace yourself,” Walter warned him, closing his eyes and mentally reaching for the metaphorical door to the so-called void. “And close your eyes.” He grabbed Geo’s arm and hypothetically pulled the door open.

He opened his eyes- not all of them, thankfully- to see the void and the wonderful, horrible amalgamation of a timeline he’d fixed up in here.

“Been a while since I’ve been in here, huh?” He smiled, cracking his hypothetical knuckles and grabbing the timeline.

“Why does your voice always get louder when we’re here?” Geo muttered.

“Comes with the godlike form, or whatever,” Walter replied. **“Whatever makes most sense to you.”**

“...wasn’t there someone else in here last time?” Geo asked.

Walter paused. He was right- wasn’t DreamXD in here before? Yet, looking around, he didn’t see anyone except himself and Geo. **“Huh. I guess he left. Duty calls. Or something.”** He untied one end of this specific part of the string.

“Found the sleeping bags,” Geo called.

“Great,” Walter replied, gently tugging on the string to lengthen it out. It got a little longer, then did something strange- it vibrated. That’s... not supposed to happen. He tugged it again, and watched as the rippling movement disrupted an entirely different timeline connected to one of the ones he had messed with. He stared at it with every single one of his eyes.

“Well, *shit*,” Walter mumbled under his breath, squinting at it as much as an incorporeal cloud of Being can squint at something. **“That’s gonna come back to bite me in the ass.”**

“What?” Geo asked, tilting his head that he technically didn’t really have right now, but it was fine. He got the idea across. “Is something wrong?”

“Nope! Nope, nothing’s wrong, not at all, everything’s fine!” Walter exclaimed, tying up the string of time and dropping it. **“Everything is a-okay! Let’s go!”**

“Uh, oka-?” Geo started to say, but got cut off by Walter pulling them both out of the void.

They appeared again in the kitchen, and Geo’s twenty sleeping bags fell on the floor immediately, since he definitely couldn’t hold all of them. Geo, however, wasn’t even looking at them.

“You’ve got... a little something...” Geo gestured to Walter’s neck.

Walter frowned, then cursed internally as he slapped a hand over the side of his neck, closing and disguising an extra eye he somehow *missed* in the transition from the void to Earth. “I am losing my touch,” He muttered. “Let’s get these things back to the living room, shall we?”

Geo blinked, but just nodded.

On their way back to the other Burs, Walter quickly locked the door to his study. He didn’t need any of the Burs walking in on... all that.

Chapter End Notes

btw the thing in walters study he doesnt want them 2 see isnt that important but it is a fun lil detail- one u can probably figure out from zo's fwiadc fic (here: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/40881978>). yes im plugging it again i just love it sm i'll probably mention it in like a bur fact or smth at some point so if u dont wanna go look/dont know then i'll tell u eventually :]

bur fact #32: resurrectedburs favorite flavor of ice cream is neapolitan ! it matches- but isnt because of- his hair :3

a sleepover! surely nothing bad could ever happen- oh wait

Chapter Notes

im sure it'll be fine. probably

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The other Burs watched as Geo and Walter unceremoniously dumped all 22 sleeping bags they had gotten from Geo's bag on the ground. It was honestly impressive the amount of variation there was- some were brightly colored, some were more pastel, some were just neutrally colored, some were a slightly different material, et cetera. There was even a smaller one for Fundy. Where Geo got all of these was certainly a mystery. Geo claimed he didn't know.

"That is... a lot," Ace said slowly.

"So we better get organizing!" Ghostbur smiled. "I claim that blue one!"

"Predictable, much?" Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

"And what color would you like?" Ghostbur put his hands on his hips.

"Uh, red," Alivebur shrugged.

Now Ghostbur was the one to raise an eyebrow.

"Shut up," Alivebur muttered.

Once each Bur had chosen a sleeping bag, it was time to set them all out on the floor, which proved harder than one might think.

“This is hilarious,” Walter remarked, leaning against the doorway, watching them all.

“And what are you doing to contribute?” Challenger asked.

“I trust you all to not make an absolute wreck of my living room,” Walter smiled. “And I’m not sleeping in here anyways. I have my own bed.”

Spirit stuck his tongue out at him.

Eventually, they managed to get all the sleeping bags in a somewhat compact yet comfortable arrangement. Generally, no one was next to someone they might kill in their sleep. Hopefully. Most of the Burs sat down on their sleeping bag, on the couch, or on one of the chairs in the room. They all had been walking around various times for a bit now; it was nice to rest for a bit.

“Jesus Christ, this is going to be a mess, isn’t it?” Rust muttered as he walked up behind Walter. He was wearing a sweater and sweatpants, and he was holding a towel.

“It’s fine,” Bard assured him. “We’ll obviously clean up after ourselves.”

“Just don’t break the window,” Rust smiled, raising an eyebrow.

Walter glanced back at him. “You need a haircut.”

“Old news,” Rust ran his hand through his hair. “It’s fine for now.”

Walter shrugged, then turned back to the other Burs. “Anyone else wanna shower?”

Sky, Wimpfred, and Raft all immediately said yes, which, fair enough.

“You’re showering,” L’manbur elbowed Alivebur gently. “You’re gross.”

“What the fuck?!” Alivebur frowned. “No I’m not!”

“You live in a ravine,” L’manbur rolled his eyes. “And there’s a plant in your hair that I can’t tell if it’s just there or if its growing.”

Alivebur narrowed his eyes at L’manbur, had a mini staring contest with him (that he lost), then rolled his eyes and sighed. “Fine.”

“Are we gonna eat the leftover pancakes for breakfast?” Deadbur asked.

“We need to eat them sometime,” Phas pointed out. “We can just heat them up or something.” He turned to Rust and asked, “You have a microwave, right?”

Rust stared at him, obviously confused. “A... what?”

Phas stared back. “Have. Have microwaves not been *invented yet?!?*”

“Holy shit, you’re so old,” Geo cackled. Rust glared at him.

“Just use the oven,” Walter shrugged. “It probably functions similarly, right?”

The other Burs who knew what microwaves were gave responses varying from “Ehhh, not really...” to “Pretty much, yeah.”. Comforting.

Editor snickered. “This is really funny- we have Walter and Rust from the 1940’s, to surprise us with how many things haven’t been invented yet, and then Imp to tell us what crazy shit has been invented in the future.”

“Oh yeah, didn’t you say you got enough connection in his time to load pages on your phone?” Wilbur spoke up.

“Yeah, I opened, like, three new Wikipedia pages to read in their entirety,” Editor grinned. He then gasped and pulled his phone. “Wait, that reminds me-!” He cut himself off, then hesitated. He gestured for Wilbur to look at what he had pulled up on his phone. “Uh... do you think I’d cause some weird time paradox thing you see in movies if I show Rust this?”

Wilbur read whatever was on the screen, eyes widening, then frowned. “I... don’t think so? If meeting this many versions of yourself and telling the ones that are almost 80 years in the past about shit that hasn’t been invented yet hasn’t caused something like that...” He shrugged. “I doubt it.”

Editor hummed. “True.” He stood up, walked over to Rust, and showed him what was on the screen. “Does that look familiar?”

Rust blinked, his eyes scanning the screen quickly. His eyes widened to almost a comical degree, then he furrowed his eyebrows. “What the *fuck* is that thing, and why does it know that?”

Editor laughed. “It’s basically an encyclopedia on my phone, which I can easily search through to find specific things, especially stuff referenced in other articles. I was looking at the World War II article, and it mentioned this off-handedly in a source, so I looked it up, and lo and behold, it has a short little page for itself.”

“What are you talking about?” Raft called. “Let us see!”

“‘The Sleepyrust Island Incident’,” Editor read from his phone screen. “‘An incident which happened in 1943 on Sleepyrust Island, where multiple pilots fighting in World War II crashed and lived on the island until eventual rescue in 1945.’ Uh, blahblah... ‘There were multiple suspected instances of cannibalism, confirmed by witness testimony, though no suspects were ever found guilty under the law.’”

“...sounds about right,” Rust commented. “...wait, what did it say about 1945?”

“You heard me,” Editor smiled. “Uh, good luck, I guess?”

“Are we not questioning the cannibalism??” Sky asked incredulously.

“I’m pretty sure I already told you about that,” Rust said, at the same time Mod said, “I don’t see what the problem is.”

“Please do not continue that train of thought,” Sky gave him an uneasy glance.

“Anyways,” Wilbur spoke up. “I’m more curious about how you got any kind of connection or service.”

“I assume it had something to do with the ship,” Editor shrugged. “Future stuff. Imp probably knows.”

They all looked at Imp, who looked a little surprised to be suddenly addressed.

“I have no fucking clue how it works,” Imp shook his head. “It just does.” He pulled out his own tablet out of nowhere and pulled up an internet page, showing everyone. “Even now, it’s still connected, although very shakily.”

“I... the internet doesn’t even fucking exist yet,” Wilbur said incredulously. “How??”

“I didn’t invent this, I just use it,” Imp shrugged. He scrolled down the page, which was apparently a news site. Ace could see a number of articles, like ‘Skeld Ships Investigated for Security Risks’, ‘What the Io Minimum Wage Raise Means for Solar Businesses’, and ‘Dr. Annie Grace Completes First Impostor Dissection’, just to name a few. Each had a picture next to them, the first one being of some kind of spaceship and a logo, the second being a picture of a moon, and the third being an image of a woman next to a picture of some kind of dark goop on a table in a scientific-looking room.

“I’m scared of the politics in the future,” Phas shuddered. “It’s bad enough right now.”

“Eh, it’s not that bad,” Imp smiled. He turned the tablet around to face him again so he could see the screen. “Certainly not as bad as it-” His eyes widened as he stared at the tablet, and his smile dropped. “...could be...”

Editor, who was sitting next to him, frowned and looked over his shoulder. “What? Is s-” His eyes widened as well. “Oh.”

Imp stared at the tablet in horror for a few moments before abruptly standing up and dropping his tablet on the floor. “One moment,” He quickly said, before walking out of the room.

They all stared after him, confused.

“What... was that about?” Revivedbur asked, frowning. A few Burs shrugged or made ‘I dunno’ sounds.

“Uh, I’ll go...” Editor picked up the tablet and rose from the floor. He glanced at the screen, then looked up. “I’ll go check on him.”

“Probably a good idea,” Resurrectedbur nodded. “Do you have an idea, or something?”

“A hunch,” Editor shrugged lightly. “I don’t know.” He smiled. “Maybe he also didn’t like the political articles?”

That got a few uneasy chuckles out of a few of the Burs, though they were all obviously still confused. As Editor walked after Imp, Ace just wondered what in the world Imp saw on the screen to look so... what was that emotion on his face? It had just seemed like pure terror.

“I guess he’s not good with gorey pictures,” He commented, and a couple Burs nodded. That’s probably all it was.

Chapter End Notes

wow i wonder what he saw i sure do wonder

bur fact #33: revision to bur fact #18 i noticed while rereading half the fic- the following burs are all in the same timeline of earth slightly to the left :3

-walter and rust (1940s currently)

-editor (2019)

-geo (modern)

-phas (2030s or 40s)

-raft (2100s or smth)

-imp (WAY in the future)

-[REDACTED] ([REDACTED])

-maybe wimpfred. who knows when. he just might be there. its strange

the burning shadows of human hands are far too much for a single life

Chapter Summary

hold my hand even if i cry
i need to feel like i'm human through you
hold on tight 'til the tears run dry
the things i see are a dread to undo
don't go, i feel too wrong

uncanny all along

Chapter Notes

uncanny by ghost and pals (song the title and summary r from) is so fucking impcore and im so fucking normal about it. god.

anyways! um TW for vomit and the such, no graphic descriptions, but multiple mentions of it from "Imp slowly lowered his hand an nodded." to "Imp didn't answer." :]
enjoy, i really like this one <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As soon as he closed the door behind himself and was out of eyesight of the other Burs, Editor's calm smile dropped and he clutched the tablet tighter. Fuck fuck fuck *fuck*, this was bad, Imp *definitely* just saw one of his own species on the fucking dissecting table, didn't he? Oh, he totally did, this was bad, at least there was no blood in the picture? But Editor didn't fucking know what 'impostor' blood would look like, much less what any other insides would look like, shit- this really was not good. Oh, hell, what if he threw up? That wouldn't be good, how would they explain this one?

He checked every room in the small hallway on this side of the house, wondering where Imp had gone off to. Eventually, he found him in the bathroom, which was luckily one of the farthest rooms from the living room with the other Burs, so hopefully they wouldn't overhear anything.

Editor walked in to see Imp with his back pressed up against the far wall, one arm over his stomach, the other hand covering his mouth. He was obviously trembling, and he didn't seem to notice Editor as he walked in slowly.

"Uh, are you... okay?" Editor asked quietly.

Imp's eyes flitted up at him, and he gasped sharply, moving his head to look over at him. He didn't say anything, though he did move his hand.

Editor quickly made his way over to him. "That was a dumb question. Um." He hesitated. "Can I touch you?"

Imp slowly lowered his hand and nodded.

Editor gently grabbed his shoulder. "Do you... are you going to throw up?"

Imp hesitated, and just looked at him strangely.

Editor blinked. "Uh. Do you feel sick? Like, in your stomach and your throat?"

Imp glanced down at himself, then back up at Editor and nodded.

Editor winced. "Alright, then..." He glanced around, and, while keeping his hand on Imp's shoulder, he reached over and opened the toilet lids. "I assume you haven't done this before."

Imp shook his head.

"That's... this won't be fun," He sighed. "Okay. It's probably gonna feel really gross and embarrassing, and you'll feel like absolute dogshit, but it's better than just letting it sit there,

so just try not to make *too* much of a mess, because too much and we'd have to try to come up with an explanation."

Imp gave him an odd look, and glanced at the toilet.

"Here, just sit down," Editor guided him, resting his hand on his back. "If you feel *anything* coming up from your throat, aim for the bowl and let it out. It happens, we deal with it, we move on. Got it?"

Imp blinked, nodded, and turned his head away.

A few minutes, a bit of cleaning, and a couple sounds from Imp that *sounded* like they were supposed to mean something but definitely weren't English later, they were both just sitting on the floor of the bathroom, pointedly not making eye contact.

"...so," Editor finally said quietly, breaking the silence. "You feeling better?"

Imp didn't answer. He didn't even show any sign that he had heard him.

"I'll take that as a yes," Editor said. He glanced at the tablet that Imp had dropped. He picked it up from where he had set it down and offered it to him. "Want this back?"

Imp finally looked up and frowned.

"Don't worry, I closed out the tab you were looking at," Editor smiled. "I didn't look at anything else, either."

Imp seemed to hesitate, then held out his hand. When Editor gave it to him, he turned it on, stared at the screen for a few moments, then turned it off and set it down in his lap.

They sat in silence.

"Do you..... wanna talk about it?" Editor tried.

Imp gave him a Look. Yeah, okay, he expected as much.

"Fine, I'll stop," Editor sighed. "But you do realize that at some point, I'm probably gonna figure it out, right? Whatever you're trying to hide. No offense, but you're not very good at this 'secret' stuff."

Imp glared at him, then finally spoke in an annoyed tone. "Then what do you suggest I do, Detective?" His voice sounded hoarse and vaguely tired.

"Um, if you explained more I could give you tips?" Editor grinned.

"Oh, of course, why didn't I think of that?" Imp said sarcastically, putting a hand to his cheek in mock surprise. "Why, I should give you my entire life story right here and now. What a wonderful idea."

"Geez, someone's a grump," Editor crossed his arms.

"You fucking think?" Imp rolled his eyes.

Neither of them spoke for a bit after that.

"Um," Editor suddenly said. "I am curious... sorry, but why was some of that stuff black? Like, was that.. uh. You?"

Imp opened his mouth to respond, then hesitated. "...great question."

Editor raised his eyebrows. "You don't know either?" At Imp's uncomfortable silence, which he took as confirmation, he exhaled through his mouth. "How comforting."

Imp glanced in the toilet, even though they had already gotten rid of everything in there. He made another odd sound that once again sounded weirdly intentional, but didn't make any sense. He seemed to choke on the word.

"Oh, yeah, I was gonna ask about that too," Editor frowned. "What are those sounds?"

"Annoyed ones," Imp said, unconvincingly. "What do you mean?"

"Sure," Editor rolled his eyes. "They sound like more than that to me."

"Oh my god, fine," Imp pinched the bridge of his nose. He blushed like he was embarrassed and begrudgingly said, "I keep forgetting I have a human throat and mouth structure, so I keep trying to say words in languages used by people with other types of anatomy."

Editor blinked. "I... interesting?"

"Human mouths are so annoying," Imp continued. "Honestly, lots of human parts are annoying. They're so... restricting! I can't even say half the words in my native language! Human bodies are so awkward to move in! Like, bipedal and sexual reproduction? Pick a struggle! And with these shitty spine and joints? Good lord, it's a wonder humans achieved anything. You don't even have a tail. You're so versatile and diverse, yet you have the worst fucking biology in the universe. At least you're not- Wait, you don't know what that is. Uh.. oh, at least you're not a horse. I guess that's something. But that is a low, low bar. Human biology disgusts me to no. End. So glad I'm not actually human, that'd be horrible. Gender? Sex? Are you kidding me? I hate human bodies so much, god I wish I had a different job."

He took a deep breath at the end of his last sentence. Editor just stared at him, not sure what to say.

"Are you getting paid for this?" Editor finally asked slowly.

"No- see, there's another human thing I hate," Imp replied, very obviously annoyed. "What is with you people's obsession with money? Like I really do not care about your mansion in San Francisco or your fancy house on Ganymede! No! One! Cares!"

Editor stared at him again, then burst out laughing. "Oh my god, that's hilarious.. You need to tell that to some people I know on Earth!"

"Gladly," Imp muttered. "Humans are the worst."

"You say, to a human," Editor said teasingly.

Imp just rolled his eyes. He looked noticeably less tense. Or, well, he looked tense, just less about the article and more about humans in general.

"You know, that reminds me," Editor frowned. "Remember how in Phantom's time, we all got teleported out of the mountain ring because we were human, but you didn't?"

Imp nodded.

"What did you even say to explain that?" He asked. "I don't think I heard." He paused, opting to not propose the idea that he had just forgotten because of... other events.

Imp thought for a moment, then replied. "I think I said that humans in the future have evolved enough that they're considered a different species? Or something like that."

Editor raised an eyebrow. "Is that true?"

“Hell if I know,” Imp shrugged. “I mean, that’s not the actual reason, I’m sure.” He paused. “Though, it is interesting that it didn’t even teleport... any of me out of the ring. Like, this guy *is* human, so I guess whatever thing senses humans either couldn’t tell that he was human, or couldn’t get me... out.” He paused again. “Wow, that sounds so weird to explain.”

Editor laughed, and Imp smiled as well.

As Editor looked at Imp with a small smile on his face, lots of thoughts came to his mind. He still didn't really know why Imp was doing this, why he was here. All he knew was that Imp thought it was for a good reason. But what did that mean? Could Editor really trust him with that? And what was with that article? Editor felt a little bad wanting to pry into Imp's business, but in his defense, it was for a good reason.

...that's exactly what Imp said, right? So if Editor could trust himself, couldn't he trust Imp?

Editor glanced at the tablet, then back at Imp. "I assume you still don't want to talk about it?"

Imp frowned and opened his mouth to presumably decline with a biting tone, but he hesitated. He seemed to debate it in his head, then replied. "Why are you doing this?"

Editor frowned. "What?"

"You saw that I was... uncomfortable," Imp elaborated, completely undermining his reaction. "And you covered for me, then immediately came to help me, and still haven't told anyone else."

"Didn't we have this conversation on the ship?" Editor pointed out.

"Sure," Imp said. "But your answer was that I seemed too human. But humans can be horrible people. Obviously. And you have no idea if I'm just really good at lying. And being

'human' doesn't mean anything in terms of morality in my time." He stared Editor straight in the eye, as if challenging him. "So what gives?"

Editor blinked. Then sighed. "Fine. Plainly put, I simply think there's more to this than 'this guy is a sci-fi homicidal alien', and you've done more to prove that theory than disprove that." He shrugged. "This is a prime example."

Imp started at him, then at the ground. "I will never understand humans."

Editor laughed quietly. "I'm just good at connecting dots. I have experience with the subject, considering I am currently trying to solve a murder I'm about to be accused of in my own world."

Imp looked up at him, surprised. He then frowned. "You did say that during the never have I ever game, didn't you...?" He furrowed his brows. "But... I don't see how that helps with this."

Editor paused, working out his sentence in his head. "It's like... whatever was on that tablet showed me a possible motive for what you're doing. Or, at least a clue to a motive. Do I know why you're actually here, or on that ship, or doing whatever you're doing? Not really, but I'm putting the pieces together." He shrugged. "And experience just helps."

Imp seemed to process the words, staring at the ground. He eventually picked up the tablet, turned it on, tapped a few things on there, then just held it in his hands, looking at it. A quick glance showed that he was looking at the article, though just the title with no picture or anything.

Editor was just about to say something else, when Imp spoke.

"It.. I almost expected as much," Imp said quietly. Almost tiredly. "It still surprised me." His grip on the tablet tightened a bit. "I just didn't expect this to happen so soon, or so... blatantly. I thought they'd have a little *goddamn* shame." His voice shook, and he put the tablet down. "Sorry."

Editor frowned. "It's fine." He knew Imp wouldn't tell him much, so this did seem like a good improvement. It was still incredibly concerning, and only made him feel worse for Imp, but it was still something. Baby steps, right?

They sat on the bathroom floor for a few more minutes like that, just barely able to hear some of the other Burs laughing and shouting from across the house.

Eventually, Editor stood up and brushed his legs off, then offered his hand to Imp. "Shall we go back? We don't wanna worry them."

Imp glanced at it, then after a moment of hesitation, took it. He pulled himself up, closed the toilet lid, and grabbed his coat from the floor. After the two of them washed their hands, they walked out and back down the hall into the living room with the other Burs.

Chapter End Notes

ahaha <3 yeah <3

bur fact #34: raft, before he joined the other burs, hadn't seen ice or snow in fucking forever, considering that he was mostly in tropical climates. therefore, his introduction to the burs- being getting bit by a shark, time travel-teleported to the past, hit in the face with a snowball (which he hasn't seen a trace of in years) by an alternate universe version of himself, passing out, then waking up to see 20 other versions of himself drinking hot cocoa- even funnier

oh btw. a few things to mention that i was Going to mention the past few end notes but completely forgot!

-> the other timeline walter accidentally messed with was like. so my friend zo, you know her u love 'em, has this au thats like fwiadc but with eret instead of wilbur, called 'into the eretverse', and void hasn't written any of it yet but it and fwiadc Are in the same like. universe i guess! that sounds weird considering theyre both like. time fuckery and weirdness but u get the idea. yeah anyways that was a lil reference 2 that ehehe

-> 'dr annie grace' in the last chapter is just a silly little oc i made up specifically for this! shes an unethical scientist who did in fact do the first impostor dissection. shes very fucked up. god forbid women do anything.. (btw i Have written a little like oneshot about her but idk if i'll ever post it sdfjsdk . shes just fun 2 think abt)

-> check out some fwiadc (specifically sky!) art i literally just posted el oh el <3

<https://klesek.tumblr.com/post/715989970467340288/so-with-advice-of-the-dead-and-a-halo-over-my>

-> i probably won't post a chapter on wednesday, sorry :(but i will on saturday <3 i just have. a Long week for school ahead of me lmao

like chapter 45, but worse, but better

Chapter Notes

heyyy :3 been a bit :3

way less heavy chapter than last weeks, this more just fucking around lmao <3 next chapter tho.hm. well

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Raft glanced between the door Imp and Editor had just walked through and the other Burs.

“I guess he’s not good with gorey pictures,” Ace commented, though he sounded unsure. A few other Burs nodded.

Raft thought that the picture hadn’t even been that bad. It really just looked like a picture of dark goop on a table. He guessed it didn’t really matter. If it was that bad, Editor would help him out, and the two would explain.

Walter, one of the closest Burs to the door, cracked the door open and glanced down the hallway, then turned back to the others and closed it. “The bathroom light’s on, and the door’s closed, so you all might want to wait until they’re back to shower.”

Rust took a pocket watch out of his pocket and checked it. “What time is it?”

“Uh, 6:35,” Walter replied with a glance at a clock on the wall.

“Hm,” Rust twisted the knob at the top of the watch, closed it, and put it back in his pocket. “Should I make dinner?”

“Fuck yes, I’m starving,” Sky said immediately.

“Great,” Rust smiled. He glanced at Walter. “I assume everything is in the same place?”

Walter shrugged. “Fuck if I know.”

Rust sighed, then turned to presumably walk to the kitchen, but before he could take a single step, a phone went off.

About half of the Burs jumped, with a couple of them immediately taking out some kind of weapon before they realized it was just a phone ringing. Including Rust, who quickly reached into a pocket and pulled out a small dagger. Oops.

“Oh,” Walter frowned at the rotary phone sitting on the little table next to the couch. “One moment.” He walked over to it and picked up the receiver, “Crondale residence, Walter speaking, how can I help you?” He listened for a few moments, then smiled. “Oh, hey, Sylvester!”

Rust relaxed a considerable amount, putting the knife away. “Co-worker,” He explained to the other Burs, then continued to the kitchen.

“No, sorry- I know, I know, but some stuff has come up,” Walter said to this ‘Sylvester’ guy on the phone. He leaned against the wall as he listened. “I can call Charlie if you want? ...got it. I’ll do that.” He grabbed a notepad and pen sitting next to the phone and started writing something. “Mhm. Yep. Sure.” He paused. “No.” Pause. “You know why.” Pause. A sigh. “Look, Sylvester, buddy- no, I know-” He paused again, writing something else down, then ripping the page out. “What are you talking ab-”

“Walter!” Rust shouted from the kitchen. “Where the hell is the sugar?!”

Walter covered the talking part of the phone. “Top left cabinet!” He paused. “Why do you need sugar for dinner?”

“I’m just looking,” Rust replied. “You’ve made a mess of my kitchen.”

“*Your* kitch- whatever,” Walter lowered his hand and turned back to the phone. “Sorry, trouble with the wife. You know how it is.”

It took considerable constraint for multiple of the Burs to not laugh at that. Spirit barely succeeded; he covered his mouth with his hand, shoulders shaking with silent laughter.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll call him,” Walter said. “You have fun with, uh, what was his name? Toby?” He paused. “Sure, sure. Seeya later.” He set the phone back down and sighed.

“The *wife* ?!” Spirit immediately said, laughing.

“Shh,” Walter waved it off. “I need to make another call.” He glanced at the paper in his hand and started dialing another number. He put the receiver up to his ear, and after a few moments, started speaking. “Charlie! Charlie, buddy, I need you to do something for me... Yeah. I know, I know, I’ll make it up to you, you know I always make good on my promises. Mhm. Yup. Alright, thanks, see you Friday! Bye!” He set the phone down again.

“The wife,” Spirit repeated.

“I’m not about to get us both arrested because I outright tell my coworkers I have a husband, thank you,” Walter raised an eyebrow. “And besides, none of them are coming here anytime soon.” He shrugged. “And Wilbur doesn’t mind it.”

“Debatable,” Rust said, walking into the living room again. “Anyways, what do you all want? I might need to clean up a bit because *someone* made a mess of my sorting system, but I can figure it out.”

Almost instantly, about half the Burs suggested something at the same time. Rust frowned, held up a hand to quiet them, which worked somehow, then continued. “Something relatively simple, preferably. And please don’t start talking all at the same time.”

“Soup!” Ghostbur immediately chirped.

Rust hummed thoughtfully. “You know what. Sure. What kind of soup?” He hastily added, “One at a time.”

“Wait, idea,” Alivebur spoke up. “I have an idea. An amazing idea. Listen before you respond.” He paused for dramatic effect. “You know how we have all those pancakes I made.”

“No,” Resurrectedbur said as soon as the words left Alivebur’s mouth. “Absolutely not.”

“No, nonono, listen,” Alivebur insisted. “Not just pancake soup. Pancake *dumpling* soup.”

Rust crossed his arms and stared at him. “You’re fucked in the head.”

“So I’ve been told,” Alivebur smiled.

“But I must admit,” Rust continued. “That I’m tempted to see how that goes.”

“Great,” Alivebur grinned. “Let’s get started, then- Geo?”

Geo put his bag on the ground, reached in so far his entire arm went in it. He rummaged around for a few moments, then pulled out a couple plastic containers of pancakes. He handed them to Alivebur.

Alivebur took them and handed one to Rust, who looked at it with an expression vaguely of disdain. The two went into the kitchen.

"How the fuck do you make a soup out of pancakes?" Wilbur muttered.

"You boil them," Deadbur guessed.

Before anyone could dispute that claim, the door opened, and Editor walked in, Imp following right behind him.

"Is everything alright?" Resurrectedbur asked.

"Oh, yeah, there was just a weird article," Editor shrugged. Imp didn't say anything. This didn't really explain anything, seeing as how none of the Burs looked like they understood what happened any better.

"..Anyways," Editor continued, "we miss anything?"

"Rust and Alivebur are making pancake soup," Ghostbur said immediately.

Editor and Imp made the exact same disgusted, confused face.

"...why???" Imp asked.

"We have to use those pancakes somehow," Revivedbur conceded. "Might as well use them for dinner."

"If they can make something that tastes good out of that," Editor snorted, "then color me impressed."

"Honestly," Walter muttered, then stood up from where he was sitting on an arm of the couch. "Anyway. Does everyone have their sleeping bags situated?"

A chorus of various affirmative responses came from the crowd of Burs. While most of them were sleeping on sleeping bags on the floor, there were a few Burs sleeping in the chairs or on the couch. Thank whatever was above, there was just enough room to fit all of them in, bar Rust and Walter, of course. Speaking of Rust, he and Alivebur came into the room a few minutes later.

“Somehow, we came up with a plan,” Rust reported. “Pancakes are boiling in water at the moment, they should be ready soon.” He paused and looked over the room full of Burs. “We’ll just... eat in here.”

“I’ll do my best to make a complete mess,” Spirit said solemnly.

“I will make you clean it up if you do,” Rust threatened.

Spirit just crossed his arms and stuck his tongue out.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #35: rust is the better cook of ww2-o, fuck you zo (affectionate)

ive half-prewritten like the next four chapters so uh. expect a wednesday update this week <3 (also this chapter and the next one were almost one chapter but it got too long so if the end of this one and the start of next one seem a little awkward then. thats why)

oh also reminder that the entire time walter was on the phone calling rust "the wife", imp and editor were still having a serious conversation in the bathroom. just a funny detail i thought id point out LMAO

oh also also where the burs are in relation to one another on the floor isnt rly important but its generally kind of similar to how they were situated in phantoms time when they slept

just somebody's unholy hoax

Chapter Summary

i won't believe in heaven and hell
no saints, no sinners, no devil as well

Chapter Notes

kind of a short chapter 2day but also some good tasty Lore for 2day as well <3
anyways dear god by xtc is sooo skycore and im soooo normal about it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Wait, I've just realized," L'manbur spoke up. "We never really talked about anything that happened in Imp's time."

"Did... something happen?" Raft frowned.

"Besides Rust casually dropping the fact that he's like 80 years old? No, not that I know of," L'manbur shrugged. "But we were all split up, so maybe something did happen."

"I'm 24," Rust rolled his eyes.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night," Spirit patted him on the back. "It's alright, I'm technically middle-aged, I just also happen to technically be immortal."

"You're not immortal, you're just dead," Challenger unhelpfully corrected.

"No way, I didn't know," Spirit said sarcastically.

"Back on track," Resurrectedbur interrupted.

"Oh yeah, something did happen," Sky's eyes widened. "I got another one of those memory things-" He suddenly cut himself off, looking at his hand weirdly. He looked like he was holding something, but nothing was there.

"What?" Phas frowned.

"It's... a barrier block," Sky said uncertainly.

While a good amount of the Burs seemed to know what that was, a few obviously didn't.

"Uh.. what?" Imp frowned.

"Basically an invisible block you can only see if you're holding it," Revivedbur explained. "Only Creators can break it."

"What does it look like?" Rust asked.

"It's like a red circle with a line through it," Sky said slowly. "And the sky gods gave it to me right as I started... talking about..."

He trailed off, and no one spoke for a few moments.

"That is creepy," Deadbur muttered.

Revivedbur elbowed him. "Shh."

Peter suddenly flew up from behind Sky and landed on his head, causing Sky to jump in surprise. "My gods, you scared me," He muttered.

"Can I see it?" Challenger put his hand out to Sky. Sky handed the barrier block to him, and he frowned. "This seems... against some kind of ethical law."

"I don't think gods have laws," Alivebur said dryly.

"No, they do," Challenger shook his head. "They're just very easy to stretch." He hummed, turning the block in his hands, though of course no one else could see it. Eventually, he handed it back to Sky.

"...so, I assume that's a warning?" Sky asked, his voice quiet.

"Probably," Challenger replied.

"Great," Sky said, staring at the block. He put it in his Inventory and ran a hand through his hair.

"What d'you think would happen if you kept talking about it anyway?" Blue asked.

"Uh... probably nothing good?" Sky frowned. "Should I try?" He glanced at Challenger, who was apparently the most experienced in this topic. At least, as far as Sky knew.

Challenger glanced at Walter, which none of the other Burs seemed to notice, then looked back at Sky. "You might as well." He shrugged. "If they smite you, I could probably bring you back."

Sky only looked vaguely reassured by that comment, but he did continue. "Alright.." He took a deep breath. "Uh, in the memory thing, I wa-"

He was interrupted by an incredibly loud thunder rumble outside, followed immediately by a lightning strike. All of the Burs jumped in surprise, a few shouted, and most of them immediately looked out the window.

Sky grabbed Revivedbur's arm, since he was sitting right next to him, and a book instantly appeared in his hand. He set it on the floor, not opening it, instead opting to pull himself closer to Revivedbur. Revivedbur picked up the book but didn't open it either. He put his arm around Sky's shoulders.

"I'm so dead," Sky said frantically. "I'm so fucking dead."

"It's alright," Revivedbur murmured, gently rubbing his back. "You're fine."

Sky just shut his eyes.

"...what's that book say?" Wimpfred ventured.

Revivedbur set it on his lap and opened it. He flipped through a few pages, then frowned. "Um.. it says, 'Continue?'."

Sky exhaled and opened his eyes. He stared at the book.

"That's... not great," Alivebur said lamely. Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, L'manbur, and Walter all gave him a Look.

After a few moments of silence, none of them really knowing what to say, a beeping sound from the kitchen pierced through the quiet.

Rust got up and went to the kitchen, and the beeping stopped. He walked back to the living room, leaning on the doorframe. "Dinner'll be ready in a few minutes, do we want to eat now, or wait for a bit, or..."

"..Sky?" Revivedbur asked quietly.

"Let's go ahead and eat," Sky replied, tearing his gaze away from the book. He reached over and grabbed it, staring at it for a few minutes before closing it and putting it in his Inventory. "Might as well."

No one really seemed to know what to do, but eventually most of the Burs got up and went to wash their hands, which was kind of funny in a really dumb way, seeing as there were over twenty of them and only two sinks in the house.

Once most of them had left the room, Revivedbur glanced at Sky, furrowing his eyebrows. "Are you sure you're fine?"

"Yeah," Sky said, eyes unfocused and looking at the ground. "I'm fine." He stood up and went to the kitchen to wash his hands.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #36: Imanbur has the entire hamilton soundtrack memorized, and if he got drunk enough, hed perform is solo ! if he got even more drunk, he'll do it in a french accent for every part except lafayette

might not get a saturday update, idk we'll see. if not this saturday then either wednesday or next saturday definitely thumbsup!

insert another my little pony joke here. next generation or whatever. wait this is in the past that doesnt make any sense. fuck

Chapter Notes

this chapter got Long so i decided to split the chapter up so !! theres more sleepover stuff 2 come i just wanted 2 finish this chapter off ^_^

also yea sry for taking so long LMAO i got tears of the kingdom and have not been able 2 stop playing it/watching my siblings play it and also its nearing the end of the school year soooo finals n shit soooooo yeag 3
hopefully next chapter will b out faster tho ! dont quote me on that tho

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alivebur dried his hands on a hand towel sitting on the counter, then grabbed a bowl and spoon. He served himself some of his amazingly thought out and crafted pancake soup, then went into the living room and took the chance as the first person back in there to sit on the couch instead of the floor.

Soon enough, most of the Burs were seated with a bowl of soup. None of them looked particularly excited to try it. Except Mod, who claimed he had had worse.

"Oh, fuck it," L'manbur eventually caved and took a bite. He waited a few moments after putting the spoon in his mouth, then frowned, surprised. "Oh, it's... actually not that bad."

More of the Burs hesitantly tried it then, most of them saying that it was surprisingly good.

"How the hell did you...?" Walter muttered.

"I was always the better cook than you," Rust joked.

"And we all know I'm great at cooking," Alivebur grinned.

"Infamously so," Deadbur rolled his eyes.

Alivebur kicked him in the back of the head.

"Question," Raft suddenly said. "What are those things out there?" He pointed out the window at the street, where a couple cars were driving by every now and then. "The weird... colorful monsters?"

"You mean the fucking car?" Editor asked.

Raft blinked. "The huh?"

"Those are cars," Rust said. "Aren't you literally from Earth??"

"Well.. yeah, probably," Raft frowned. "But in case you haven't noticed-" He gestured to himself. "It's kind of flooded at the moment."

"Ah," Rust simply said. "Right."

"There were some of those in my time," Editor pointed out. "Did you not see them there??"

"I was a little unconscious half the time in your house," Raft snarked. "I'm not very good at seeing through my eyelids."

"Oh, that reminds me," Rust spoke up. "We should probably check that shark bite." He paused, glancing around the room. "And Wimpfred, your explosion thing, you don't want that getting infected."

"Oh my god, it's fine," Raft sighed.

"I'm good, too," Wimpfred spoke up.

"At least let me look at it," Rust frowned. "I'm probably the only one here who knows anything helpful about medicine."

"Nah," Mod spoke up, then tipped his head back and poured the rest of his soup into his mouth. "I'm a doctor."

"Show me a certificate, and maybe I'll believe you then," Rust raised an eyebrow.

Mod reached over to Geo, who was sitting near him, stuck his hand in his bag and felt around for a bit, then pulled out a piece of paper rolled up and tied with a piece of red ribbon. He smugly handed it to Rust. He also completely ignored Geo's confused look.

Rust took it with a skeptical look, untying and unrolling it. He stared at it for a few moments, eyes skimming over what was written on it, before glancing up at Mod. "And how do I know this isn't fake?"

"I dunno," Mod shrugged. "You're the one who works for the government."

"That's not how th-" Rust started, then paused. "Y'know what, sure." He rolled up the paper and smirked, gesturing to Mod with it. "It's fake."

"Abuse of power!" Mod declared.

"What power?" Rust rolled his eyes. "I just live here."

“Abuse of power,” Mod repeated, then immediately changed the subject, presumably so as to not have his poor logic pointed out. “Anyways, dinner’s basically over, yes? Sleepover time?”

“I think we’re kind of already doing that,” Ghostbur pointed out. “Dinner during sleepover time!”

“Okay, well I’m done with my soup- great soup, by the way,” Mod nodded to Alivebur, though notably not to Rust. “I’m done with it, and I heard through the grapevine that Editor’s painting nails and I want in.”

Editor blinked, then set his bowl down. “Uh. Sure? I was.. kind of just going to touch up mine and do Imp’s, since he asked, but if you want them then... okay?”

“Great!” Mod smiled with a clap.

“..aren’t you literally a shapeshifter?” Revivedbur muttered. “Can’t you just change your nails how you want?”

Mod’s smile dropped, and he made a ‘so-so’ gesture with his hand. “Ehh. kind of. I can’t just do whatever I want, it’s always to some other species of creature. The closest I could get is Ender Dragon claws.” He grinned. “They’re purple.”

Editor considered this for a moment. "What color would you want?"

"I dunno, what d'you think?" Mod asked, holding out his hand in front of him to look at his nails. "I was kind of thinking gold. Or red. Maybe black? Sexy colors, you know."

Editor gave him a tired stare. "Sure."

"Well," Rust stood up, picking up his bowl. "Let's go ahead and clean up, then you all can do whatever. I'm tired, I'm going to bed."

"Just don't set the house on fire," Walter mentioned. "Or each other." He pointedly looked at Alivebur.

"Calm your tits, I'm not that bad," Alivebur rolled his eyes.

"You've told me to kill myself more times than I can count," L'manbur deadpanned as he grabbed his now empty bowl and stood up.

"And we're past that," Alivebur insisted. "All's well that ends well, right?"

"...sure," L'manbur eventually said, walking past him and into the kitchen.

Eventually, after a couple unfortunate spills that were mostly cleaned up by Drowsy, since he *was* an animal who didn't care about eating off the floor, everyone's bowls were put away and they were ready to do anything but sleep. Well, besides Rust and Walter. After a few more warnings to not kill each other, both of them eventually left the room, presumably to sleep.

"Alright," Spirit clapped his hands as soon as Rust closed the door behind him. "Let's find the matches!"

Before anyone could say anything in response to that, whether positive or negative, Mr. President made the horrible decision of *jumping up onto Phantom's shoulders*, which caused Phantom to immediately freeze. After a few brief moments of complete and total silence, Phantom went invisible and slowly walked into a wall, causing Mr. President to be pushed off with a surprised cat sound and a small 'thump'.

"...I'm gonna put Mr. President outside," Sky said with an amused smile after a few more moments. He picked the cat up, gave him a nice scratch under the chin, and set him down in

the hallway, closing the door behind him.

“I hate him,” Phantom hissed, now visible and somehow behind the couch. “I hate cats.”

“We know,” L’manbur gave him a sympathetic pat, though he also seemed at least a small bit amused.

Blue looked over his nails as Editor picked through the container of nail polish and... other random nail stuff that Geo had found in his bag. Blue’s nail polish seemed to be a little chipped by now, though not that badly. Just a small bit on the tips of a few of his fingers. It hadn’t been that long since they were painted, anyway.

“Alright, we’ve got basically any color you could think of,” Editor said. He, along with the other Burs who wanted their nails painted, were seated in a sort of circle-ish formation with the nail polish in the middle. The rest of the Burs were doing things around the rest of the room. “So, just decide what you want.”

Mod hummed thoughtfully and looked at the various bottles of nail polish in front of him. “What about gold?”

Editor glanced over the container briefly and quickly picked out a few different golds. One had sparkles, one was matte, and one was shiny. “Pick a card, any card.”

“Hmmm,” Mod narrowed his eyes, looking at them, then picked out the sparkly one. “This one.”

“Great,” Editor nodded. “Imp, you have your color yet?”

Imp was frowning and looking at the container. “Not yet.”

““Kay,” Editor turned back to Mod. “Give me your hand.”

Mod complied, and Editor took a paper towel, folded it, and set it on the ground, then put Mod’s hand on it. He then picked up what looked like a bottle of clear nail polish and started putting it on all of Mod’s nails on that hand.

“What’s that?” Mod asked.

“A base coat,” Editor replied as he worked. “Makes it easier to get the nail polish off, among other things.”

“Huh,” Mod tilted his head. “Interesting.”

“Any other colors you want?” Editor asked. “And do you want any specific design, or just the color?”

“Uhhhh...” Mod looked back at the container of nail polish. “Hmm. Red and black. And, uhhm... what kind of designs can you do?”

“Gradients, anything I can do with a stencil, a glitter placement if you’re not a bitch...” Editor listed as he finished up the base coat.

Mod considered these options. "Just normal colors."

Editor hummed in understanding, then sat up. "Let that dry," He ordered Mod. "Colors picked out?" He asked Imp.

"Yes," Imp handed him a dark blue and a dark purple that had a little sparkle. "Can I get a gradient?"

"Sure," Editor took the colors, then folded another paper towel in front of him. "Hand." Imp set his hand on the paper towel, and Editor started on the base coat.

"Blue," Editor called, and Blue perked up. "Do you want a different color?"

"Huh?" Blue tilted his head. "Oh, no, I was just watching." He hesitated. "Also, a bit of my nail polish has chipped off... so I was wondering if you could fix it?"

Editor frowned and paused on Imp's nails. "Let me see?"

Blue showed him his hand, and Editor inspected it for a few moments before sighing. "I forgot to give you a top coat." Before Blue could ask what that was, Editor had picked out three other bottles of clear nail polish. "Glossy, matte, or holo?"

"Uh." Blue just stared at the bottles. "...matte?"

"Alright," Editor set one of the bottles down in front of Blue, then turned back to Imp. "Let me finish this, then I'll fix yours."

Blue opened his mouth to respond, but before he could say anything, he felt a small weight on his head, and he let out a little squeak of surprise.

Editor briefly glanced up. "Hi, Peter."

Blue felt what was apparently Peter walk around on his head. He slowly turned his head, and Peter didn't get off, so he looked around. "Sky?" He called. "Why is Peter on my head?"

Sky looked up from where he was watching some of the Burs play cards, and walked over. "Huh? Oh- Peter, what are you doing?" He pat Peter on the head, paused, then plopped down

next to Blue. He pulled up his Inventory and looked through it for a few minutes, then frowned. "Does anyone have any seeds?"

Blue almost tilted his head, then remembered that there was an entire bird up there and thought better of it, instead just pulling up his Inventory. Hmm... a sword, a shovel, some boots, a whole bunch of blue... "Nope, sorry."

Mod opened his Inventory and searched through it for a moment before pulling out half a stack of seeds. He handed them to Sky.

Sky took the seeds with a grateful smile, then offered one to Peter. Blue felt Peter turning around to face Sky. The parrot started making a quiet purring sound as he ate the seeds. After a bit, he gradually went silent.

Sky retracted his arm, staring at Peter. Mod laughed, which caused Imp and Editor to look up. Editor snorted and closed the base coat bottle. Imp made an 'awwww' sound, smiling at the bird.

"...what?" Blue frowned.

"Peter fell asleep!" Sky grinned.

Imp grabbed his tablet with the hand that didn't have nail polish on it, and- with some difficulty- took a picture of Blue and Peter. He turned the tablet around to show Blue.

Blue smiled and glanced at Sky, who was now staring at Peter. His smile was gone, and he looked distracted, but he was blinking, so... Blue assumed he wasn't having one of those memory things he talked about...?

Editor gently tapped on each of Mod's nails. "Alright, those are all dry... I'll do yours in a sec, then I'll finish Blue's, since those don't take as long." He sat up and stretched his arms

over his head. “You people are giving me back pain at the ripe old age of 24,” He jokingly complained.

“Yet another reason why human biology sucks,” Imp commented, tapping away at his tablet.

“Honestly,” Mod nodded solemnly. “Thank the gods that I’m a shapeshifter, I don’t know *how* you people live like this.”

“Go on, keep bragging,” Editor rolled his eyes as he picked out a few nail polish colors for Mod’s nails.

“...wait, you’re a shapeshifter?” Sky frowned.

“Uh, yeah, I’m pretty sure I’ve mentioned that before,” Mod tilted his head. “And, like, literally fifteen minutes ago?”

“...look, I think we’ve well established that I have memory loss,” Sky defended himself.

“You can’t use that as an excuse, you haven’t even been struck by lightning recently,” Editor teased him.

Sky blinked. “What does lightning have to do with that?”

“I mean, getting struck by lightning causes memory loss,” Editor waved his hand as he explained. “So if you take that into account, along with the whole fear of lightning and memories and lightning scars, then... it paints a pretty obvious picture.”

Sky frowned, looking thoughtful. He seemed to realize something, and looked down at the ground, looking more troubled now.

Blue bit his lower lip undecidedly, then, after a few moments, reached over and hugged Sky.

Sky seemed a bit surprised, but it snapped him out of the sort of trance he was in for those few moments, so it did work. He smiled, though it didn't reach his eyes. "Thanks."

Blue scooped over so he could sit next to Sky and just have his arms around him, then pulled up his Inventory and took out some blue. "Blue?" Technically, since his sweater was partly made of the stuff, if he was hugging Sky then he wouldn't need to *give* him any, but... it was the gesture that counted, right?

Sky tilted his head and took the blue, turning it around in his hands. It left blue marks on his hands, and he noticed, but he didn't seem to care. "What... is it, again?"

"It's supposed to make you less sad!" Blue smiled. "It's always worked for me."

Sky stared at it for a few moments before putting it away. "Well.. thank you."

"Blue," Editor said. "Hand?"

Blue glanced up and saw that Mod's nails were painted and now drying- alternating colors of red, black, and gold. They were rather pretty, especially since the gold shined and sparkled a bit when the light hit it a certain way.

He, albeit a little reluctantly- Sky was warm- let go of Sky and offered his hands to Editor.

Editor hummed quietly as he looked through the various blue colors. Eventually, he picked out a dark-ish blue that fit the color of the nails best. He repainted each of them. "When those are done drying, I'll put the matte top coat on, and it should be good to go."

Blue, understanding only half of what he was talking about, smiled and nodded. He leaned back again, and instead of going back to cuddling, just leaned on Sky's shoulder. It was

getting a bit late, and he was sleepy. He might just fall asleep right here.

Sky glanced around at the little circle of Burs, with Editor putting on Imp's nail polish (in a strange way, why was he using a makeup sponge? What even was a makeup sponge?), Imp and Mod looking at something on Imp's tablet, and Blue leaning on his shoulder, with Peter still somehow asleep on his head. It was rather nice, actually. Calming. For a moment, Sky completely forgot about everything to do with the sky gods and lightning and that book.

"I- wait," Imp glanced up at Sky, though he immediately looked at Blue. "Is he asleep?"

Sky blinked and glanced down at Blue. His eyes were closed, and his breathing was slower and steady. "I think so?"

Imp grinned and picked up his tablet again with the hand that Editor wasn't working on, and took a picture. Another keeper.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #37: editor's warrior cats edgy self-insert oc is named frostshadow. yes this is fwiatic canon because im not a fucking coward

if u caught the warrior cats reference (specifically a reference to a warrior cats fancomic) then. idk good job . i only half meant to put it in there

competitive communal solitaire- take two

Chapter Notes

hiiii i know its been a bit but. in my defense. 1) its the end of the school year, so lots of finals n shit, 2) this chapter is 4.5k words. enjoy it. and 3) totk still has me in its claws (aka its so goddamn fun)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phas was sitting on the couch, watching a group of probably around half of the Burs play ‘competitive solitaire’. He had his phone out and was scrolling through some tabs he already had open before all this. Most of them were just random Google searches or an image he wanted to open up. He was going through them and closing out ones he didn’t need open, since he had nothing better to do. He was mentally cursing at his past self for not downloading more apps that didn’t require a connection, but if he got too bored, there were over twenty other people to talk to here.

“Whatcha doin’?” Ghostbur asked, scaring the shit out of Phas and almost making him drop his phone.

“Uh, not much, why?” Phas replied after he got himself together again.

“You seem bored,” Ghostbur shrugged. “And I kind of wanted to see if you would let me look at your phone thing.”

Phas blinked. “Um. No.”

Ghostbur frowned thoughtfully, then grinned. “What if I promised to tell you more about how ghosts work?”

Phas glanced between his phone and Ghostbur, then closed out the windows he didn’t want Ghostbur messing with. “You drive a hard bargain,” He said as he handed the phone to him.

“Just don’t power it off or close anything.”

Ghostbur smiled and took the phone. He stared at it for a few moments, before he tapped at it experimentally. Phas found this funny, until he realized that if he lived in a world with no cellphones or anything really similar, he’d probably have a similar reaction. Then it was still funny, but he understood his fellow Bur better.

He then realized how silly that sounded. Whatever.

Phas busied himself by looking around at the rest of the Burs. Glancing around, he remembered the Ghostburs' comments on the various Burs' ghosts, and he frowned. He picked up his journal from where it was sitting on the little table next to the couch and flipped to the page where he'd been taking notes this whole time. He scanned through the barely-coherent scribbles and looked back up at the Burs, narrowing his eyes. He rubbed his eyes. Hm.

He knew that he could see his own ghosts. He knew he could see the ghosts he interacted with directly, whether friend or foe. ...kind of. (It depended on the ghost, but generally, he thought, if the Ghostburs could see them, then he would if he interacted with them.) He could also see basically every ghost he knew of when *he* was a ghost. Maybe he could see other peoples' ghosts if he concentrated enough...? Or maybe he needed to interact with them first. He didn't think it would be a great idea to die in front of everyone just to see ghosts, so he crossed that idea off the list. Maybe he could piss them off? But how would he do that? If he couldn't see the ghosts in the first place, he wouldn't know what would annoy them, so how could he-

Wait.

“Hey, Ghostbur,” Phas said. “About your promise...”

“Didn’t take you long to capitalize on that,” Ghostbur remarked, now having opened the camera app. “Smile!” He exclaimed as he pointed the phone at Phas. Phas did so, then leaned over to see the picture when Ghostbur lowered the phone. Not the worst picture of him in the world. “Anyways, what do you wanna know?” Ghostbur asked, putting the phone down and turning to Phas.

“So,” Phas clasped his hands in front of his face, looking over all the Burs again. “You can see the little ghosts that float around people, right?”

Ghostbur frowned. “Yeeeeesss..?”

“What do you think I could do,” Phas continued, “if I wanted to be able to see them as well? With the context of me being able to see the ghosts ‘haunting’ me, that is.”

“I don’t think y-” Ghostbur started to say, then cut himself off. “Wait, you can see your own ghosts?”

“Yeah, did I not tell you when I was talking with you and the other Ghostburs in Imp’s time?” Phas tilted his head. “Huh. Could’ve sworn I did.”

Ghostbur paused, considering this information. “Well. I don’t... know? I’ll be honest, you probably know more about ghosts than I do.”

Phas hummed. “Hm. Do you think if I managed to piss one off enough so that it tried to kill me, then it would try to kill me, and I could see it?”

“That... seems like a horrible idea,” Ghostbur replied. “But one that might... work..?”

Phas grinned. “Say less!” He set his notebook down on the table again and stood up. “So, what ghosts around here look easy to annoy?”

Ghostbur looked at him with an unimpressed look on his face. “I don’t know, your own? Half of them seem pretty annoyed at you already.” He seemed like he was only being half sarcastic.

“Unhelpful,” Phas commented. “How about... Challenger’s?”

Ghostbur tilted his head, looking thoughtful. “Um... actually, maybe, they all look a little annoyed. Probably Players in his Challenges.”

“Great,” Phas grinned. “I’m gonna go be a sore loser in a game I never took part in! Have fun, don’t break my phone!”

Ghostbur stared at him as he walked over to where Challenger was watching the Burs playing cards. As he looked back down at Phas’ phone, he absently hoped that those ghosts didn’t or couldn’t actually kick Phas’ ass. That would be hard to explain.

Challenger glanced around the circle of Burs who were playing competitive solitaire, or whatever they were calling it. He wasn't playing, just spectating, as usual. And, as usual, he was still affecting the game, usually by distracting someone or tripping them up.

"You can play that four of hearts, L'manbur," Challenger called.

L'manbur looked down at his cards, where a four of hearts sat at the end of his line of cards. He picked it up and looked around for a few moments, then found the corresponding three, and grinned. "Thanks!"

"Who's fucking team are you on?" Deadbur glared at Challenger, but only for a moment, lest he miss a chance to play a card.

Challenger shrugged. "Chaos'."

"Okay, quirky," Wilbur muttered.

"Shut the fuck up," Revivedbur rolled his eyes. "You people are so loud."

"King of spades, Spirit," Challenger smirked.

Spirit gasped, grabbed the king off his pounce pile, and basically threw it across the floor to the queen of spades that had just been put down. Just before the king made it there, though, Alivebur placed his card down instead.

"WHA- oh, you little..." Spirit hissed, putting his hand out so someone could hand him his card back.

"You're the little one here, actually," Alivebur said calmly, moving his cards around now that his king was gone. "And it's okay, we all have our off-days." It almost sounded genuine, but you could still tell he was teasing.

"I'm going to make your whole life an off-day," Spirit growled as he put his card back down. "And take the goddamn pile."

Multiple Burs laughed at that, so even if Spirit missed a card here or there, he still had the hope of being funny about it to cling onto.

"Boo," Phas said into Challenger's ear.

Challenger screamed and jumped, almost pushing half the cards across the floor. "When the FUCK did you get here?!"

Phas laughed at him. "Just now."

"You're a plague upon the Earth," Challenger glared at him.

"I'm more of a plague upon the realm of the dead," Phas grinned. "Speaking of which, can I annoy your ghosts?"

Challenger blinked. "My what?"

"You know, the ghosts that follow you around, everyone has 'em," Phas waved his hand as he explained. "Can I annoy them? As a scientific test?"

Challenger rolled his eyes. "Sure."

Before Phas could start... annoying Challenger's ghosts, or whatever, the door to the hallway opened, and they all looked over.

Walter was standing there, frowning. "Keep it down in here."

A chorus of 'sorry's came from the Burs across the room. Phas and Challenger glared at each other, though neither really meant it. Probably.

"Thanks," Walter smiled. "Night!" He turned and left.

"Exactly, Challenger," Phas elbowed him. "Shut up."

"Oh, be quiet," Challenger rolled his eyes.

Phas snickered. "Anyways. Ghosts."

"There's one right by his right ear," Spirit called. "Also definitely an annoyed Player from his Challenges."

Phas gave him a thumbs up and leaned towards said ear. "Loser. Imagine losing at such a simple Challenge. What a dumbass you are."

"This sounds more like you're annoying me," Challenger raised an eyebrow.

"An added benefit," Revivedbur grinned.

"Go fuck yourself," Challenger flipped him off.

Revivedbur looked at Resurrectedbur, who was currently getting rid of his pounce pile at a rapid pace. "Nah."

"Bad joke," Resurrectedbur said without looking away from the cards.

"It was funny, don't lie," Revivedbur smirked, going back to the game.

"Massive ghost L," Phas continued to the ghost that was apparently near Challenger's ear. "I bet I wouldn't have won. And now you're haunting this guy? Someone's a little salty, huh? A bit much to hold that much of a grudge, though." He paused, staring at where the ghost apparently was, blinking rapidly. He suddenly grinned, then turned to where he was sitting before and shouted, "Ghostbur, it worked!" Immediately after that, he let out a tiny scream and ducked. "He tried to fucking strangle me!"

"What worked?" Spirit asked.

"I was trying to see the individual people ghosts," Phas looked around. "Damn, you guys were right."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Challenger snapped.

Phas frowned. "Okay, uh.. everyone has their own personal ghosts who haunt you, it's just a fact of life. Usually you can't see them, but since I'm more... in tune with ghosts, and, you know-" He pointed to his head, which didn't clear up anything- "I thought I'd be able to see those ghosts if I tried hard enough." He grinned again. "And I see them now! Uh, mostly."

"Mostly?" Resurrectedbur tilted his head. Still looking at the cards.

"Yeah," Phas frowned, sitting down by Challenger. "Like... some are harder to see, or more translucent than others. I mean, none are completely opaque, but most are still pretty solid." He hummed to himself, immediately standing up right after he sat down and walking to where he and Ghostbur had been sitting, and coming back with his notebook and pencil in hand.

"Interesting," He muttered to himself, tapping his chin with his pencil absently as he sat down next to Challenger again. He started to murmur things to himself about ghosts, spirits, medicine, and whatnot.

"..so, did anyone else not understand a word of that, or was that just me?" Wilbur asked.

"Mehh," Deadbur tilted his hand back and forth in a 'so-so' gesture. "Ghost shit. I dunno."

"You're dead, how do you know less about ghosts than him?" Bard snorted. Fundy had his own pack of cards that he was playing with. Not any specific game, just playing with them.

"I'm just dead, not a ghost," Deadbur rolled his eyes. He paused. "I wonder how that actually works."

"Another thing for Phas to think about," Revivedbur joked.

"FUCK!" Alivebur suddenly shouted, then continued, for some reason in an Australian accent. "You bitch of a man!"

Wimpfred, apparently the cause of his troubles, cackled, grabbing the pile he just put a king of hearts on, one that Alivebur was apparently trying to play.

"Why the fuck did you say that in that accent?" Ace asked.

"Yeah, that's my thing!" Wimpfred joked.

"We're all the same guy, shut up," Alivebur replied with his normal British accent.

"All of you be quiet, some people are trying to sleep," Resurrectedbur shushed them.

"Oops," Alivebur muttered.

"..wait, so we all have ghosts?" L'manbur frowned. "What kinds of ghosts?"

They all waited for Phas to respond, but he seemed wrapped up in his notes.

Eventually, Spirit sighed and answered for him. "Any kind, really. Some are just annoyed people who you have something to do with, some are family or friends or pets, you get the idea." He paused. "If you're wondering, I could tell you what your ghosts look like."

L'manbur hesitated. "I'm... good, thanks."

Spirit shrugged and turned back to his cards, as did L'manbur.

"Spirit," Phas finally said. "What does this ghost look like to you?" He gestured to the space around his left shoulder.

Spirit glanced up briefly. "A spider."

Phas nodded and wrote something down in his notebook. "What about the one above Ace's head?"

"What I assume to be Ace Race," Spirit smirked. Ace made a sound that sounded vaguely offended in a joking way.

"Great, so I'm not seeing things," Phas muttered, writing that down as well. He glanced back up at Spirit. "Don't give me that look."

Spirit just grinned, then slammed down an eight of clubs, earning him a muttered, 'I hope you get run over by a train again' from Deadbur that only the two of them heard.

Phas frowned, glancing up at the group of Burs in front of him, then back down at his notes. He opened his mouth as if to say something, then hesitated. "And, uh.. what about that one by Wilbur near his shoulder? Should I recognize him?"

Spirit looked up at the ghost he was referring to, opened his mouth as well, then froze, staring at the space near Wilbur's head. After a few moments, he blinked and went straight back to his cards. "That's no one."

Phas pursed his lips. "I'll take that as a yes, then..."

Wilbur frowned, looking vaguely uncomfortable. "What..?"

Phas glanced between him and Spirit. Spirit didn't say anything or even look like he heard Wilbur. He just kept playing cards.

"It's, uh..." Phas finally said, but he trailed off.

"The ghost looks like me," Spirit said abruptly. "That's it." He stared at Wilbur for a few more moments before looking down at his cards again. "But we're done talking about that for now."

Wilbur seemed to think about that for a few moments, looking conflicted. "I... alright, but... we both forgave each other, so you know it's fine, right?"

Spirit didn't say anything for a few moments. "Yeah." He paused. "Stop making this a wholesome moment before I bash your skull in."

Wilbur laughed at that, and the other Burs did too, though they were all still rather confused. Spirit and Wilbur *still* hadn't explained to anyone else why they hated each other so much before, when and why that changed, what was going on, or anything to do with Wilbur at all, really. He was a mystery to seemingly everyone but Spirit. It didn't seem like that was going to change anytime soon, either.

Phas started to say something else, but before he could start asking Spirit more about ghosts or whatever, there was a sudden rush of activity in the card game.

"Where the FUCK were you hiding that six of clubs, you little bitch?!" Alivebur hissed.

Resurrectedbur simply laughed with a laugh that sounded rather smug.

"Oh- *shit*," Revivedbur cursed. "The grim reaper is coming to your house tonight." He informed Bard through his teeth.

“We’re the same guy,” Bard said dryly, successfully moving more cards off his pounce pile.
“And this isn’t our house.”

“Oh yeah, it isn’t,” Revivedbur muttered. After a second or two of silence, he said, “Pounce.”

A chorus of various groans and sighs came from the rest of the Burs in the game, and people began collecting their cards.

“What the hell, you already got rid of almost all your laid out cards!” Ace exclaimed, looking at Resurrectedbur’s cards.

“You guys get distracted incredibly easily,” Resurrectedbur replied.

“I blame Challenger and Phas,” Alivebur complained.

“Count your cards,” Resurrectedbur flicked him in the side of his head as he gathered up his own piles of cards to sort out.

They all picked up a whole damn lot of cards so they could give them out to their respective player. As they did this, the group of Burs who had gotten Editor to paint their nails came over, apparently all done with their mini manicures.

“What are you all up to?” Editor asked, looking over the game. “You finished the round already?”

“Yep,” Resurrectedbur smiled. “How do the nails look?”

“Pretty slay, if I do say so myself,” Mod piped up.

“You say, as if you painted them,” Editor rolled his eyes, then sat down on the ground next to Wimpfred. “So, anything interesting happening over here?”

“Phas is seeing people’s ghosts,” Spirit said, which didn’t seem to help much to explain, so he continued. “The little ghosts around everyone’s personal area, everyone has them, you just can’t see any unless you’re a ghost or... do whatever Phas did. Annoy them, I guess?”

“I.. what?” Sky frowned, looking over at Phas. “How did you even come to that idea?”

“Well, most ghosts that I’ve met that I can see kind of fucking hate my guts because I pissed them off,” Phas explained. “That, or they’ve killed me and then I’m the ghost. That’s not as fun, though, and I doubt you all would want to see me get killed by a ghost just so I could maybe see a few, so... I went with the next best idea- annoy one until it paid enough attention to me so I could see it. Spirit and Ghostbur kindly pointed me to an already ticked off ghost.” He shrugged. “Honestly, I didn’t really expect it to work. And yet, here we are.”

“Wait, so... your original best idea was to get yourself killed,” Editor said slowly. “That is... an extraordinary bad idea.”

“Yeah, that’s why I didn’t do it, dumbass,” Phas retorted. “Besides, I doubt anyone here wants to see that. Dead bodies are gross. *Especially* when killed by a ghost. Eugh.”

Challenger snorted. “There’s a ghost of a Player following me around? What a sore loser.” How silly!

“I dunno, winning a Challenge seems to be a... relatively big deal,” Phas shrugged. “You’ve never been a Player in a Challenge, you don’t know what it’s like.”

Challenger paused. Oh, the want to not reveal his not-so-dramatic backstory to have at least a little air of mystery about him versus the urge to prove someone else wrong. What a predicament. Eventually, the urge to be correct won over, and he said, “Actually, I have, thank you very much.”

Phas blinked, a little surprised, then frowned. “Really?”

“Ooh, what Challenge?” Blue asked excitedly.

The fleeting feeling of victory had run its course and now he had to explain himself. Oh, the woes of being the right person in an inconsequential argument. “Why would I tell you that?” He rolled his eyes.

“Because I’m curious,” Blue smiled. “And it’s your turn for the dramatic backstory reveal!”

“Yeah, we haven’t had one in, like, over ten chapters,” Spirit complained.

“Actually, technically more like two or three,” Mod said thoughtfully.

“No one knows what the fuck you’re talking about,” Challenger called. “And besides, it’s not dramatic, and it’s barely a ‘backstory’.”

“I don’t care, tell us,” Mod grinned.

“Oh my Creators, fine,” Challenger rolled his eyes. “You people are so annoying. A long time ago- and I mean a *long* time ago- I just so happened to be entered into a tournament not unlike one of my 100 Player Challenges- it’s where I take a lot of inspiration from, actually- and I won. So I became a Creator. Simple as that. Happy?”

“..I thought Creators were born Creators,” Alivebur frowned. “And you sure as hell can’t ‘become’ one, right?”

“And that is a backstory!” Blue grinned. “Told you!”

“I quite literally just told you otherwise,” Challenger pointed out. “Most Creators are born like that, some aren’t, and I just happened to be one of the unlucky few to not.”

“You realize that was probably incredibly illegal, right?” Mod asked.

“Oh, it definitely was,” Challenger nodded. “I basically got scammed.” He shrugged. “Not the worst scam in the world.”

“Man, why can’t I be scammed into being a god?” Spirit whined.

“I’m not a god, dumbass,” Challenger sighed.

“Yeah, he’d be even more insufferable then,” Resurrectedbur joked.

“Count your fucking cards,” Challenger snapped. Resurrectedbur just laughed at him.

After a few more minutes of sorting and counting cards, paired with the banter and laughter that came with the pack of Burs playing competitive solitaire probably past time when they should be sleeping, they finally got to the scores.

“I got 19,” Geo said, picking up the notepad and pen from where he had it next to him, as the assigned scorekeeper for this game. “Wimpfred?”

“24.”

“Ace?”

“..23.”

And so, he went around the circle of Burs, writing down the scores, until he got to the last few, who were coincidentally also some of the best players in the group. “Alivebur?”

“35,” Alivebur said proudly.

“Deadbur?”

“Thirty *six*,” Deadbur grinned, making sure to say the ‘six’ as clearly as possible.

“Oh, shut up,” Alivebur muttered.

“Revivedbur?” Geo continued, completely ignoring the two as he continued writing down and adding up scores.

“36 as well,” Revivedbur replied.

“Spirit?”

“43,” Spirit grinned. This score prompted some outrage among the other Burs.

“What the fuck?”

“You can’t have gotten that high!”

“He didn’t even pounce!”

“I’m just that amazing, what can I say?” Spirit smiled. He did look genuinely happy, even though he was being a bit of a little shit about it.

“Resurrectedbur?”

“Forty... one,” Resurrectedbur said with a small sigh. Spirit pumped his fist a little.

“Wilbur?”

“Forty two,” Wilbur smiled.

Spirit grinned.

“Alright then, let me count up these scores,” Geo muttered, pulling a calculator out of his bag even though he had a perfectly good phone with a perfectly good calculator app right there.

There were a few minutes of tense silence as Geo punched numbers into the calculator and wrote down scores. L’manbur was watching over his shoulder, but other than those two, no one really knew who was going to win.

Finally, after those excruciatingly long minutes, Geo sat up and picked up the pad again. “Should I just skip straight to, uh.. top five?”

Most of the Burs responded with some form of ‘yes’, so he cleared his throat, paused for dramatic effect, then continued.

“Fifth place... Deadbur,” Geo started. “With 165 points.”

“Wha- unfair!” Deadbur exclaimed.

“Deal with it,” Alivebur smirked. He elbowed Wimpfred, who elbowed him back harder. He ignored it. “What a loser, amirite?”

“You got sixth, shut up,” L’manbur gave him a stern look, though he was smiling. Alivebur flipped him off.

“Fourth, Wimpfred,” Geo continued. “With 169 points.”

“Hell fuckin’ yeah,” Wimpfred grinned. “Nice.”

“Not fair,” Alivebur rolled his eyes.

“Hypocrite,” Deadbur smirked.

“Third, Resurrectedbur,” Geo said. “172 points.”

“Damn,” Resurrectedbur tilted his head. “I was close though, right?”

“Second... Spirit,” Geo smiled. “178 points.”

“What the fuck!” Spirit shouted. He gasped. “Wait, does that mean-”

“First place,” Geo grinned. “Wilbur, with 180 points exactly!”

“Let’s fucking go!” Wilbur laughed.

“Oh, fuck you!” Spirit flipped him off.

“Didn’t you just apologize to me?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow, still smiling.

“Uh... I take it back, or.. something,” Spirit crossed his arms.

“Calm your tits,” Alivebur spoke up. “You’ll live.”

“Okay, Mister ‘not fair’,” L’manbur rolled his eyes.

“Shut the hell up,” Alivebur stuck his tongue out at him.

“Alright, alright,” Phantom spoke up from where he was sitting on the footstool behind Geo, watching the whole game. He sat up and stretched, and it sounded like every single one of his vertebrae cracked, including his tail bones. “It’s bedtime.” That got a few annoyed groans out of some of the Burs.

“As Alivebur put it,” Phantom smirked. “Deal with it.”

After around ten or fifteen more minutes of fooling around, trying to reorganize sleeping arrangements that were moved around during dinner and the card game, getting ready for bed (AKA Geo brushing his teeth and getting pajamas on, as no one else had a magic bag with all their supplies in it), and avoiding Phantom’s impending instinctual annoyance, the Burs were finally all going to sleep. Or, trying to. And... most of them, at least.

A few of them were very much not going to sleep. For instance, Phas was still scribbling notes down in his notebook, presumably looking around at the ghosts he could see now as he did so. Editor and Wilbur were on their phones, Imp was on his tablet, and Mod was simply still awake and not even lying down. He was sitting up, reading a book.

“For the love of...” Phantom sighed. “Go the fuck to sleep, you’re making my head hurt.”

“As in, the screens, or us being awake this late?” Editor frowned.

“You being awake,” Phantom put his hands on his hips. “Go. To sleep.”

“Oh,” Editor smiled sheepishly as he turned his phone off and went to sleep. “Oops. Sorry.” Wilbur and Imp did likewise, though those two both took a little bit longer, stares lingering on their screens for a few more moments than strictly necessary.

“...so,” Phas said. “You physically feel pain when people stay up too long, huh?” He flipped to a new page. “Mind explaining that to me...?”

Phantom just narrowed his eyes. “Wilbur Phasmophobia Soot. I can and will bite you.”

Phas smiled. “Message understood loud and clear!” He quickly wrote out one last thing, set the notebook down, and laid down to go to sleep.

Phantom sighed in relief. “That’s better.” He then turned on his heel to face Mod. He lowered his voice so as to not wake any of the other Burs “And finally, you. Why are you not going to sleep?”

“Why aren’t you?” Mod asked, also lowering his volume.

“Don’t turn this on me, you know why,” Phantom rolled his eyes. “Phantoms and phantom hybrids don’t need to sleep as often as humans.”

“Exactly,” Mod smiled. “Notice how your head stopped hurting even though I’m still not asleep or trying to sleep? I’m not exactly human. Whole different sleep schedule.” He shrugged. “I’ve worked with plenty of phantom hybrids before. You’ll know when I need to sleep. It’s instinct for you.”

Phantom blinked and frowned. "I... huh. What kind of hybrid are you?" He furrowed his brows. "And then why did you get teleported outside of the mountain ring in my time?"

"Why did Imp get to stay in even though he's supposedly human?" Mod shrugged. "Maybe the magic in that place was confused. Maybe it thought I was human. Who knows?" He smiled. "The world may never. You, at least, know my sleep schedule."

Phantom opened his mouth to say something to that, but came up short and frowned again. "...alright then. You... just don't be loud. I'll be staying in here, make sure to go to sleep whenever you need to."

"You got it, boss," Mod gave him a thumbs up, going back to whatever he was doing before.

Phantom sighed, looked around at the Burs. He had half a mind to take a nap right there and now; that day had been... a little exhausting, to say the least. He didn't want to ruin his own sleep schedule, though, so...

He sat down on the couch, took out a book and quill, and he started writing.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #38: imp may suffer The Horrors (as will be displayed even more soon bc i cant stop making his life hell apparently) but this is balanced as he is also the recipient of The Gay (happy pride month!)
aka: diversity win! the parasitic alien trying to kill you and his host technically but i swear he isnt that bad is nonbinary!

also, the next chapter is smth ive already written (and like the chapter after the one after the next one i think) so. once again dont quote me on this. but updates should be more steady in the next couple of weeks lmao

(also also! a few specific quotes in this chapter from some of the burs are actually quotes from my family and i playing pounce ^_^ (for example: the 'stop making this a wholesome moment' quote. it was nowhere near as 'serious' as it is in the chapter but i Did in fact say that. i also kept saying random things in an australian accent when i got annoyed. i am not australian i just do this))

take your time, all we have is eternity

Chapter Summary

i'd burn it all, i'd set the world on fire just to be with you

Chapter Notes

happy pride month lmao

was gonna post this on wednesday then was like ehh i'll wait til i finish the next one . then i was gonna post it yesterday then i forgot . i almost forgot again today LMAO oh btw chapter title is from scapegoat by ghost and pals and chapter summary is from death, thrice drawn by the scary jokes

also, in case its hard to tell, every '-+-' indicates a change between walter and rusts povs . it gets a lil confusing bc of how both of them refer to rust in their heads but . it makes sense i swear . also u can kinda tell just based on the internal thoughts of the pov lmao

idk if i rly like this one that much but ive probably just reread it too many times . enjoy !

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rust closed the door behind him, smiling to himself. He hoped the others wouldn't make a giant mess or something, but based on the immediate *thump* of something falling on the ground as soon as he turned around, he didn't think it would stay very clean and tidy the whole night.

He took a deep breath and walked down the short hall towards his and Walter's bedroom. It would be nice to be able to sleep in his own bed tonight.

As he walked into the room, he caught a glance of himself in the mirror on the wall above the dresser. He suddenly realized how much better he felt in his own home, though that may have partly been due to having finally showered. He had meant to in Phantom's time, but he hadn't gotten the chance.

Now, though, he was refreshed and ready to go the fuck to sleep.

He looked away from the mirror to see Walter sitting on the side of the bed, reading a book.

"Hey," Rust greeted him.

"Evening," Walter said with a smile, looking up from the book.

Rust walked over to the bed and fell down on it face-first.

"Tired?" Walter asked.

"Mmnggh," Rust responded. "G'night."

"Get on your own side of the bed," Walter gently pushed him.

Rust sighed, but got up nonetheless. He went to the far side of the room and then fell onto the bed face-first.

"Night," Walter said, not moving from where he sat.

Rust didn't reply, instead opting to try to fall asleep. And he was almost there, when he heard a muffled scream from the other room, and he was on his feet in an instant, suddenly ten times more awake, reaching for a weapon he didn't have on hand.

Walter was looking at the door. "They are so loud.. I'll go tell them to-" He looked over at Rust and was surprised to see him standing up and on guard.

Rust blinked, then sighed. "Right. Twenty other me's in the living room."

Walter frowned. "I'll go tell them to be quiet. You go back to sleep."

"I wasn't asleep yet," Rust muttered, but sat back down on the bed anyway.

As Walter left the room to tell the other Burs off (turning the light off on the way), Rust actually laid down on the bed, head on the pillow, though not under the blankets.

Hm.

He remembered Tommy, who was presumably still on the island, and felt bad. Here he was, in his own warm, comfortable bed, with Walter, and the Burs in the other room, and yet Tommy and Ranboo and everyone else there was still on the island, with nothing anywhere near as nice as this. He knew it was kind of dumb to think like that, because it wasn't like he had control over his current situation, but he still felt... guilty.

He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep, but even with the light off and the Burs now quiet, he just couldn't sleep.

He sat up, frustrated, and immediately the door opened, with Walter walking in, eyes widening a bit when he saw Rust sitting there.

-+-

Wilbur was sitting up in bed, looking upset, staring at him as he walked in.

"Something wrong?" Walter asked gently, walking over and sitting on the bed with him.

Wilbur sighed. "I don't know. I'm just..." He searched for the words. "I'm frustrated."

Walter frowned. "Why?"

Wilbur slid out of the bed, pacing around the room. "Because.. I don't know. I guess I thought when I got off the island, Tommy would be with me, but he's not here right now, and I feel horrible, because he's probably worrying about me right now, and I can't do anything, and I just feel so... so frustrated."

Walter nodded, listening carefully.

"And, I'd be lying if I said I never thought about getting off the island, going back home to you, and..." He crossed his arms. "I never imagined that it'd be like this. I am glad that I'm home, but... home doesn't feel like home when I'm this worried about Tommy."

Walter nodded again, thinking. "I see. Hmm.."

"And I know it's kind of stupid, because obviously I can't do anything, so why should I feel bad?" Wilbur continued, now moving his arms around in an annoyed manner. "But I can't... it all feels wrong, and I hate it."

"I get it," Walter smiled. "It's hard to enjoy something when you're consciously aware that someone isn't as privileged as you, especially if that someone is close to you."

"Exactly!" Wilbur exclaimed, not quite a shout, but still a bit louder than he probably should've been this late. He blushed and lowered his voice. He leaned against the end of the bed and crossed his arms again. "It's just.. confusing. I'm miles away from where I've been for the past... I don't even know how long, and this feels more right, but... I don't know." He sighed. "I'm sorry."

Walter frowned and stood up, walking over to him. "Don't apologize, it's not your fault, and I did ask." He paused. "We're also married, it would be kind of incredibly rude of me to make you do this by yourself."

Wilbur smiled, and Walter realized just how tired he looked. The very obvious radiation burn covering a good portion of his face (that Walter wasn't even sure how that happened without him dying, but whatever) and long-ish hair certainly wasn't doing him any favors.

"But.." Walter glanced at the ground, then looked back up at Wilbur. "I would like to know what all happened... there."

He may seem to be an omniscient, all-knowing being with eyes everywhere, able to know exactly what Wilbur had been up to for the past year or so, but that wasn't true. No god less than The Creators were omniscient. And even if he was omniscient, he wouldn't just snoop in his husband's business. Instead, he'd do the polite, normal thing to do, which was to search through time and space for him, then ask him about the island later.

Normal.

-+-

Wilbur's smile faltered, and he quickly looked away. He wasn't.. ready. Not yet. Maybe one day- hopefully one day- he would be. But not right now. Later. It was just too much to.. unpack at the moment. "Maybe another night."

Walter just smiled, though he seemed a little tired as well. "That's alright. Just know I'm here if you ever want to talk, right?"

Wilbur turned back to him and his smile came back. "Of course. We are married, after all."

And he did mean it, he was glad that Walter was here, he just.. wasn't ready to talk about all that happened. For now, he just wanted to sleep.

-+-

Walter's smile grew a bit, becoming that little bit more genuine. "Of course." He cupped Wilbur's cheek in his hand and gave him a quick kiss. "Good night."

Wilbur blinked, seeming surprised, but then nodded, letting out a quiet laugh. He turned around and went back to bed.

Walter, however, put his copy of The Communist Manifesto on the bedside table and quietly left the room, closing the door. He checked the other Burs, all of whom were asleep- besides Phantom, who was writing something, and who waved to Walter. Walter smiled and shut the door again, turning back to the hallway.

He walked down the hall until he reached a certain door. A certain, very locked, door. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a key, inserting it into the doorknob and turning it. He opened the door, then, after he walked in, closed it behind him.

He looked at his desk on the other side of the room, unassuming at first, with papers everywhere, until you took a closer look.

Walter walked over to the desk and sat down in the rolling chair behind it. He glanced over the papers- every timeline, universe, and world he had painstakingly searched through. Every little string of time he could find, he had eyes on. He knew he was probably going to get in some sort of trouble for this, especially since he had affected other timelines, but he couldn't bring himself to care that much. It was worth it, anyway.

Mr. President jumped up onto his desk, rubbing his face against Walter's arm.

"Careful," Walter said softly, scratching his chin. "You'll step on Hermitcraft. That wouldn't be good." He laughed quietly to himself. "Then I'd have Grian shouting at me."

He picked up Mr. President and set him on the ground. He stood up. He looked at all the papers strewn across the desk- unordered piles of them, though not a single one was really out of place. He made sure of that.

"I'm gonna fucking kill Franklin D. Roosevelt," Walter muttered to himself. Obviously he didn't really mean it, but this was getting a little bit much. Mr. President looked up at him curiously.

He glanced down at the cat at his feet. "Not you," He said with a smile.

As the cat blinked at him, he realized he didn't actually know if Mr. President was sentient or not. He knew he was immortal, full thanks to him, but he didn't know if that had the added bonus of, say, understanding human speech.

After a brief staring contest between the two, which Walter was woefully not victorious in (such is the struggles of a being with trillions of eyes- it's kind of hard to control their exact movements while in human form), he shrugged and decided it didn't matter. If Mr. President also turned out to be a near-omniscient being, then oh well. Such was the way of life. Such was the way of those who played with life. Such was the way of those beyond life. Such was-

Walter blinked. He was getting off-track here. Best not to do that when dealing with the concept of time and space. Then he'd have a real disaster on his hands. And a bit of an existential crisis. So annoying that even as a literal fucking god able to tamper with the directional flow of time and space, he still got such human problems as existential crises. Unfair!

He sighed, stretched, picked up Mr. President, and left the room. He set the cat down, who immediately ran off to who-knows-where. Hopefully not to the other Burs were, lord knows what havoc would be wreaked if Phantom had to deal with him in the middle of the night. Walter locked the door, hoped that the other Burs who didn't care about the laws of physics or reality of Earth would ignore the room out of respect for his privacy, and went back to his room.

He glanced at Wilbur, who was sleeping peacefully, smiled, and put his head on his pillow. Even if he didn't need to sleep as a god, he still felt like it sometimes. Might as well, right?

Chapter End Notes

next chapter is already written and will probably b posted next saturday !

bur fact #39: spirit, if given the chance, would attack me (the author) like a perturbed cat and scratch me

(thanks zo for that fact. i completely forgot that this was the next bur fact and i cant say i disagree w it)

the midnight train

Chapter Summary

don't be concerned if i return as somebody new
people change, it's all the rage, and i've got nothing
to lose

put your ear to the ground
it's the most magnificent sound
to this earth, my friend,
we're no longer bound

Chapter Notes

oops i forgot to post this yesterday LMAO fuck

anyways this chapter is. it certainly is a Vibe! i wrote it while having a fucking Moment
irl and listening to music w a specific vibe to it (same vibe as 'the most magnificent
sound' by spence hood, so vibes and SO spiritcore) (also classical piano music) and i
havent like. reread it. so it might make no goddamn sense but in my defense. um

also fun fact this whole chapter's Premise was based off of a toh fic i read bc i was like.
huh. that thing [character] is experiencing is kinda spiritcore. and so i did this. el em ay
oh. yes the character was the collector why do you ask

anyways next chapter is also like this
enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

spirit was staring at the ceiling.

or, well, no. he was staring at his eyelids, because he had his eyes closed. if he was staring at
the ceiling, phantom would be telling him to go the fuck to sleep, because spirit's eyes *did*
kind of glow.

the main issue wasn't that he wanted to open his eyes, because he knew that if he did, all he'd see would be darkness, anyways. the main issue was that he couldn't sleep. not because something specific was keeping him up, either. he didn't really know... why he couldn't sleep. it wasn't even simple insomnia, either. it was like every time he tried to go to sleep, every time he almost got to that point where he was about to sleep, something seemed to pull him away from... something. he wasn't sure what that something was, either. he just knew it didn't feel... right. it was like he wanted to get up and move around, but *more*. distinctly *more*. it was like he was in limbo all over again.

logically, he knew he wasn't- he was in walter and rust's house, sleeping with twenty other people right next to him. but with his eyes closed, and with the only sound being quiet breathing, the occasional sound of movement, or the even rarer cough or deep breath, his brain kept telling him he wasn't... there. 'there' not being specifically the house; he didn't really know what 'there' was. all he knew was that it didn't feel right. though, somehow, it felt like he was *supposed* to be wherever 'there' *wasn't*. it didn't really make sense. and the sound of the occasional car outside being so eerily similar to the distant rumbling of trains was not helping at all.

doing nothing but laying there, completely still besides breathing, he felt like he needed to move but also.. couldn't. was it the silence? or the constant sound? the darkness? the fact he knew he was being watched, even though he also knew it wasn't with any malicious intent? he wasn't sure, and he didn't think he'd find out.

he supposed it had to be related to the silence, because- although far from unsettlingly quiet- it hadn't really been this quiet at any other time this whole.. adventure. sure, when they slept in phantom's time, it was quiet, but here, it felt... different, somehow. maybe the feelings in the air were different. the tension? maybe he was just more used to there being noise now. maybe it was something to do with the different times and worlds.

anyhow, the silence *also* reminded him of limbo. he almost felt like he was there again, at that dark, damp train station platform, with no one there with him most of the time, just the trains barrelling past every now and then and the water perpetually dripping from the ceiling and landing in the puddles on the ground that always somehow stayed the exact same size with the quiet but sure and repetitive- so fucking repetitive it made him sick to his stomach- *drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, dr-*

he stopped that trai- that *line* of thought in its trac- in its *place*.

he internally sighed and listened carefully for a few moments. he didn't hear anyone moving, and he didn't hear phantom breathing, so he assumed phantom was out of the room. safe assumption.. right?

a simple opening of his eyes and glance around confirmed that it was, in fact, such. mod was awake, sitting on the couch next to where another bur was sleeping, but he seemed preoccupied with something else.

spirit slowly and quietly stood up. he accidentally made eye contact with mod, but mod didn't seem to care, just looking back at whatever he was doing, so spirit continued. he carefully walked to the back door, making sure not to make any noise. he slowly unlocked and opened the door, walking outside into the backyard. there was a wooden fence around it, just like the other houses to the right and left. it was a nicely sized backyard- not too big and not too small. there was a small patch of just trees between this line of houses and the one behind it, so all he could see that way was trees. he took a deep breath of fresh air, walking to the part of the fence farthest from the house and staring into the trees.

being out here felt.. better, he thought. less oppressive. the fresh air helped with that somewhat, though the sound of the occasional chirping cricket also brought him to his senses.

maybe that was it. maybe he just didn't feel.. in tune with the universe, or whatever. what was that word resurrectedbur had used that one time...? grounded? huh. maybe it had to do with the whole 'being from another world, timeline, time, universe, and plane of existence' thing he had going on.

maybe he shouldn't have tried to figure it out. it didn't seem to be helping.

he looked up and saw the moon- almost full, or maybe recently full. he never remembered which was which. he kept his eyes pointed up. it felt... different. he couldn't see as many stars here as compared to the smp. maybe the moonlight was hiding the stars. it did that sometimes, however beautiful it may be.

whatever.

he stared out into the trees. he almost felt as if he wasn't supposed to be here. his brain was somehow going a mile a minute and yet felt stagnant at the same time.

he picked at a little bit of wood peeling off the fence. a bad idea, because it immediately gave him a splinter. he only distantly felt it hurt his finger. whether that was part of being triple-dead, or part of whatever was going on in his head right now, he wasn't sure. he wasn't sure if he cared. he stared at it for a few moments.

he heard the back door open, but he didn't turn to see who it was.

"you're out here too, huh?" whoever came out said. spirit couldn't tell; everyone who wasn't a ghost or wimpfred sounded the exact same.

he tore his glance away from his finger to see deadbur. he put his hand back on the fence with his other. "good evening."

deadbur nodded and walked over to the fence as well, graciously not pointing out the fact that spirit was standing on a plant pot to see over said fence. then he asked the dreaded question. "why are you out here?"

spirit didn't answer for a few moments. he didn't *have* an answer. he didn't even have an answer for himself. "couldn't sleep." it wasn't technically a lie.

deadbur hummed absently. "me neither."

neither of them pointed out that there was more to the story. then they'd have to actually confront it. or maybe that was just spirit projecting. who knew. though- wasn't he supposed to be this guy's ghost, anyway? some ghost he was.

"do you, uh..." deadbur said after a few moments of silence. "want to talk about it?" spirit supposed he did know why they were both out there.

spirit didn't answer for a bit again. he let the question sink into his brain, fester there for a few moments. "nah."

deadbur seemed almost relieved with that answer. "if you say so."

and so they both stood there, staring at the trees, listening to the few sounds they heard, but otherwise in silence. the occasional car was still driving down the road, sounding less and less like a train the more spirit listened. he could hear crickets and owls in the trees and from other directions- stark reminders that he was here, not anywhere else, and he didn't need to be anywhere else. he supposed this was a little treat from the universe- something to whisper in his ear, "you are here, and you aren't alive, but you never were, and you were never meant to be. you're exactly how you're supposed to be, in every way."

or maybe he was looking too much into it. he had a tendency to do that.

"i might head back in soon," spirit finally said. he said it a bit quieter than he meant to.

deadbur made a quiet grunt of acknowledgement.

after a few more moments, spirit gently pushed himself away from the fence and started to get down from the clay pot.

he hesitated.

deadbur noticed, and raised an eyebrow. "you okay?"

spirit stared at him. "are you?"

deadbur frowned. "i thought you said you didn't want to talk about it."

“it was a simple question,” spirit replied.

deadbur stared at him for a few moments, then looked back into the trees. “my reply to what i said would have been an annoyed roll of the eyes.”

spirit didn’t say anything. *some ghost he was.*

“funny how we’re all so similar, yet all have distinctive personalities,” deadbur murmured. “both within us from the smp and the others. we all have such unique lives.” he let out a small, amused huff. “really makes you wonder, huh?”

spirit still didn’t say anything. oh, how he wanted to, how he wanted to tell deadbur everything right then and there, explain just how similar they all were and exactly the reason why. the words were on the tip of his tongue, just waiting to jump out and explain everything about wilbur and limbo and earth and all of it. he knew why, he knew how, yet he also knew why he hadn’t said a word about it. it just wasn’t the right time. but would it ever be? maybe he should never tell them. keep the pain he felt when his world shattered into a million pieces away from them.

no, he’d have to tell them someday. ...and he wasn’t quite sure whether he was upset about that.

spirit wordlessly turned and walked back to the house. deadbur didn’t follow.

he picked his way back to his sleeping bag, ignoring mod again and being incredibly grateful that phantom still wasn’t in the room, wherever he was. spirit went straight back to staring at his eyelids.

he didn’t think about wilbur, or the train station, or any of it at all.

...it really does make you wonder, huh.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #40: ghostburs hair feels like wool! it may even be wool! none of the other burs are willing to find out!

like i said next chapter is even more Like This so look forward to wednesday ig

clair de lune

Chapter Summary

your soul is a chosen landscape
where charming masqueraders and bergamasquers go
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fantastic disguises

- "Clair de lune" by Paul Verlaine

Chapter Notes

fun fact clair de lune (the classical music piece) was based on/written to match a poem ! i did not know this i learned of it like a few days before i wrote this chapter speaking of the chapter . it has been done for WEEKS i just procrastinated then i was on vacation so i didnt have time then the one day i was at home i just like. Didnt. and then ive been procrastinating all week now. and ur not gonna get another chapter for like a good two weeks or so bc im Busy and Doing things and the next chapter is only halfway written and also loz has fully sucked me back in . not to say this is going on hiatus or anything . itll just take a lil bit for the uploading schedule to go back to normal. ew i sound like a youtuber. anyways enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Imp opened his eyes to pitch black darkness and complete silence. One might think this is normal for a house where almost everyone was asleep and it was late at night with the curtains closed, but it was *too* dark and *too* quiet. He tried to look around, then he realized he wasn't in a host.

Oh. It was one of these.

If he had a human respiratory system, he would have sighed. Alas, he had no functional nose (though he thought of it as a blessing sometimes), so instead he just sighed internally and turned around.

He saw what he usually did. Or, rather, *who* he usually did. See, in these kinds of dreams, his brain- was it his, really? He had no idea whose he was using- made him face his doubts, insecurities, guilts, et cetera in the same way (yet oh so annoyingly different) every time, or whatever kind of cliché bullshit you wanted to explain it as. Now, it wasn't every time he went to sleep, but it was every dream he had. He was also sickeningly *aware* of it the whole time, yet it never lost its bite. And so, in front of him was standing the very man he had been hurting this whole time- the Wilbur Soot he was pretending to be.

Imp could never make out what expression Wilbur had. He seemed... annoyed? Fed up? Maybe... bored? Upset? Confused? Imp could never tell. He didn't even know if this guy was *actually* Wilbur, or just some figment his subconscious was making up. He had no idea how any of this worked. It wasn't like much research had been done. He barely had any experiences to compare this to.

Either way, it didn't make him feel any better.

Let's get this over with, Imp thought, internally sighing again.

Wilbur tilted his head, not saying anything. Imp decided to mirror him, changing his form to look like him. Why not? It's good to try new things, and even better to try them where there are no repercussions.

Wilbur's expression didn't change much at all. His frown seemed to get a little deeper, and his brows furrowed just a tad bit more, but other than that, he didn't do anything. He stood up straight again and looked to the side.

Imp followed his gaze. Just like he always did. *Always following, never the contrarian, huh?*

Imp told his brain to shut up. He didn't even have an actual brain. He just wanted to stop reading into every little thing he did. It wasn't that deep, and it never would be. He was a simple creature at heart- arguably the most simple one could get while still being a multicellular organism capable of doing its fucking job.

There was nothing at the end of the gaze. Imp looked back at Wilbur, who simply grinned- a confusing, yet not confused grin, one that simply made one wonder what he was grinning about- then walked past and behind Imp.

Imp glanced behind himself, then smiled. Internally, of course. His actual mouth didn't respond to stimuli like that. Anyhow, he decided that he might as well flip it up tonight. Usually, he looked around, confused, until the dream continued. He instead took a step forward. A somewhat unstable step, because he still wasn't quite used to being... y'know, himself, but still a step.

He immediately fell. And kept falling. What did he expect, really? It was a dark void in which he seemed to be floating. And it was dream logic. Of course he fell.

He didn't scream or anything, though. Rather pointless, if this was a dream. Which it was.

After a few moments, he got himself together, 'flipping over' so he wasn't falling with his 'back' to the 'ground' anymore. He looked around, and what he saw made him sharply inhale. (Which he could do, he still had a thing similar to *lungs* . Just... not a nose. Or a mouth for that specific function. Don't ask.)

He saw a star. Well, two stars, in the most technical sense. Sure, one of the stars was getting sucked into a hungry black hole, and sure, the other star *was* the aforementioned hungry black hole, but still. Two stars. But what stuck out like a sore thumb, what Imp really focused on, was a small little planet a ways away from the still 'living' star, completely surrounded by gasses. As he looked out at the scene, he realized he had stopped falling.

"Tragic, huh?"

Imp would have jumped about three feet into the air from surprise if he wasn't rooted to where he was standing. Er, floating. He looked to where he heard the voice from and saw... Wilbur, sitting there in the void, looking at the solar system.

This... was new.

“A sad sight, for sure,” Wilbur commented, not moving his gaze from the scene. “Two doomed stars and a doomed little planet with some doomed organisms on it. We’ve all heard the story.”

Imp didn’t say a word. He supposed this couldn’t be the real Wilbur, then. There was no way for Wilbur to know about this place. This had to be... something Imp’s subconscious had made up.

“I guess it doesn’t matter, though, huh?” Wilbur continued. “With enough time, it’ll all be gone. Sucked up into the black hole. What hope is there?”

Imp didn’t say anything. What hope, for some doomed organisms on that sad little planet? Surely, there was none.

“What plans could those people create?” Wilbur murmured, his soft voice still making its way to Imp. “Which ones might work? How will they fail?” He tilted his head. “I wonder, sometimes.” Finally, he tore his gaze away from the celestial objects and looked up at Imp. “Any thoughts from my impostor?”

Ah.

Imp didn’t even look at him. Still didn’t utter a word.

“Hmph,” Wilbur looked back. “Dunno what I expected.”

They stayed there in silence for a few more moments.

“A plan is easy to foil,” Imp finally said.

“So it speaks,” Wilbur chuckled quietly. The ‘it’ felt like a stab through Imp’s chest. He didn’t even have a heart. “Care to elaborate?”

“All you have to do is be a little too dumb,” Imp continued after a few more moments. “Make one too many assumptions.”

“Hm,” Wilbur nodded. “And you would know?”

“Far too well,” Imp said softly.

“...” Wilbur didn’t say anything. Neither said a word for a good few minutes. They both just watched the star gradually being consumed. It felt like it was millions of years yet only moments away from being finally finished off.

“I’m not mad,” Wilbur finally said quietly. “I was at first, but...not know.” He took a deep breath. “I.. I want you to know that.”

Imp tensed, nearly imperceptibly. He remained silent.

“I’d still like to know the reason,” Wilbur continued. “Because there has to be one. This-” He gestured vaguely to the solar system- “has to be related. It and you are the only consistent things here.” He sighed. A tired sigh, a confused sigh, a sigh filled with a *desperate* want to leave that Imp felt so strongly he could almost fucking taste it. And he barely even had taste buds.

“....I..” Imp finally forced out. He... what? Was he sorry? Did he feel guilty? If he could afford it, would he stop this whole charade right now? He didn’t know. It hurt. It fucking hurt.

“It’s alright,” Wilbur smiled. A small, *exhausted* smile. “I get it.” He looked up at Imp. “Just doing your part, huh? It’s... fine.”

It definitely wasn't fine. The proclamation that it *was* made Imp ache in a way he couldn't understand.

"Sucks that this is just in our head," Wilbur remarked. "You probably don't even think I'm here right now, huh? You're going to wake up and think, 'huh, that was weird', and continue going back to... *whatever* you're doing out there." He looked away from Imp again. "I know I sure would like to know."

Imp said nothing, and every second spent here that he didn't do or say anything made him hurt more and more. He hated this. He hated *him*. He hated this goddamn body, he hated *his* goddamn body, he hated being *him*, he hated being 'him', he hated it all. He just... he... they wanted...

Imp looked out at the stars again. They wanted to go home.

But that was a fucking lie. Going 'home' meant having to be... there. In that hellhole of a place. Did it ever feel like home? They weren't sure. It only felt like it sometimes.

They wanted... they... Imp.... he wanted....

"I apologize," Imp said, voice carefully free of emotion.

Wilbur grunted in acknowledgement. "Are you sorry, though?"

"I said I apologize," Imp replied.

"And still in my voice," Wilbur said.

Imp stubbornly refused to make eye contact with him. "...I don't have my own." It wasn't really a lie. They technically didn't. They didn't have their own voice because their whole life had either been pretending to have someone else's, or practicing to pretend.

Wilbur looked up at them. "Then make one."

Imp stared straight ahead at the perfect little tragedy that was the planet in front of the two of them. Stubbornly, *frustratingly* stagnant. They held on for as long as possible, keeping the grip until it broke with a horrific snap, and they caved, looking down to Wilbur, making eye contact. Wilbur didn't falter, though Imp was aware they didn't have any pupils or anything.

"...I'll try," Imp said. They looked away, though not at the planet. They couldn't take it.

"Will you?" Wilbur asked.

"Sure," Imp lied quietly.

"Hm," Wilbur hummed. "No time like the present." He finally stood up. "I suppose I'll be seeing you some other time."

Imp looked back at him. "I suppose."

Wilbur smiled, and Imp felt guilty for every little bit of exhaustion that seeped through.

Chapter End Notes

el oh el . or something

yes this wilbur does show up again itll just b a while yes he has a bur nickname no i will not be telling you probably. hint: it actually sounds like a real name, unlike literally

every other bur besides wilbur and walter and maybe ace or blue

anyslay . have some imp playlists

zos- <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/4QOtRwvKnmtlTn9BzBqnx5>

mine (altho mine is imp + 2 other burs, youll see tho u can probably already guess)-

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2WYnOTAFc35YFQPBmD0ou3> (oh damn i havent put any songs in there in a while . hold on lemme put clair de lune in there)

anyways bur fact #41: ccbur is 3 popcorn kernels and a single potato chip away from an existential crisis And a mental breakdown! such is what he has to deal with with being the only semi-normal person in this group of fucking weirdos (affectionate)

just another tuesday (alivebur- no put the torch down- PUT IT DOWN-)

Chapter Notes

hi :3 pretend its still wednesday. or that its saturday . idk i meant to post this on wednesday but now its friday lmao swagever . got kind of held back from posting bc of irl shit going on (vacation, camping, moving rooms around, nothing too serious but still big enough to cause a bit of delay lmao)
anyslay ! enjoy ^_^ kind of a shorter chapter bc its a dialogue-heavy Theyre All Just Chilling (for now) chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phantom heard someone stirring, and he looked up to see Ace sitting up slowly. Phantom glanced at the clock in the wall, the only accurate clock in the room. Just after half past 6.

"Morning," He called softly.

Ace blinked and looked over. "Mornin'."

Phantom waved and went back to watching Drowsy.

"D'you ever sleep?" Ace asked, voice low so he wouldn't wake the others up.

"Yes," Phantom replied. "I have a schedule."

Ace frowned thoughtfully. He stood up and stretched.

Phantom heard footsteps from the hallway, and he turned to see the door opening. Rust walked in, a book under his arm.

"Good morning," Rust greeted them.

"Morning," Phantom waved. "You people are awake far too early considering when you last slept and when you went to sleep last night."

"Says the other awake person in the room," Ace rolled his eyes. "You sleep, what, once a week? You cannot talk."

"I am an entirely different species than you, be quiet," Phantom retorted.

"Whatever," Rust cut them both off. "Shut up or you'll wake everyone else up."

"Yeah, yeah," Ace muttered, then perked up. "Wait, Rust, can I go in the backyard to do some quick exercises? I haven't been able to do them in a bit, so.."

."Oh uh. Sure?" Rust blinked. "I don't see why not." He hesitated. "Just... be careful, don't let anyone else see you."

Ace grinned and gave him a thumbs-up, then walked out of the room. A few moments later, the back door opened and closed.

Rust watched him go, then yawned and sat down in the one chair in the room unoccupied by a Bur.

"Sorry if we were too loud last night," Phantom smiled apologetically.

Rust smiled back. "No, it's fine, I was just..." He paused, looking at the window, even though it was covered by the curtains. "...on edge."

Phantom cocked his head curiously, but didn't pry. "Well, sorry, nonetheless."

Rust hummed, tearing his gaze away from the window and down to the book he was holding.

Phantom heard more footsteps. Soft, small ones. His heart dropped into his stomach as he realized what was coming to the room.

A small white cat pushed the door open and walked into the room, tail high in the air. It made its way over to the chair Rust was in, jumped up into his lap, and started softly purring. Rust looked at Phantom with a slightly amused look, and Phantom realized he was baring his teeth.

"Why do you hate him so much?" Rust asked.

"Cats are scary," Phantom defended himself. "Their eyes... their claws... their teeth..." He shuddered.

"You have eyes and claws and teeth," Rust ran his hand along Mr. President's back.

"Yeah, but they're different!" Phantom insisted.

"You're the most cat-like person I've ever met," Rust replied. "You're like a cat with wings. And humanoid. And with less fur."

"That... shut up," Phantom crossed his arms. "It's different."

"I'm not making fun of you," Rust smiled. "I just think it's... a little funny."

Phantom relaxed a little bit, and cautiously looked at Mr. President. The cat stared at him. Phantom stared back.

"Both of your tails are flicking," Rust observed. "And both of your ears are pressed back."

"I am not a cat!" Phantom hissed. Literally.

"You just hissed at me," Rust smirked. He scratched under Mr. President's chin.

Phantom narrowed his eyes and opened his mouth to spit a retort, but he was interrupted before he could say anything. He heard the back door open, and Ace walked into the living room a moment later, sweating a bit.

"Oh, welcome back," Rust greeted him.

"That was fast," Phantom remarked.

"Yeah, a good bit of my exercise routine is sparring with someone, but right now, my friends aren't here to help," Ace shrugged.

"What was it you said you do in your own time?" Rust asked.

"A kind of sports championship," Ace explained. "It's... kinda complicated to explain."

"Interesting," Rust mused.

Ace hummed, then perked up. "Wait, you know how to fight, right? Can you spar with me?"

Rust looked surprised. "Uh, sure? Like.. hand-to-hand, or...?"

"Yeah, hand-to-hand," Ace nodded.

"Sure," Rust stood up, gently pushing Mr. President off his lap. He stretched, then he and Ace walked out of the room and into the backyard.

By ten or twenty minutes later, more of the Burs had woken up, including Walter, who was now sitting where Rust had been earlier.

"Are we having pancakes for breakfast too?" Blue asked.

"Probably, yeah," Walter replied.

"You know, usually, I wouldn't like having the same thing for dinner and breakfast, but Alivebur's pancakes are scarily good," Raft remarked.

"Mhmg," Editor hummed in agreement, obviously tired. "Walter, d'you have coffee?"

"Yeah," Walter nodded to the kitchen. "You can make yourself some."

Editor stood up and walked to the kitchen.

"What's coffee?" Raft asked.

"A drink," Walter explained. "It's supposed to help you wake up, but it's never worked for me. I don't like the taste, anyway."

"I didn't like the taste, either," Phantom nodded. "Haven't had it in forever- phantoms don't really need stuff like that."

"I wish," Editor said, back in the room. "Where the hell is the coffee machine?" He paused. "Those have been invented by now, right?"

"Yeah, I think they look really different, though," Walter stood up. "It's to the right of the si-"

Before he could continue, a loud shout of pain came from the backyard.

"What was that?" Editor frowned.

A few moments later, the back door opened and Rust and Ace came into the room.

"You should've told me that I wasn't supposed to do that!" Rust argued.

"How was I supposed to know you would kick me in the nuts?!" Ace retorted.

This prompted loud laughter from multiple other Burs, which caused basically the rest of the Burs to wake up.

"That's how you fight!" Rust said, ignoring the other Burs.

"Not when you're just sparring, dumbass!" Ace rolled his eyes. "Good fucking lord..."

Rust crossed his arms, let out a huff, and walked away from him.

"...good morning?" Geo muttered, having just been woken up.

"Rise and shine, we need the pancakes again," Blue smiled.

"Mm. Give me a mi--te," Geo said as he kind of glitched in and out of the house for a bit. "Be right back."

And with that, he disappeared. Everyone carried on as if this was normal, because at this point, it was.

"Someone wake Imp and Sky up," Phantom called. "I think they're the only ones still actually asleep."

"How can you tell?" Ghostbur frowned.

"Their breathing and heartbeats say so," Phantom explained. When Ghostbur still looked confused, he continued. "Good phantom hearing." Ghostbur let out a quiet "Ohhhh." of understanding.

Editor, who was now back in the living room (however also coffee-less) and just so happened to be closest to Imp, gently nudged him in the back with his foot. "Wake up, sleepyhead."

Imp rolled onto his face and said something completely incomprehensible.

"What did you just say?" Editor raised an eyebrow.

"He said 'leave me alone'," Mod said casually from where he was sitting on the couch.

Imp sat up at this, hitting his head on the table next to him, causing him to shout "FUCK!", which woke Sky up, who sat up slowly, had a clock appear in his hand, and immediately threw it at the wall. Sky stared at the clock for a few moments, then flopped back down on his pillow face-first and groaned.

Pretty much everyone stared at Sky or the now broken clock on the floor.

"How did you know what I said?" Imp asked Mod, completely ignoring Sky.

"Galactic standard, right?" Mod grinned. "You could say I'm acquainted with the language."

"Galactic... standard..?" Imp blinked. "Oh, uh. Yeah, how did you know that?"

Mod shrugged. "It's kinda funny."

Imp stared at him, then said something that definitely wasn't English. Mod tilted his head, then translated, "'Do you understand this'?"

Imp stared at him for a few more moments.

Suddenly, Geo showed up, looking annoyed. "Fucking Ecuador," He muttered. He looked around, at the broken clock on the floor, the gaping Imp, the upset Sky, and the confused... everyone. "What did I miss..?"

"Nothing," Sky and Imp said at the same time, though Sky sounded muffled from the pillow.

"Can we have one normal day?" Wilbur sighed.

As if in response to the stupid question, Mr. President jumped up onto the windowsill and accidentally pushed open the curtains with his tail, causing Phantom to immediately screech, set on fire, go invisible, and almost set the carpet on fire.

"I'M KILLING FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT," Phantom shouted, his voice coming from the side of the room farthest away from the cat. Wilbur, Editor, Phas, and Walter burst out laughing, and Rust shouted back something along the lines of, 'You can't fucking say that.'"

"Anyways!" Resurrectedbur said loudly over the laughing and shouting. "Breakfast?"

"Oh, yes," Geo perked up. He reached into his bag and took out a container of pancakes. "Here we are."

"I'll be taking those," Alivebur plucked the container out of Geo's hands and walked into the kitchen.

"And that reminds me," Editor spoke up. "Coffee?"

"Coffee machine's right there," Rust pointed to something in the kitchen.

Editor followed his finger and walked into the kitchen. A few moments later he came back out. "Rust, are you sure the radiation isn't getting to you?"

Rust gave him a Look. "Walter can confirm."

Walter just nodded in way of agreement that the thing was, in fact, the coffee machine.

Editor glanced back at it. "Please tell me that's not what they look like right now. I don't even know how to work that thing."

Wilbur walked over to the entrance to the kitchen and looked at the coffee machine as well. "I... think that's just what coffee machines look like in the 1940s."

Editor looked at it with a pained expression on his face. "I... I'll just have tea, or something, then..."

"Ohh, that's why you were so confused by the shit in my time when we were cooking dinner," Phantom looked at Rust. "Old ass."

"Imagine being... uh, over 80 years old," Wilbur grinned. "Older than Philza Minecraft himself!"

"Over a hundred, actually," Walter corrected him with a smile. "We were both born around 1920."

"Why did you have to tell them that?" Rust glared at him.

"They already know," Walter shrugged.

"Old ass!" Phantom repeated. "Imagine being over a century old!"

"Huh... so, everything you've just.. not understood for no reason was probably because you're simply from before it was fuckin' invented," Phas frowned. "Weird."

"He doesn't even know what a microwave is," Wilbur sighed.

"He doesn't even know what a microwave is," Geo shook his head, then really realized what he said. "...how are we heating those pancakes up with no microwave?"

"Oven," Alivebur called from the kitchen, already pressing buttons on said oven to preheat it.

"Don't burn my house, down, so help me God," Rust called back.

"Your god means nothing to me!"

"Jesus fucking Christ."

"I don't know who that iiiis~!"

"I think it's my house, anyway," Walter spoke up before Rust could respond again. "You're legally dead, so..."

Rust turned to look at him and just stared for a few moments. "I... forgot about that." He turned back to Alivebur's direction. "Don't burn Walter's house down!"

"I'll try!" Alivebur grinned. Rust didn't think this was very reassuring.

Chapter End Notes

yippee

next chapter is maybe like halfway done ?? so expect it in like another week or two idk . after that ive got Ideas and Words tho so . yea :3

oh also the thing imp said while half-asleep wasnt actually in english or 'the galactic standard', it was in the impostors language, which mod only knows on accident bc. inhuman, shapeshifter, ectec and just Assumed it was the galactic standard, which was why imp was so surprised ^_^ (the galactic standard being. the language in imps time used across the galaxy/universe for standard commercial (and sometimes political) practices, made specially so that most/all species can speak it even though they have different throat/mouth structures.)

bur fact #42: alivebur, resurrectedbur, revivedbur, and- on occasion- geo all smoke weed
. yes zo wrote this one bc its bur fact 42. they say bur fact 69 will be about sex. thats
probably a joke. maybe
bye for now ^ _ ^

pancakes, cookies, and a nap

Chapter Notes

hellaur :3 dont have much 2 say abt this chapter . once again p chill since its just chilling. we're getting to fun stuff soon ^_^ i guess i did try out writing it less dialogue-heavy in a not serious chapter towards the end but i dont think its that obvious enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After a while, the pancakes had been heated up, Walter's house did not, in fact, catch on fire, and they were all seated around the living room with various numbers of pancakes each. Everyone looked a little tired, as one would tend to expect from a group of people waking up from perhaps not the most restful sleep.

“...alright, did anyone else have another weird dream?” Ace asked, breaking the silence that had been there since everyone sat down with their pancakes.

Sky made a grunting sound that vaguely sounded like 'I guess'.

“You could say that,” Imp muttered.

“Yes, but I don't think in the same sense of the last weird dreams some of us had,” Rust said. “It was more just...” He waved his hand vaguely, then took a sip of the coffee he had next to him. “I dunno. Weird.”

”Hm,” Ace hummed. ”Well, I definitely did. Just more MCCs.”

”What about you, Imp?” Resurrectedbur asked.

”It was just a recurring dream,” Imp shrugged. ”Not anything out of the ordinary.”

"Ooh, what's it about?" Ghostbur smiled. He, as always, wanted to learn more about his fellow Burs. You can't blame him, he's a curious guy.

"Nothing important," Imp replied in a tone that said, 'absolutely important, but this topic is ending here'. Ghostbur looked a little disappointed, but didn't press anymore.

A few more moments of silence, besides the sounds of the group eating breakfast.

"...Walter," Rust spoke up again, "Do you have the newspaper?"

Walter hesitated. "I do... do you want it?"

Rust frowned. "Of course. I've been fucking missing for a year, I want to catch up on what's going on."

"The war," Walter said flatly, putting his plate down and standing up. A few of the Burs laughed at his tone. He walked into another room and came back with the newspaper, glancing over the front page before handing it over to his husband. "There you are."

"We should read the one from right after Rust crashed into the goddamn island," Revivedbur joked.

"We should not," Rust said, taking another sip of his coffee as he glanced over the paper. "If it mentions me, it probably has the worst picture of me you've ever seen."

"It had your high school yearbook picture," Walter grinned.

"I didn't go to high school," Rust rolled his eyes.

”Well, it was some weird picture of you,” Walter shrugged as he sat down again.

“Anyways,” Rust said loudly, silently begging for a topic change.

”Who's time do you think we're gonna end up in next?” Resurrectedbur asked, saving Rust from the embarrassing ordeal that was thinking about his teenage years, even if his were less embarrassing and more... well. You know.

”What times do we even have left?” Alivebur frowned.

”Mine, Sky's, Phas', Wimpfred's, Wilbur's, Geo's, Mod's...” Raft listed. “I think that's all?”

“My 'time' would be anywhere on Earth,” Geo tilted his head. “I don't really have a specific place I stay very often. And my place is definitely not made for over twenty people to be hanging around in.”

“My 'time' is a fucking ocean,” Raft shrugged. “Anything is possible.”

”...the spawn point for my time does *not* have enough ground for everyone here,” Sky muttered.

”Well, thankfully, multiple of us can fly,” Mod pointed out. “And we have a Creator with us, so I think we’ll be fine.”

A plate with a rather large stack of pancakes- with no butter, syrup, sugar, anything- suddenly came through the wall, over multiple people, then near the couch as Phantom became visible holding it. He picked up the rather large pancake on the top of the pile and bit into it. The pancake suddenly drooped in his hand, and he stared at it for a few moments in tired silence before unhinging his jaw and putting the whole thing in his mouth. He continued to eat them

like this until they were all gone, at which point he put the plate down and laid face down on the couch.

“...are you okay?” Phas asked him, as he was sitting on the top of the couch.

Phantom made a grunting sound, and his tail twitched.

“He accidentally injected his pancake with venom,” Mod explained, “and his phantom sleep schedule has finally decided it’s sleep time.”

Phantom moved his head just enough to give Mod a look. “I don’t like you.”

Mod shrugged with a weird smile on his face.

“What happens if we switch times in the middle of your nap?” Blue asked Phantom.

Phantom moved his head again and didn’t respond. After a few moments, it was clear from his breathing that he was sound asleep.

“Huh,” Blue blinked, then looked up. “Walter, can I make cookies in your kitchen?”

“Yeah, sure,” Walter smiled. “Don’t set them on fire.”

“I would never,” Blue said, sounding offended that Walter would even think the idea.

“Didn’t you make cookies in Phantom’s time?” Deadbur pointed out.

“Okay? Alivebur made pancakes in Phantom’s time, and I don’t see you complaining about that,” Blue frowned, then went into the kitchen.

“Damn, my bad,” Deadbur muttered.

“I’ll help!” Spirit called, standing up and following Phantom. Sky pursed his lips, then stood up as well and went into the kitchen.

An hour later, with a few card games played and a few people having napped, the chocolate chip cookies were finally done and ready to be eaten. Wimpfred, Ace, and Mod had eventually joined in on the cookie-making- though Mod had been banned from touching the cookies before they were done because he had tried to add meat to a few of them, no one could tell what meat it was but everyone suspected it was human- and none of the bakers had set the kitchen on fire. Or the cookies on fire. Or themselves on fire. Or anything on fire.

Success!

Geo had taken a good amount of them and put them in a container in his bag for safekeeping, but the rest (which was a lot of fucking cookies, they did not hold back) were free for anyone to take at the moment. Everyone had gotten at least one, but past that, it was all-out war as far as the Burs were concerned.

Though they had made chocolate chip because that was the only kind of cookie that Blue knew how to make, a special batch of cookies with no chocolate and less sugar had been made for Fundy, Phantom, and Imp. Fundy and Phantom didn’t want chocolate or sugar messing with their inhuman biology, and Imp said that it was... something to do with space travel. No one knew enough about space travel or *the future* to argue with him, but Editor certainly wasn’t buying it.

“Hey, Mod,” Resurrectedbur called over the heads of Alivebur and Spirit, who were fighting over a cookie. Physically, which was very funny to watch since Spirit was half the size of Alivebur. Unsurprisingly (actually, it is a little surprising), Alivebur was winning.

“Yeah?” Mod looked up from the game of rummy he was currently winning against Bard. Fundy was sitting on his lap, reading a book. Bard had seemed very proud that he was reading such an advanced book.

“You apparently know phantom biology shit; do you know when Phantom might wake up?” Resurrectedbur asked. “I just don’t want something to happen and him still be asleep.”

Mod hummed and put his cards down for a moment. “Well, since they only sleep, like, once a week, phantom hybrids generally sleep for the whole day.” He shrugged. “Maybe the time travel has fucked over his sleep schedule, though, and he’ll wake up soo-”

Suddenly, Phantom went invisible, became visible on the ground, woke up, went invisible again, and reappeared next to Mod with his eyes wide open, glowing, and unblinking. After a few moments, he blinked and did a little shake like a wet dog.

“Time travel logic,” Mod stage-whispered to the shocked Burs.

“No, actually,” Phantom grumbled. “Weird dream I will not be talking about. Is something happening?”

“We were talking about you,” Mod picked up his cards again. “Whose turn is it?”

“Yours, now,” Bard replied.

Mod hummed, picked up a card, then discarded it.

“Wonderful,” Phantom rolled his eyes, then looked around the room. “Ooh, cookies!” He grabbed one of the chocolate-less ones off the plate on the table and ate it in one bite. “Yummy!”

“Are they good?” Bard asked.

“Yes,” Phantom nodded.

“Can you try to get Fundy to try one, then?” Bard smiled. “He won’t try it because he says it’s ‘boring’, and he seems to like you.”

“I don’t know what he’s talking about,” Imp called from where he was sitting upside down on the couch and reading a Wikipedia article over Editor’s shoulder. “They’re great.”

“And until ten seconds ago, you had them all to yourself,” Editor pointed out, not looking up from his phone. He had it plugged into an outlet on a wall, because for some goddamn reason it worked, even though they were 80 years in the past.

“That I did,” Imp sighed dramatically.

Phantom laughed. “I can certainly try!”

Before he got to say anything to Fundy, though, his hand suddenly flew up to his head with a gasp. Around the room, the other currently and/or previously dead people did the same, though those who weren’t actually ghosts obviously got it worse. The other Burs all immediately stopped what they were doing and stood up, ready at this point. The closest person to each Bur with the time travel headache helped them out. Rust dashed into the other room to grab a bag with various things he had prepared the previous night, mostly survival shit for whenever he got back to Tommy.

With the blinks of a million eyes at once, the timeline progressed exactly as planned.

And it just so happened that the plan included making everything worse for the three specific people who had a water allergy.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #43: phantom is the second best swimmer in the group ! the first is, of course, raft. you learn quickly, in the apocalypse. phantom learned because he kept jumping in water while catching fire :3
seeya hopefully soon ^ _ ^

h2o just add water

Chapter Notes

schools started :(u may not get as many updates for a bit thumbsup. altho this next chapter (or the chapter after that, i dont quite know yet) i think will be pretty fun to write because Character Interactions and Relationships. ehehehe. so we'll see! enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Perhaps it may have been better if whoever was in charge of this whole thing to not put all 23 Burs- 3 of whom have a water allergy and multiple more are not the best swimmers or haven't had the best experiences with water- in an ocean with the nearest land being a good swim away. Unfortunately for Ghostbur, Blue, and Spirit, who- might I add, were already suffering from the infamous time travel headache- Walter didn't think about that when he fixed the timeline up last, as he was too worried about... other things. Therefore, it took a good ten or fifteen minutes to get all of the Burs safely on land, all while multiple of them were melting, and even more of them were panicking about the goddamn shark circling them.

"I hate it here," Spirit hissed, so incredibly obviously in pain from multiple sources. Too bad being dead-however-many-times-over didn't get rid of his nervous system.

"I'm so sorry," Raft said for the millionth time in the past quarter hour.

"There was no way you could've warned anyone, no one knew we were going to be dropped into the ocean," Rust reassured him. He glanced back at the water. "You sure you don't want me to shoot that shark?"

"It wouldn't work," Raft sighed. "I swear, that shark is invincible."

"Are you sure there's not just a whole bunch of sharks?" Editor asked as he twisted his beanie to get the water out, putting it back on his head afterwards.

“No, the marks from times Tommy and I have attacked it are there,” Raft shook his head.

“I *really* hate it here,” Ghostbur spoke up, trying to get the last of the water out of his sweater without it getting on him.

By now, the Burs who got the headache were mostly fine, though the chaos that came with the water and swimming certainly did not help while it lasted, and everyone was being quieter than they were usually capable of so those Burs could recover. Especially the Ghostburs, all three of whom were looking downright miserable.

Raft sighed. “Alright, let’s go look for Tommy and the raft.” He turned around and walked down the edge of the island, close to the shore but still far enough away from the ocean that the water didn’t reach him.

The Burs walked in a generally straight-ish line, though it was still more like a large cluster. Just... a little more organized-seeming than usual. There were a few smaller groups within, talking amongst themselves, as they commonly did when there wasn’t a group-wide conversation going on.

After a few minutes, they spotted the raft, but Tommy wasn’t on it or near it. Raft quickly grabbed some supplies from it, including some fresh water he offered to the Burs who had had headaches. While most of them had taken it gratefully, a couple had simply politely declined, because despite the horrid headache, the person who was most likely to die of dehydration here was still definitely Raft.

“If the raft is here, then he must be somewhere on the island,” Raft muttered. “And I doubt the island is that big, so he ca-”

Before he could finish his sentence, he was cut off by a very familiar-sounding voice loudly shouting, “WILBUR FUCKING SOOT!”

Every Bur turned to the voice to see Tomathy Isn’t It himself, standing on a small hill a bit away from them, looking a little confused, a little worried, but mostly annoyed.

“I- Tommy!” Raft exclaimed, smiling.

Tommy put his hands on his hips and looked like he was about to say something, but before the words came out, he paused. He looked over the group of Burs, and seemed to actually realize what- or, rather, who- he was looking at. “What the *fuck* happened?” He finally said.

“Uh, time travel,” Raft explained. “Don’t ask me.”

“Fantastic, then I’ll ask one of the other twenty versions of you,” Tommy said snarkily as he neared Raft. “I’m sure they could help.”

“He caught on fast,” One of the Burs commented. Raft didn’t particularly care enough to figure out who it was behind him that said it. If the voice wasn’t immediately recognizable by voice pitch, then it usually wasn’t worth looking.

“Uh, hypothetically,” Raft said in response to Tommy’s reply. “But none of them will be of any help.”

”We’re plenty helpful!“ Blue frowned.

“You were melting thirty seconds ago,” Raft said dryly.

”Are we just going to stand around arguing?“ Rust finally spoke up, stopping the argument in its place, ”or are we going to do something productive, like make sure your raft doesn’t get eaten by this bitch shark?“

”Ah, yeah, oops,“ Tommy grinned sheepishly. ”I may or may not have let my gaze, uh... *wander* from the raft for a bit.“

Raft sighed, then went back closer to his namesake, which was currently half in the sea, bitten off by the aforementioned 'bitch shark'. "I suppose we should try to put this back together..."

"Are we going to half to stay on the raft until we go to the next time?" Ghostbur asked miserably.

Raft hesitated. "Um... I guess we could stay on the island?"

"Great," Rust said, rolling his shoulders. "Take two."

"...do you all have nicknames, or are you all just 'Wilbur'?" Tommy asked.

"Yes, we have nicknames, ask Ghostbur- little bleeding dude in the yellow sweater," Raft gestured to Ghostbur. "Rust and I can go start on some sort of shelter for the time being..."

Rust looked over the group of Burs. "Hm... Wimpfred, you're from the apocalypse, come with us." After Wimpfred came over with a shrug, he continued. "Some of you work on fishing and gathering various plant foods, and for the love of god, unless you're immortal, please do not eat a random berry or leaf you find." He looked Resurrectedbur in the eye, apparently trusting him most to be responsible in the group of incredibly irresponsible men. "Please make sure they don't all kill themselves."

"Doesn't even trust his own husband not to eat poisonous berries, harsh," Deadbur elbowed Walter in the arm, who rolled his eyes.

Rust, Raft, and Wimpfred all turned and left, going further into the island.

"Watch out for the rock bird!" Tommy shouted after them.

"Got it!" Was Raft's reply from on the hill Tommy had previously been on.

“...” Tommy stared after them. “He's fuckin' dead.” He turned back to the others and put a hand on his hip. ”What are you doing? Get fucking going!”

”Anything you know about this island that could be helpful?” Rust asked as they walked between trees, trying to find a good clear space to start setting up.

”Uh, there's a murderous shark swimming around it, there's a murderous bird who drops rocks on you, there's a murderous boar that stabbed me once,” Raft listed. ”And... there's rocks?”

Rust stared at him. ”...helpful.”

”You’re welcome,” Raft muttered.

”Um, I know I'm also from an apocalypse,” Wimpfred spoke up. ”But I don't actually know much about building a shelter or that shit, Charlie did all that before he even found me, and before that I was just in an already locked room.”

”I'm not from the apocalypse,” Rust corrected him as he pulled a homemade axe out from seemingly nowhere and tested it on a nearby tree. “And while that may be true, this can be a lesson for you, because I doubt it's just going to *end* anytime soon for you.” He looked up at Wimpfred. ”You'll probably end up being in a much worse situation if you don't know the essentials.”

”I know some things, I'm not fucking clueless,” Wimpfred rolled his eyes.

”You're in a zombie apocalypse,” Raft pointed out. ”I think you need to know more than the basics.”

"Like you can talk," Wimpfred snorted. "You barely seem capable of taking care of yourself, let alone Tommy."

Raft bristled and scowled as his voice raised in volume. "Like you would fucking know-!"

"Ladies, ladies," Rust interrupted him, and Raft and Wimpfred realized that he had stopped walking. The three were in a relatively small clearing, but probably the biggest one they were going to find on the small island. "No arguing right now, we're working. It's already past noon, if we want a stable shelter for over *twenty people*, then we need to get to fucking work."

Rust handed each of them an axe. "Use those muscles of yours and cut some trees down, I believe in you. And don't cut the wood into a useless mess." He turned and walked away to do the same, farther away from them.

Raft shared a glance with Wimpfred, who leaned over and whispered, "Is it just me, or does he seem more... irritated than usual?"

"That can't just be because of our argument, right?" Raft frowned.

Wimpfred shrugged. "Maybe he's upset about being back on a deserted island right after being at home."

Raft didn't say anything for a moment, then turned to the nearest tree. "Maybe."

Wimpfred looked at him for a few seconds, then wordlessly began on his own tree.

not the happiest w the ending of this but it gets the point across <3 i prommy i wont make the burs hate each other these three r just in a bad mood for now. anyways just gonna post this now gn

bur fact #44: geo is an entirely normal human, except for the fact that his brain is much more similar to a homing pigeons brain than the average human, and also the teleportation magic. hes a geography nerd what do you want from him uh. drink water eat food unclench ur jaw get sleep etcetc. seeya el oh el

when the burning sun begins to fall

Chapter Summary

so take me to the light behind the moon
and all the stars that lit that dark and desolate room
and without fail, i will prevail
i will light up this gloomy world
soon as i'm done lighting up myself

Chapter Notes

hiii turns out the beginning of school this year has been more uhhh Busy that last year lmao so. lil bit of a break lmao
ok this chapter is so funny bc it takes to burs who i generally didnt do much with bc i didnt have that much to work with in a serious light? but then i started thinking abt them both more and now im fucking bonkers about them. but also this may be like the Only time wimpfred and raft get the spotlight together LMAO im sry i just dont have That much time and i do have other things to write besides a potential fwiadc sequel/oneshot collection /silly
anyways. tldr i accidentally had feelings about raft and wimpfred and now the ending of this chapter is barely decipherable metaphors that im half convinced only make sense if youve listened to my ramblings about these two freaks but. swagever

anyslay !!! enjoy :3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was almost dark by the time the Burs got something that could feasibly pass as a shelter or camp set up. They used the sleeping bags from Geo again, with an extra few for Raft and Tommy to keep. Since none of the Burs were particularly tired besides Phantom, they mostly sat around the fire they had managed to make and talked. Phantom and Drowsy fell fast asleep as soon as Phantom got settled in his sleeping bag. Everyone else was situating their sleeping bags, chatting, and doing various other activities. Geo pulled out a sewing project from his bag he had apparently been working on before all this, Ghostbur and Tommy were playing and talking with Fundy, Bard and Wilbur were messing around with Bard's guitar, Sky was drawing on a pad of paper someone had had on them, and Rust was reading *The Communist Manifesto* over Walter's shoulder. And, of course, a few of them were playing cards, because these freaks are incapable of going ten minutes in peace without playing cards.

Overall, most of them were pretty relaxed. The conversations going on were lighthearted, no one seemed to be currently full of hatred for anyone present, and even if they were in a post-apocalyptic flooded world, it was much calmer than a few other post-apocalyptic worlds some of the Burs could think of. Geo and Challenger had even gotten out snacks!

However, there was- of course- one little exception to the calm atmosphere. That exception was the fact that Raft, despite being in his own time, hadn't said a word to anyone besides when someone talked to him directly since they had all sat down. He was just staring at the fire, or the sky, or simply to the side, not talking to anyone. No one had said anything about it yet, because who knows, maybe he was just tired. And, despite what they may try to get you to believe, the Burs weren't the best at going out of their way to talk to each other, even if they were the same damn guy.

Therefore, it was a bit of a surprise when Wimpfred suddenly stood up, walked over to Raft, said, "I need to talk to you," and left with Raft hesitantly following him.

The group stared at where the two had left for a few moments, not sure what to do.

"Are they alright?" Ghostbur asked uncertainly, pausing in his game of tic-tac-toe with Fundy.

"...they had a bit of a disagreement earlier," Rust mentioned, "but I didn't think it was that serious."

"They'll be fine," Tommy shrugged. "If we hear a scream, then we'll know that something's not right."

"Can't argue with that," Challenger nodded, not looking up from the card game he was currently playing with Mod. No one could tell what they were playing- first it seemed like War, then Go Fish, but eventually it was clear that no one would be able to tell. He smirked and put a card down on the ground in front of him.

"That's an illegal move," Mod shook his head. "You can only do that play with the Nether Pack."

“That’s fucking dumb,” Challenger argued. “Everything else is basically the same in terms of plays!”

“Well, I’m not-” Mod started to retort, then paused. “Wait, I did make this game.”

Challenger rolled his eyes and took his card back with a grumble, replacing it with a different one. Mod nodded approvingly, then swiftly won the game in the next three turns. Challenger subsequently set the cards on fire. Mod simply took another two packs out and they started another game.

“...alright,” Ghostbur nodded and directed his attention back to his and Fundy’s game.

Wimpfred glanced back at Raft, completely unsurprised to see a confused and annoyed frown on his face. He knew he didn’t exactly explain what he wanted to talk about. If he was being completely honest with himself, he wasn’t quite sure either.

“Where are we going?” Raft finally asked.

“Wherever we feel like,” Wimpfred replied. “This is your time, not mine, you tell me.”

“You say that as if I’ve ever been on this island before,” Raft rolled his eyes. “I don’t know, let’s sit on the beach.”

“Sounds good to me,” Wimpfred smiled, leading the two of them down to the shore.

Once they got down there, they both stood there for a few moments before Wimpfred huffed out a breath and sat down on the sand.

“C’mon, we’ve both done much grosser than sit on sand,” Wimpfred gestured for Raft to sit next to him. Raft hesitated for a moment, then slowly sat down a bit away from Wimpfred.

“...” Raft looked out at the ocean, then glanced at Wimpfred. “What do you want?”

Wimpfred didn’t say anything for a second or two. “I wanted to... ask you a question. And apologize.”

Raft frowned, looking a little suspicious. “Question? ..apology?”

“Yeah,” Wimpfred nodded, looking at Raft. He didn’t especially want to make eye contact, but he thought it’d be better than just looking out at the ocean or the sky. “First, I want to apologize for making you upset earlier. I don’t exactly know why you got so upset about it, but I didn’t really mean it.”

Raft blinked. ”The, uh... you mean the thing about taking care of myself?”

Wimpfred nodded again. “Yup. I meant it as a sort of... tease, not an actual insult, but you seemed to take it as one.” He shrugged, then smiled. “And then we have my question.”

“Wait a minute,” Raft stopped him. “I want to ask *you* a question first.”

Wimpfred blinked. “Oh, uh. Shoot.”

“Why’d you bring me out here to apologize and ask a question?” Raft asked. ”Seems a bit much.”

Wimpfred sighed. “Because I thought the question might be a little too personal for you to answer around twenty other people,” He replied, then looked Raft straight in the eyes. “And I

want an answer, not an excuse.”

Raft narrowed his eyes, then looked away. “Alright.” He took a deep breath. ”Shoot.“

Wimpfred was silent for another couple seconds. Finally, he spoke. ”Why'd you lie about the lightning thing back in Phantom's time?“

Raft blinked, obviously not expecting that question. “How did you hear that? How do you even remember that?”

”I looked around the room, saw you and Resurrectedbur talking, paid attention to your conversation, and heard you,“ Wimpfred shrugged. ”And I was reminded of it while we were talking earlier. Thought I might as well ask now.”

Raft frowned. ”So you were eavesdropping and decided to bring up what you overheard out of context.“

”That's a way to put it, I guess,“ Wimpfred muttered.

”You're not denying it,“ Raft pointed out. “Are you going to?”

Wimpfred rolled his eyes. “You're avoiding the question.”

“Fine,“ Raft said. “It just wasn't the right time to talk about it. There were more pressing matters, and I already knew how to deal with it. I didn't need any help at the moment.“

“Hm,“ Wimpfred hummed. “Alright. Another question.” Raft didn't say anything, so he continued. “What about what I said earlier made you so upset?”

“None of your business,” Raft immediately replied.

“What is with you?” Wimpfred frowned. “Did I really piss you off that much? I get that it was a little insensitive, but goddamn, you're usually not this annoyed at everything.”

“I'm just annoyed at you,” Raft huffed.

“Uh-huh, which is why you were glaring at the ground ten minutes ago when I was on the other side of the fire?” Wimpfred raised an eyebrow.

Raft glared at him. “The fuck do you *want* ? I'm not about to spill my whole traumatic backstory to you just because you asked, so fuck off.”

“I'm not asking for you to traumadump, I'm asking you why you're so annoyed,” Wimpfred rolled his eyes. “A simple question.”

Raft looked away from him, pointedly looking at the sky instead of anywhere near Wimpfred. “Jesus christ. Fine. I didn't appreciate that you insulted my ability to take care of myself when I've been faring just fine this whole time. Happy now, asshole?”

“...” Wimpfred didn't say anything. He supposed that was the answer he had been looking for, and maybe the one he had expected. But something felt... off. Maybe it was a little cliché for him to think that, but something was telling him that this conversation wasn't quite over. Nonetheless, the words that exited his mouth were, “Yeah, sure.”

Raft glanced back at him, looking faintly surprised. Evidently, he didn't seem ready to go back yet either, because he didn't stand up. The two of them sat there in a tense silence for several minutes, just staring at the sea.

Well, Wimpfred was looking at the sea. Before this whole... adventure, he hadn't seen it in a while. The most water he'd seen in one place in the past few months was probably a dirty puddle in a ditch, or one of those water bottles that Charlie just inexplicably had. Now, he

was taking any chance to see all this he could get, because who fucking knew when he'd see shit as pretty as this next.

Raft, however, seemed to be looking at anything but the sea. Wimpfred supposed that since the man did kind of live on the ocean, he probably didn't find it as interesting as Wimpfred did.

"Can I ask another question?" Wimpfred finally said, quieter than he had before.

"...sure," Raft muttered.

"How'd you meet Tommy?" Wimpfred asked.

Raft inhaled sharply, though he obviously tried to slow the breath and play it off casually. It didn't work.

"Give as much or as little detail as you'd like," Wimpfred added, because he might as well. "It's not like I've got a gun to your head."

Raft, once again, didn't speak for a few moments. The silence was back, though slightly less tense than before. "I... met him after the flood."

Wimpfred frowned, but didn't say anything.

"Well, after the flood really... got *everything* . It was a slow process, but eventually it was just mountaintops turned into islands that remained," Raft continued, looking down at the ground. "And I didn't know what to do with myself... and then I found Tommy, who obviously didn't either, so we just fucked around for a while. I thought... maybe I could help him, since I couldn't help anyone else." He sighed, pulling his knees to his chest. "We don't have any plan in mind. Anyone who was stupid enough to make one of those died a long time ago."

Wimpfred stayed silent, even though his suspicions had been basically confirmed.

“...Sorry,” Raft muttered. “You didn't ask for a traumadump.”

“Well, it was our turn anyways,” Wimpfred joked, almost immediately regretting it. If Raft was annoyed with him for making a joke about it earlier, he definitely wouldn't appreciate it now.

Surprisingly enough, however, Raft let out a laugh. A small laugh, but one that still seemed full, loud, and genuine. One that made Wimpfred smile.

“Yeah, I guess,” Raft said, looking out at the night sky again with a small smile on his face. “Everyone else seems willing to share their *secret backstory*, why not me?” He glanced at Wimpfred. “And...”

“Why not me?” Wimpfred raised an eyebrow, smiling. “Well, it's not quite as heartbreaking as yours. Honestly? A little embarrassing.”

“You have no idea how many embarrassing, rather important details I left out,” Raft laughed. “Go on, share, if you feel so inclined.”

Wimpfred leaned back on his hands and looked across the sea at the moon. Waxing gibbous. “Promise not to laugh?” At Raft's agreement, he continued. “Well. It all started when I applied to go on a reality TV show. A, uh, dating show.”

Raft simply blinked. “I forgot those existed.”

“Well, they do,” Wimpfred said. “Er, did. The point is, we had finished filming for the day, and then the zombie fucking apocalypse shows up. Impeccable timing, right?”

Raft snorted. “Of course. Then?”

"Then, I was stuck in the same room I had at the big, weird house," Wimpfred said.

"...for how long?" Raft asked.

Wimpfred huffed- almost a dry laugh, but not quite. "Anywhere from 263 days to 500. Or it could have been two months. I... never figured it out."

Raft didn't say anything.

"And to make the situation that much worse, for a while, I still thought it was just part of the show. Makes sense, right? Weird dating show, weird challenges, best man gets the babe," Wimpfred shrugged. "Made sense to my half-starved, human contact-deprived brain."

"I'm... sorry," Raft eventually said.

"Don't be," Wimpfred smiled. "At least I had Charlie. And you had Tommy."

"And a weirdly persistent shark that must be really damn hungry," Raft added. "And you had a fuckton of zombies."

"I did have a fuckton of zombies!" Wimpfred laughed. "And a giant sword, and a grenade launcher, and various other weapons I was oh-so graciously provided with." Raft laughed at that as well, his posture relaxing.

"We should probably get going back before the others start to miss us," Wimpfred finally suggested after a few more minutes.

Raft looked straight up at the sky. Wimpfred followed his gaze to the sickeningly bright stars. "O before the rock bird gets us," Raft mused.

"The rock bird?"

"The rock bird," He confirmed

"The..."

"The rock bird. A bird with a rock."

"The rock bird."

Raft smirked at Wimpfred's obvious confusion. Wimpfred rolled his eyes humorously and stood up, brushing his legs off.

Raft's smirk softened into an actual smile, and he glanced at the ground again. "I'm... thank you for this, Wimpfred. I have to admit, I've been avoiding this, but... I think I just needed the right person to get me to really talk, you know?"

Wimpfred felt a strange little feeling of happiness in his chest that he couldn't quite put a name on. He brushed it away. "Yeah," He replied. "Sometimes it's just so much easier to not say anything." He held out his hand to Raft. "But the show must go on, right?"

The saying was a simple one, but it held a meaning behind it that both of them were uniquely aware of. To each their own, as one may say. Even outside the realm of possibility, it had its own definition that neither man could even begin to comprehend.

In the milliseconds before Raft accepted Wimpfred's hand, the two subconsciously felt nothing but understanding, recognition in the other, and a strange sense of loyalty. An understanding that neither had ever really felt before, and certainly not anytime recently. Who knew that meeting an alternate version of yourself from a different kind of apocalypse could help you realize things about yourself?

Consciously, however, Wimpfred pulled Raft up off the sand, and the two walked back to the other Burs together. And if either spared a glance back at what never could've been, well, you can't exactly blame them, can you?

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #45: there is not a single bur who i am 100% certain has a drivers license. ccbur might but i honestly have no clue and dont want to go looking or whatever to figure it out. not a single one of these freaks can legally drive But three of them *can* fly a plane :3

pleasepleasepleaseee please ask me about my thoughts behind this chapter i prommy i will be so normal abt it

ok but like honestly if ur curious and/or if u dont get the shit towards the end afkjshdkf then just comment smth asking ^_^ i will literally so gladly explain i was not expecting to care so much abt these two together but then i wrote this chapter and realized that i really fucking do

also i didnt mean to make them like really kinda gay seeming. to be clear theyre *not* gay 4 each other but yknow interpret it however u want im not ur boss

anyslay. next chapter might b a while bc new interests have me in a chokehold and school is a lil busy but. we'll see! ^_^ drink water eat food sleep well have a good day
Thumbs up

dream sweet in sea major

Chapter Summary

it feels like flying, but maybe, we're dying

Chapter Notes

um. hi

sorry for not posting for a month and a half oopsies !! in my defense i just. couldnt finish the chapter. like i just kept adding more fucking things. i almost split this one in half but i couldnt find a good stopping point ANYWHERE until the very end. so. it turned out to be 5k words youre Welcome

oh yea and i accidentally changed the pov halfway through the chapter ? i dont think its that confusing but when it stops talking abt skys thoughts then it changes to rusts i just couldnt find a good place to put a break. so

also happy late nov 16th and happy birthday ghostbur !! and happy 150k words to this fic now

WARNING: panic attack(?) after a nightmare from ""Is he-" Tommy started to say..." to "Though he looked hesitant, Phantom followed...". will put a summary of that scene in the end notes since this one is longer than most things like this so far i feel like

Thumbsup

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sky was staring at the water.

He was sitting with his knees up to his chin, resting his head on his arms, staring at the water. It confused him. Sure, he'd seen fucking *water* before, he'd even seen that lake during Phantom's time, but... this much was a little much. He wondered how it all got there. He didn't ask, since he didn't know if it was just a him thing or if anyone knew. Or was it just a thing in Raft's time? Well, none of the other Earth Burs had seemed too surprised, and he could've sworn one of them had mentioned flooding at some point, but... still. It didn't quite sit right with him. At least, he thought. He wasn't sure if he felt uncomfortable or was just... fascinated.

“You okay over there?” Tommy called. That was one good thing about being in times with other people- one could actually tell who the hell was talking. Even if Sky didn’t know what to think of the people he only half-remembered as a part of his life. ...

“Yeah,” Sky replied with a smile, turning his head to face Tommy. “Was just looking at the water. There’s so much of it.”

“Yeah, that happens when the world floods,” Tommy nodded. Sky couldn’t tell if he was being sarcastic or not.

“Are there any fish?” Rust asked. He reached over Walter’s arm and dog-eared the page they were on, then let him continue reading.

“Oh yeah, plenty,” Tommy said. “Catfish, salmon, mackerels, tilapia...”

“...aren’t tilapia freshwater fish?” Ace muttered, glancing at the presumably very salty water.

“Why do you just *know* that?” Spirit gave him a weird look.

Ace shrugged. “Big salt fan.”

“Well, look who’s back,” Resurrectedbur said, stopping the strange discussion before it could even start. Sky looked over to see Raft and Wimpfred approaching the group. “What were you two up to?” Resurrectedbur asked.

“We just had a talk, that’s all,” Wimpfred replied easily. “Nothing you need to worry about.” He plopped down on the ground where had been before, and Raft did the same. “So, what did we miss?”

“Not much,” L’manbur shrugged. “We’ve been doing the same exact things as before you two left.”

Wimpfred leaned back onto his hands with a smile. “Fantastic.”

“Hey, Imp!” Geo suddenly called out. “You have connection on your weird ass tablet, right?”

“I resent that description,” Imp frowned, “but yes. May I ask why?”

“I’m bored, and I thought you might be able to pull up a video on your tablet thingy,” Geo shrugged. “We basically *just* slept, I’m not gonna be tired for a while.”

“Go fuck around on the island, or something,” Alivebur suggested. “There’s probably plenty of shit to do.”

“If you want to get a concussion from the murderous rock bird or get killed by the murderous boar, be my guest,” Raft said, voice full of sarcasm.

Alivebur slouched and muttered something under his breath that made Spirit snicker at him.

“Uhh... I don’t know, I doubt I’d get enough connection for any video services,” Imp said, pulling out his tablet. “I barely did in Rust and Walter’s house, and that was in a time with at least a little bit of technology that compared to this.... what?” His eyes widened in surprise as he stared at the tablet.

“What?” Editor asked, leaning over to see.

“I have... more connection here than I’ve had anywhere besides my own time or Editor’s,” Imp explained, obviously shocked. He glanced up at Raft. “I thought everything would be submerged...?”

Raft shared a glance with Tommy. “It should be...?”

“Does it say what it’s connected to?” Wilbur asked.

“Yeah, it’s the ship’s connection, the weird part is the service I’m getting,” Imp furrowed his brows. “This much service means that there’s stuff like towers or satellites to send a signal, and people to keep them running.”

Tommy narrowed his eyes. “You’re telling me there’s *other people* out there? And they have fucking *cell service*? And they haven’t *found us yet*?!”

Raft frowned. “Now, hold on, it might just be a leftover tower or something on an island that hasn’t broken or whatever yet.” He glanced at the ground and muttered, “I don’t know how it hasn’t, but...”

Tommy stood up and started pacing. “No, it’s been far too long for it to just... just still be working!” He whipped around to face Raft. “I mean, It’s been-” He faltered. “It’s been...”

Raft hesitated. “...at least two years.”

“Yeah, exactly!” Tommy continued with renewed frustration. “Two years is a while! Long enough for shit to break down.”

“He’s got a point,” Walter pointed out. “That sort of stuff doesn’t just stay up and running by itself. Not for that long, at least.”

Raft huffed and crossed his arms. “...I don’t know what you want me to say. It’s not like I know any more than you do.” Tommy crossed his arms as well, walking back to where he was sitting and plopping back down onto the ground.

“I’m going to sleep,” Phantom suddenly announced. “I’m fucking tired.” His expression became sharp as he looked over the group around him. “I know most of you were just

sleeping, so your sleep schedule is fine, but if I find out any of you ne-” He cut himself off with a yawn- a surprisingly large one, that showed off his incredibly sharp teeth. He recovered quickly, shutting his mouth with a snap and continuing what he was saying. “If I find out that any of you need more sleep-”

“You’ll come bite us or whatever, we get the idea,” Alivebur cut him off with an eye roll. “Go to bed, sleeping beauty.”

Phantom scowled at him, but did move over to his sleeping bag and make himself comfortable. He curled up in an almost catlike way, but if cats had wings. His wings were covering his body and his tail was curled up near his legs. He seemed to fall asleep almost instantly, and Sky wondered if that was a phantom hybrid thing or if he was really just that tired, even though he had just slept.

“So, can we use the tablet, or what?” Geo asked.

Imp hesitated. “Uh... sure,” He finally said. “But only when I’m awake to make sure you don’t break it.”

“Is it expensive?” Geo tilted his head curiously.

“Take a wild guess,” Imp rolled his eyes. He turned to his tablet and started tapping and scrolling on it. “What are we watching?”

“Wait, you’re from the future, we won’t know anything that’ll be on your tablet,” Phas pointed out.

“I mean, there are plenty of archives of old films,” Imp shrugged. “Or I could show you a movie from my time. Your pick.”

“Can I see some of the movies from your time?” Ghostbur asked excitedly, moving over to Imp to look over his shoulder. Imp showed him a list of movies, making a few comments on

each.

“That looks interesting..” Ghostbur hummed. “But kind of dark.”

“It’s a pretty good movie, but maybe not the best for this group,” Imp muttered. “Ooh, this one’s actually kind of nice...”

“Looks boring,” Ghostbur dismissed. “That one?”

“That’s just fearmongering,” Imp shook his head. “Not any good.”

Ghostbur tilted his head, scrolling down the list himself. “Oh, what’s that one?”

“That’s a documentary, I think,” Imp replied. He glanced up, then back down immediately. “Um. About World War 2.” Rust audibly sighed.

“How is that the most exciting thing to talk about a hundred years in the future?” Wilbur asked incredulously.

“No, this is like...” Imp pursed his lips and hesitated, as if deciding whether or not he should say it. “Imagine documentaries in your time about prehistory and fossils...”

“Oh my god, I get it, I’m old,” Rust said, throwing his hands up in the air.

“Not that old!” Phas exclaimed, mouth wide in shock. “We’re *that* old to you?!”

“Well, not really,” Imp said hastily. “It’s... well, there’s been more stuff happening since then compared to the 2000s since prehistory, so it’s harder to find reliable records and even harder to find physical evidence for history-” He stopped himself from rambling and sighed. “I’m-

you're not *that* old, but really, you all act like Rust and Walter are so old from being 80 years in the past when I don't even *know* how far ahead I am from you all..."

"How do you not know?" Editor asked. "Just subtract the years."

"Well, sure, but I have to take into account calendar changes, major time travel events, space travel, more exact math and science to do with time measurement, even shit like leap years and daylight savings time and the equivalents throughout half the damn Milky Way," Imp replied irritably. "It's far less simple. But in terms of how long ago it *seems*... you're pretty damn old."

"This is making my head hurt, can we just watch the damn movie?" Raft interrupted.

"Do we really have to watch that, though?" Rust sighed. "I'd really rather not..."

"Yeah, yeah, I'll find something else," Ghostbur said. He had fully taken Imp's tablet now, looking through his selection and muttering to himself about every movie. Imp glanced at the screen once in a while to provide some help or a comment about the film.

Rust ran a hand through his hair and looked at the sky, then frowned. "Raft, what time of year is it?"

Raft blinked, not expecting to be suddenly addressed. "Uh. I don't know? Um... summer, I'd guess?" He followed Rust's gaze to the stars. "Why?"

Rust narrowed his eyes. "...where are we?"

"Um... we started in England," Raft shrugged helplessly.

"Northern hemisphere," Geo replied to Rust. "Probably somewhere around what was the eastern U.S.?"

“That’s rather vague for you,” Raft remarked.

“Well, what do you want from me?” Geo raised an eyebrow with a smile. “I can’t do much with a completely unfamiliar Earth.”

“You travelled across the entire Atlantic- I guess you have had multiple years,” Rust muttered, glancing down at Raft. “Well, then, assuming stars don’t change much in the next... however many hundreds of years it took to get here... I believe it’s spring.”

Raft opened his mouth to say something, but hesitated and instead said nothing.

Imp glanced up from his supervision of Ghostbur and his tablet. “Hundreds of years? Wasn’t this flood in the 2030s?”

The silence after his words was absolutely deafening.

Rust snapped his head over to face Imp. “*What?!* ”

“I wasn’t going to *tell* them that!” Raft hissed.

Imp blinked. “I- oh.” He dropped his face into one of his hands. “Shit.”

“Hold on, *2030s* ??” Phas exclaimed. “But- but it’s the late 2020s for me! What the *fuck* do you mean?!”

Imp winced. “Uh- would it be so hard to forget I said that?”

“YES?!” Phas and Rust shouted at the same time.

At this point, every Bur from Earth looked at least a little panicked, and everyone else had stopped whatever they had been doing to listen in, not knowing what in the world they were talking about.

“No, Raft, explain,” Editor shook his head. “Or Imp. I don’t care. One of you explain right *fucking* now.”

Imp and Raft shared a glance before Imp sighed and started to explain. “As far as I remember, the flood that I’ve been assuming this is during happened around 2030 A.D., though that isn’t exact. This... could be an alternate timelines scenario, though?” He hesitated, then continued. “I’m not sure. Obviously, we don’t know. Um...” He sighed. “I’m breaking so many laws right now...”

“How does that happen so *fast* ?” Rust asked, sounding a little bit just curious but mostly distressed.

“...who’s explaining climate change to him?” Editor asked with a nervous grin.

“No one,” Imp said, frowning. “We’re not, I’m not, we’re dropping the topic, I am *not* going to be the one to cause some... break in the spacetime continuum because *someone* decides to stop climate change before the world floods.” He turned to Ghostbur. “Have you picked out a movie yet?”

Ghostbur blinked, then glanced between Imp and the tablet. “Uhm... yes!” He turned the tablet around to show the screen to Imp. Imp inspected it, then nodded with a shrug. Ghostbur grinned and turned the screen back around.

“What movie?” Mod asked, completely ignoring the plight of the Earth Burs, none of whom knew what to do with themselves.

“It’s like... a robot love story, I think?” Ghostbur tilted his head. “I’m not sure, the description isn’t very... descriptive.”

Geo blinked, and after an uneasy glance towards Imp and Raft, he sighed. “I guess I did ask for a movie...”

Ghostbur smiled. “Yippee!” He put the tablet on the ground. “Anyone watching the movie, come over here so we can all see.”

“Hold on, I can just...” Imp reached over and tapped a few things on the screen, and after a few moments, the contents of the screen were in the air above the tablet. He grinned. “Hologram.”

Ghostbur gasped. “That’s so COOL! I didn’t know that was a thing!!”

This seemed to only confuse Rust specifically more, as he stared up at the hologram with a tired and confused expression. He eventually sighed, apparently realizing that Imp and Raft weren't going to explain, and changed the subject.

“Raft, before I forget,” He said, ”can I check on your injury?”

Raft blinked, staring at him for a few moments. ”Wh... Oh!“ He glanced down at his arm, where the shark bite that Rust had tended to in Editor's time was. He raised the arm slightly and turned it around. “Sure?”

As Rust moved closer to Raft and Tommy, a good amount of the Burs moved a little closer to the tablet screen hologram, and Ghostbur started the movie. At first, Ghostbur worried about waking Phantom up with the sound, but the sleeping Bur was clearly dreaming and not waking up any time soon, based on his occasional twitches.

Rust began unwrapping the bandage on Raft's arm, and took out some fresh ones from the relatively small bag he had packed at his house that he had just set down next to him. As he

worked, he spared a glance up at Tommy. "Do *you* have any shark bites you'd like help with?" He asked.

"What?" Tommy tore his gaze from Raft's arm up to Rust's face. "Oh, I'm fine," He snorted. "Well, maybe one or two, but nothing to worry about!"

Rust paused, then continued after a moment, while saying, "You know, you remind me of the Tommy from my world."

Tommy blinked, and Raft tilted his head curiously.

"Reckless as shit," Rust explained, "completely unwilling to admit that something's wrong unless it's funny or really *really* wrong." He glanced up at Tommy. "Basically, I don't believe you."

"Sounds about right," Raft said with a smirk.

Tommy rolled his eyes. "Alright, fine, maybe I could use a band-aid or two."

Rust smiled and opened his mouth as if to say something, but was cut off by a small sound coming from Phantom. The three looked over at the sleeping Bur, whose face was slightly pinched as he moved in his sleep.

"...what's up with that guy, by the way?" Tommy asked.

"Ask someone who knows what a phantom is," Raft replied. "They sure as hell aren't on Earth."

"You're good to go," Rust said as he finished up with Raft's arm. "Let me know if it feels weird or suddenly hurts-"

"I get it, I get it," Raft rolled his eyes. "Do you wanna give it a kiss for good luck, too?"

Rust stared at him, face deadpan. He turned to Tommy and looked at him expectantly. "And you?"

Tommy glanced between the two and raised an amused eyebrow as he pulled up a pant leg to show Rust. "You said I'm so similar to the Tommy in your world, but you fellas are all this different?"

Rust didn't respond, instead leaning in to inspect the leg that had old bandages wrapped around it. He looked through his bag, pulling out some more bandages and setting aside a few things he didn't need, like a couple small weapons he had packed.

Raft answered instead. "We're actually pretty similar," He said. "You'd be surprised by how many times we've all said the same exact thing at the same time."

"Twenty Wilburs.... terrifying," Tommy said as he wrinkled his nose.

"Well, one of them is currently making sure you don't lose a leg to infection, so you better be grateful," Rust muttered. "And we've all had different experiences, so we're not exactly the same at all."

Raft snorted. "'Different experiences', understatement of the century, I think you're the only one fighting in a damn war."

"What war??" Tommy asked, furrowing his brows.

"World War 2," Raft replied. At Tommy's vaguely confused expression, he elaborated. "Uhh... the one in the 1940s, with Germany and bombs and all that?"

"Ohhhh, right," Tommy nodded. "Got it. Sounds fun."

"You could say that," Rust said sarcastically. He leaned back and tilted his head. "Alright, you should be fine too."

Tommy poked at his leg for a moment before grinning. "Poggers!" Rust paused at that word and muttered something neither of the other two heard. Tommy leaned back onto his palms and let his leg fall next to his other one. He looked to be pondering something for a moment. "Don't you need to be, like, eighteen to join the military?"

Rust blinked. "Yeah?" Before Tommy could continue, he let out an "ohhh, yeah," and explained. "The Tommy in my world just lied on his paperwork. It's not like anyone was gonna refuse a volunteer."

"That seems... illegal," Raft said slowly. "On both ends."

"It was," Rust replied easily, beginning to pack up his supplies. "But it's not the worst he or the government have done." He said it so casually, leaving Raft and Tommy to glance at each other awkwardly.

Before either of them could say anything, another sound came from Phantom. He made a sort of whimpering sound- rather strange to hear from someone sleeping. His wings and tail were close to his body.

"Is he-" Tommy started to say uncertainly.

As he tried to finish his sentence, Phantom's eyes suddenly shot open, and with a gasp, he sat up, clutching at his chest. He immediately started heaving, breaths coming in labored- but still quick- gasps. While one hand was tight in a fist on the ground, grabbing some grass, his other hand was at his chest over the green scar on his sweater. It almost seemed as if his fingers were partially going into the scar, but that was absurd. His eyes looked like they were glowing even brighter in the darkness of the night.

“Phantom?” Rust frowned, moving to get up and go over to him.

Phantom looked up at him, face full of fear. Hearing his name, for some reason, seemed to make him even more panicked. He looked over Rust, glancing down at the items scattered at his side from the bag. As soon as he looked at the items, he gasped again and started backing away a bit, though he couldn't do that very well since he was still sitting on the ground. Rust looked at where he had looked, and realized that he had left a few small weapons sitting there.

Rust bit his lip, glancing back at the other Burs, most of whom had noticed what was going on by now. Ghostbur had paused the movie and was looking over with concern filling his pupil-less eyes. Most of them looked confused or worried, not quite sure what to do. Despite having been in a group together for so long and generally handling most things well, no one in the group was... actually that good at comforting people in situations like this. Sure, they had all *been* in this situation before, and they had all grown closer and more trusting over the course of this... adventure, but.. most iterations of Wilbur Soot across space and time just didn't seem that great at the whole 'comfort in face of panic' thing.

Thankfully- oh, so thankfully- Resurrectedbur stood up and approached Phantom before long. He knelt down close to Phantom, looking over him, concerned. “Ph- uh, Wilbur?”

Phantom looked up at him, looking confused, but a little bit less fearful. “D- no, don't-” He cut himself off.

Resurrectedbur's frown deepened, still looking at him searchingly. “It's alright, you're okay,” He said, obviously not sure what to do. After a moment, his eyes widened in realization, and his already worried gaze grew even more so. “Can I touch you?”

Phantom blinked, glancing around, then shook his head vehemently.

Resurrectedbur nodded slowly. “Alright, that's- no problem. Do... you know where we are?”

Phantom paused, breaths slowly evening out as he became less *panicked* and more *uncertain*. “I- um, I- no.”

“Okay, well, we’re on an island,” Resurrectedbur said slowly. “We’re with-” He hesitated. This small hesitation only seemed to make Phantom look more scared again, so he hastily continued. “We’re with the rest of the group- the Burs?”

Phantom glanced at the ground, his grip on both his sweater and the grass loosening. “O... kay...”

Rust pursed his lips, then moved slightly closer. “Take a deep breath,” He instructed, “and try to relax your muscles.” If there was ever a time for his past year and a half of... *experience* to come in handy, it was now.

Phantom looked over at him, surprised. He did as he said, taking a few deeper breaths through his nose. Rust noticed that his wings and tail were still tucked very close to his body, and while Rust didn’t quite know how the muscles in those worked, he could guess that it wasn’t the best for this situation. He didn’t press, though, not wanting to fuck it up again.

“Great,” Resurrectedbur nodded, smiling. “Can I.. touch you now?”

Phantom slowly nodded, and Resurrectedbur slowly brought his hand closer to his back. Phantom moved so that his back was angled away from all of them, instead facing the tree behind him, so Resurrectedbur settled on gently rubbing his arm instead. Phantom tensed up at the touch, but then relaxed his shoulders. He brought his own hands up to his face, letting go of the grass and his sweater to wipe tears away from his face. Rust noticed that the tips of his fingers looked to be slightly green- did he actually-?

A whisper from behind Resurrectedbur pulled Rust out of his thoughts, distracting him. Ghostbur had dropped some blue into Resurrectedbur’s hand. Resurrectedbur hesitantly offered it to Phantom, who took it with some confusion on his face. The green on his hands was replaced with blue stains as he moved the blue around in his hands.

“You okay?” Resurrectedbur finally softly asked.

Phantom shook his head, but didn't elaborate. He just stared at the ground, squeezing the blue. It seemed to calm him down somewhat, at least.

"...can you relax your wings?" Rust asked, hoping it was alright to ask. It wasn't like he had any experience with *this* .

Phantom looked startled by the question. He bit his lip and shook his head again.

Rust frowned. "That... can't be comfortable, though. They'll cramp like that."

Phantom turned his gaze back to the ground. "'s better than th' alternative," He muttered so quietly Rust almost didn't hear him. Rust and Resurrectedbur shared a worried glance at that response.

Suddenly, Mod came over, past Resurrectedbur, and sat down next to Phantom. Resurrectedbur and Rust frowned, and Phantom blinked and moved slightly away.

Resurrectedbur opened his mouth to say something, but Mod held up a finger to stop him. "Give me a minute," He said, then dropped his hand and turned to Phantom again. Phantom shifted uncomfortably and looked away

Mod didn't say anything for a few moments. Eventually, he took a deep breath, rolled his shoulders, and in the blink of an eye, a set of leathery, dark purple wings appeared on his back. His fingers grew... sharper, it seemed, almost like Phantom's claws. Mod winced. "Man, that always hurts..." He muttered, lightly rubbing at his spine.

He glanced at the group, all of whom looked shocked. He frowned. "How many times have I told you I'm a shapeshifter, and you're still surprised?"

"We know, but... it's different to actually see it," Raft muttered.

Phantom was staring at Mod, glancing at his wings while not moving his own.

Mod turned back to Phantom. He lifted a hand to Phantom's back, but Phantom immediately moved away again. "I'm not going to do anything, I'm just going to show you something," Mod said, not moving his hand any closer. "Trust me?"

Phantom hesitated. "No," He muttered.

Mod took the rejection in stride, humming and tilting his head. "If you don't relax your wings, you won't relax yourself, and you could hurt your wings." He shrugged. "Right now they're all tense because of instinct and fear. You gotta calm down."

Phantom blinked, then glanced away. "I don't- I can't," He whispered.

Mod smiled, and Rust was a little surprised at how calm and patient it was from... well, from Mod. "That's what I got these babies out for," He said with a grin, turning a bit to show the wings. "To walk you through it."

Phantom tilted his head.

Mod rolled his shoulders again. "Watch what I do, then try the same thing," He said, pulling his sweater and shirt off to show his back. Rust noticed a few scars on his chest, but didn't ask. Not the time nor place, though out of all people, he thought Mod wouldn't mind him asking later.

"What I do, is I take a deep breath, tense all the muscles I can, then slowly breathe out while I relax all of them one by one from head to toe, until everything is untensed," Mod explained. He then showed Phantom, taking a deep breath and visibly tensing, then breathing out while gradually relaxing. "You try."

Though he looked hesitant, Phantom followed Mod's lead, doing the exercise. After a few tries, his wings finally looked relaxed, and Mod stopped doing it.

Mod put his shirt back on and stood up. He stretched his arms above his head, and the large wings on his back straightened out behind him before folding back in and disappearing, along with his claw-like fingertips. "Haven't had those out in a while," He commented, then glanced at Phantom. "Thanks for giving me an excuse to bring 'em out."

Phantom, now looking more physically relaxed, gave him a confused look. "Uh... sure."

"You okay now?" Resurrectedbur smiled.

Phantom nodded slowly. "Mostly."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Resurrectedbur asked.

Phantom hesitated, a hand going up to hover over his chest again. "Not... right now. Maybe later."

Resurrectedbur nodded. Rust didn't push, either. He'd tell them when he was ready, and after all that, Rust was a little tired. Even if he had technically just slept, a nap couldn't hurt. He glanced back at the other Burs, slightly surprised to see that most of them hadn't been watching that the whole time. Editor was on his phone, a few Burs were talking amongst themselves, Ghostbur, Imp, and Raft seemed to be having an intense- but quiet- discussion about the movie they had been watching, and so on and so forth.

After Mod and Resurrectedbur had returned to the largest group of Burs watching the movie, they continued it. By the end, all of the Burs were watching- even Phantom, though he didn't look like he was paying that much attention. Besides him, though, they all seemed to enjoy the movie. A few of the more emotional of the group even seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"That movie reminded me of *WALL-E*," Editor commented. "Sci-fi robot romance that's actually cute."

“Who’s ‘Wally’?” Imp frowned.

Editor, Wilbur, Phas, and Geo all turned to him, looking surprised.

“You haven’t seen *WALL-E*?” Phas asked incredulously. Rust decided not to mention that he also didn’t know what ‘WALL-E’ was, given that he would probably be called old by about ten different people if he did that.

“If it’s from your time, then there’s your explanation,” Imp frowned.

“We’re watching *WALL-E*,” Editor said immediately. “Give me the tablet. How do you find movies from our time?”

And so, they watched *WALL-E*. Rust had to admit it was a nice movie. The other Burs who hadn’t seen it- basically all of them except Editor, Wilbur, Phas, and Geo- also liked it. Some more than others. Imp ended up *loving* it, eyes watering when it was done. He immediately downloaded it onto his tablet, stopped the hologram, and started rewatching it. Editor was giving him a weird look.

“Are we going to sleep?” L’manbur asked, glancing at the sleeping bags around the slowly dying fire.

“I am,” Bard spoke up. Fundy was still awake, playing with some rocks he and Bard and picked up earlier, but he did look a little tired. Rust supposed that was to be expected from a two year old at night, even if he had just slept.

“Me too,” Mod announced. He yawned, and even though he covered it with his hand, Rust swore he saw some very sharp teeth. “Night.” He found his area and fell into his sleeping bag, apparently instantly falling asleep.

Eventually, it turned out that most of the Burs- and Tommy, since he had a weirdly normal sleep schedule and had been in his own time when the others hadn’t- wanted to go to sleep.

The only ones who didn't were Spirit, Challenger, and- unsurprisingly- Phantom. Spirit and Challenger were having a shockingly civil conversation, while Phantom was sitting on his sleeping bag and staring at the sky.

Rust decided that it wasn't his business yet, and he didn't know what to do or what it was about anyways, so... he just went to sleep. Nothing better to do, at least not here. The thought didn't stop the pang of guilt he felt as he laid down, though he didn't know who it was for.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #46: wimpfred once got lost in an abandoned ikea for 9 hours. it was largely uneventful and when charlie finally found him wimpfred took a djungelskog and charlie took a blahaj

summary of that scene: phantom has a nightmare, wakes up all panicked, breathing weirdly and touching where his chest scar is. resurrectedbur and rust calm him down, then mod helps him relax his wings. phantom doesnt explain but says he might later

yeah uhh hes fine. dw abt it. he'll figure it out or something.

oh also fun fact ! currently posting fwiadc art + various bur doodles on my tumblr 'klesek' if u wanna go see <3 not doing much this week bc Life stuff but . ya !!
now good Bye forever (probably for like a month)

early morning- the best time for in-depth conversations about mortality and the afterlife!

Chapter Notes

damn i Didn't take a month to write this one ?? just two days ?? ur shitting me
anyways i love how ive just completely given up on that wednesday-saturday schedule i
came up w several chapters ago afjdkf. wait fuck it is wednesday I'll b honest i totally
forgot. um

uh also. warning i guess? this chapter is very full of just general Talk Of Death and
stuff? and so will next chapter. comes with the seven burs who are/were dead/a ghost so
um. theres not a great way to just Skip or Summarize all that so just prepare yourself i
guess ?

anyslay ! this chapter is so full of dramatic irony and foreshadowing and im gonna be so
normal about it
enjoy Thumbsup

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ace regretted opening his eyes as soon as he did so, the bright sun going straight into his eyes with no walls or ceiling to stop it. He made a little grunting sound, covering the sun from his view before opening his eyes again. When he did get them open for long enough to see anything, he immediately remembered *why* the sun was so bright in his eyes. They were outside, and it was already well into the morning, by the looks of it. Even though he usually woke up earlier than others, it seemed that since they'd all gone to bed so late last night, he still woke up late into the day.

He stretched and yawned as he looked around. There was only one other person up- Rust. He was sitting on a boulder a bit away from the edge of the messy circle of Burs (and Tommy) and looking towards the sea. Ace stared at him for a moment without moving.

Rust glanced back at him. "Are you going to keep staring at me, or...?"

Ace blinked, then stood up and made his way over to him after a few moments. He sat down to his left. "How'd you know I was staring at you?"

“You think I don’t know when I’m being watched?” Rust asked, turning back to the ocean.

Ace tilted his head, not responding. He supposed it’d make sense for him. “You are so paranoid.”

Rust laughed, just quietly enough to not wake anyone else. “Comes with the job,” He said after he stopped laughing.

Ace hummed. “That the same reason you’re the only one up?”

“I could ask you why just as well. You’re the only one else up so early,” Rust replied. He hesitated, then glanced over at the Burs. “Well, besides…”

Ace followed his gaze, and saw Phantom’s sleeping bag under the cover of a nearby tree. He was laying down, but obviously wasn’t sleeping. One of his hands was resting on his *umbr- parasol* that was laying next to his sleeping bag.

Ace looked back at Rust, who was still looking at Phantom. “Are you worried?” Ace asked quietly.

Rust didn’t respond for a few moments before tearing his gaze away and back to Ace, then the ocean. “Yeah.”

Ace hesitated, then sighed. “I don’t want to talk about him without him here- although, he can probably hear us, he has better hearing than any of us- but… I’m just a little tired of the secrets.”

“...I know I’m one to talk, but I have to agree,” Rust muttered. “He said he might tell us later, though. And I don’t want to push anyone.”

“We’re literally all the same guy, no one is going to think bad about anyone here for some bad dream,” Ace pointed out, then snorted. “That sounds like I’m being rude to him, or something, but it’s just true, you know? I mean, with all the shit I’ve learned about *versions of me from alternate timelines*, I don’t think anything anyone here says is going to surprise me anymore.”

“Don’t say that too quickly, you never know,” Rust joked. “The next big reveal is going to be that one of us is an evil alien from Mars.”

Ace grinned. “I bet Imp probably knows a few he could introduce you to.” Rust laughed at that, covering his mouth so as to not wake anyone else up.

Suddenly, Rust stopped laughing, and his eyes opened wider as he glanced back. He turned around, looking at the sleeping Burs. Ace, confused, followed his gaze again. And again, it was at Phantom, who was now sitting up and looking at them.

“How did you *hear* him?” Ace muttered, but Rust either didn’t hear- unlikely, apparently- or simply didn’t care to respond.

Phantom and Rust stared at each other for a few moments before Phantom sighed quietly, grabbed his parasol, stood up, and came over. Despite his two recent naps, he still looked tired, but more of the sad tired than the *tired* tired. Expected, Ace supposed.

“You okay?” Rust asked as he neared.

Phantom crouched next to him, put his parasol in between his legs so it covered his body, and hugged his knees. “Take a wild guess.”

“Fine, dumb question,” Rust muttered. “I assume you don’t want to talk about it?”

Phantom pursed his lips. He looked down at the ground and started poking at the dirt, not answering.

Rust looked back at the ocean in silence.

“...do either of you...” Phantom murmured. “Do either of you get weird nightmares often?”

Ace blinked in surprise, but Rust’s facial expression didn’t change much. Ace hummed. “Um, besides the recent MCC dreams? Not really.” Those weren’t really nightmares, anyways. He didn’t exactly... enjoy having them, but they weren’t *nightmares*.

Phantom didn’t say anything, just glancing at Rust instead.

“I fought in a war, I think you know the answer,” Rust replied, almost sounding like it was supposed to be funny.

Phantom once again didn’t respond. He looked back at the ground.

“If you’re asking how to deal with them,” Rust continued, “then I can’t really help with that. I don’t know what yours are about, and I never do much about mine anyway.” He shrugged. “I barely knew what to do when you were freaking out, and that was mostly experience from helping others.”

Phantom was silent for a couple more moments before taking a deep breath. “I... do want to explain- I did hear you earlier, and I’m tired of secrets, too. In my case, it’s more... it’s less of a secret and more something I’m trying to figure out.”

“Like Sky?” Ace asked.

Phantom tilted his head. “I guess? Yeah, sure, but more... uh, I’d want a more specific kind of advice.”

“Like what?” Rust questioned.

“Like from a specific few Burs,” Phantom said quietly. “You-” He cut himself off, closing his eyes tight in thought. “It’s not anything against you two, of course. It’s just a very convenient problem to have in this group.”

Ace frowned, confused. Rust looked conflicted, as if he didn’t know whether he wanted to say something.

“Is it-” Rust glanced over at Phantom, then cut himself off and shook his head. “Never mind. I won’t pry.” Phantom gave him a small smile.

They sat in silence for a bit longer, looking at the ocean. Ace almost wished there were a pretty sunset or sunrise, but he supposed the 11 A.M. sun would have to do. The ocean was still pretty. Even if it had some pretty gruesome implications.

He glanced at Rust, wondering what it was like for someone from Earth. Even if Rust was from almost a century before this happened, it must be different, right? For any of the Earth Burs. Or maybe he didn’t care. He’d probably be dead by the time this happened, anyways.

...that was a thought.

“...in my own time, I tried to figure out what was up with... the thing that dream was about,” Phantom suddenly said quietly, breaking the silence. “But Tommy was a kid at the time, anyone who lives near now either wasn’t there yet then or didn’t know me well, and... Phil won’t tell me.” He hunched his shoulders, curling in on himself more. “This whole *experience* feels like a chance to get some actual clues, or insight and advice, even if you guys know even less than people I already know.” He reached up and wiped something off of his face. “I don’t even know why I’m telling you guys this. You have no idea what I’m talking about.”

Rust and Ace looked at him, surprised. Rust looked thoughtful.

“It’s much easier to spill your feelings and secrets when you’re talking to a mirror,” Rust said, bringing his hand up to rest his left cheek in his hand. “It feels less like telling someone your life story and experiences, and more like... not talking to yourself, but...”

“It’s like talking to someone you’ve known for a while,” Ace supplied, “even though we all haven’t known each other for long.”

Rust nodded. “And I’m sure it’s even easier for, like, L’manbur and Resurrectedbur, for example. Same exact guy.”

“They have more time paradox shit to worry about, though,” Ace snorted.

Rust rolled his eyes with a smile, lowering his hand. “I don’t think they need to worry about that at this point.”

“Especially with the multiple apparent *gods* we have on our side, I think we’re fine,” Ace snickered. “I’m so glad I’m one of the only fucking normal people in this group.”

“You want to fuck an inanimate object,” Rust said flatly.

“You want to fuck your clone,” Ace replied.

Rust didn’t respond for a moment, seemingly shocked at that reply. After that moment, though, he burst out laughing again, trying to muffle the sound behind his hand. Once he regained his composure, he gave a retort. “He is *not* a clone, he looked different five years ago, and I know for a damn fact I’m not the only one- have you *seen* how some of these people look at each other?”

Ace laughed at that, and even Phantom let out a surprised snort.

“Are we gossiping about each other’s love lives, now?” Ace grinned. He glanced at Phantom. “You have any stories?”

Phantom blinked, then flushed a strange mix of pink, green, and gray. “I- no.”

Ace stared in surprise, his grin growing even wider. “You *do*?? Who? Someone here?”

“No!” Phantom hissed. “No one you know! Shut up!”

Rust laughed, and Ace couldn’t stop an evil plan from forming in his head on how to get Phantom to confess to this secret crush.

“You’re like a fucking middle schooler, shut up!” Phantom rolled his eyes. Ace felt a *little* bad, but this was much better than an upset, panicking Phantom, so he’d take it.

Suddenly, Phantom’s annoyed expression disappeared, replaced by alertness. One of his long, pointy ears twitched, and he turned to look at the group of sleeping Burs. Ace followed his gaze- how many times was he going to do that, damn?- to see... nothing? Just the sleeping Burs.

After a moment, though, one of the sleeping bags moved, and then Deadbur rolled over and propped himself up on his elbows. He was breathing heavily, though not enough to be concerning. He pushed himself up onto his knees and glanced over at him. As he took deep breaths, he frowned, as if challenging them.

Ace waved and Phantom smiled at him. Deadbur rubbed his eyes and stood up. He grabbed his trench coat, digging through the pockets as he walked over.

“Morning,” He said, sounding every bit like he just woke up. “Any reason why you were staring at me?”

“I heard you wake up,” Phantom replied casually. “I was making sure you were alright.”

“Just a weird dream,” Deadbur muttered, pulling a small case and a lighter out of his trench coat pocket. “Familiar enough.” He opened the case, pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and stuck it in his mouth. He took a deep breath, then released it.

“You probably shouldn’t be doing that first thing in the morning,” Phantom commented. Deadbur simply gave him a deadpan gaze.

Rust was subtly eyeing the case in Deadbur’s hand. Deadbur noticed and held it up. “You want one?”

Rust kept his eyes on it for a moment, then looked up to look at Deadbur. “I’ve been trying to quit- Walter doesn’t like them.”

“That’s not what I asked,” Deadbur said with a smirk. He offered one anyways, and after a moment of hesitance, Rust accepted it. Deadbur lit it for him, and he brought it up to his mouth as well.

Phantom frowned. “Those aren’t good for you.”

“That’s what Walter says,” Rust said after exhaling a cloud of smoke. “He has yet to give me any proof.”

“Yeah, ‘cause it probably doesn’t fuckin’ exist in your time yet,” Phantom muttered.

“Well, then I’ll deal with the acute case of death like any other one I’ve gotten,” Rust replied, not-so-subtly- but gently- brushing his thumb against the side of his face with the radiation burn on it.

“I hate you people,” Phantom sighed. “No sense of self-preservation.”

“Says the ghost,” Deadbur pointed out.

Phantom glared at him. “One, that wasn’t my fault, two, you’re dead, three, you literally k-” He cut himself off, blushing and looking down at the ground again. Ace and Rust awkwardly looked away.

Deadbur didn’t say anything for a moment. “It’s fine,” He finally said. He shrugged. “I probably shouldn’t have said that either.”

Phantom slowly looked up at him. He hesitated for a few long seconds, looking very conflicted over his words. “Deadbur…”

Deadbur glanced at him.

“What does it feel like to die?” Phantom finally got out, his voice quiet and nervous, but still firm.

Deadbur looked slightly surprised at the question. Rust didn’t move his gaze, keeping his eyes on the ocean as he moved the cigarette in his hand. Ace decided to look at the horizon as well, not quite sure what else to do.

“It, uh…” Deadbur actually faltered, as if he didn’t know what to say either. “It… hurts?”

Ace couldn’t help it- he laughed. It was just a small snort of a laugh. It was a dumb description, alright?

“I thought as much,” Phantom said evenly.

“Look, I somehow didn’t expect this question,” Deadbur muttered. He put his cigarette to his mouth and took a long breath, holding it in for a second before letting it out. He looked at the sky. “I guess... it burns. The sword I got stabbed with had Fire Aspect, though, so...” He shrugged. “It hurts like hell, burns like it’ll never end, then it feels... hollow.” He glanced at his chest, then to Phantom. “Bleeding out isn’t fun, that’s for sure.”

“You’re telling me,” Rust muttered, then waved a hand. “Sorry. I’m sure actually dying is worse.”

“It... kind of is,” Deadbur hummed. He put his cigarette out on his coat, then stuffed his hands in his pockets. “It did bring a sort of... sick sense of relief.”

“...I think that was different for you specifically,” Phantom said softly. “I don’t... I didn’t want to die. It was honestly one of my worst fears.”

“And now here you are,” Deadbur remarked.

“Thanks, I wasn’t aware,” Phantom muttered, immediately shattering the moment. He sighed. “Rust, do you have any better descriptions of death?”

“I’ve... never died, bud,” Rust raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, but you’ve come close, right?” Phantom tilted his head. “You ever thought you were going to die, then didn’t? Explain that.”

Rust frowned. “Um... I guess...?” He looked up thoughtfully. “I mean, I did crash a plane. But it was so fast I didn’t really... consider the *dying* part of it.” He hummed. “I guess the time I nearly bled out on the top of the Dome trying to get some supplies? That was pretty bad. Uh...” He pursed his lips. “I don’t know. I’ve always thought more, like... I need to get up and keep going, ‘cause I’ve got too much to lose if I don’t.” He shrugged. “Never really thought about what death feels like. Adrenaline keeps me from passing out most of the time.”

Phantom looked at him for a few moments, then looked away. “You do realize that every sentence you say is more concerning than the last, right?”

“Well, no point in pretending like it’s all fine, at this point,” Rust muttered.

Phantom looked at the ground, fiddling with the handle of his parasol. He turned it around in his hands, causing it to twirl. “Sorry I brought it up.”

“It’s fine,” Rust reassured him. “At least you all won’t have to see the place, since we’ve already been to my time.”

Phantom’s ear twitched, and then Deadbur suddenly turned around, looking surprised and on guard. He looked around, expression turning confused as his gaze swept over the group of Burs.

“Are you okay?” Ace asked. He frowned. “Are we switching times?”

“No, that was-” Deadbur narrowed his eyes. “No idea. I thought I... heard something.” He kept staring at the distance for a bit longer, but dragged his eyes away from the horizon when a few more Burs started waking up.

Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur were slowly sitting up, both looking like they heard an annoying sound. Spirit, Blue, and Ghostbur were all also moving, though Ace couldn’t tell if they were waking up or still sleeping.

“Are you *sure* we’re not switching times?” Rust asked, standing up and frowning.

“I’m sure,” Deadbur confirmed. “This is different.”

“I... feel like I heard it too,” Phantom muttered, “but my ears have been ringing since I woke up, so...”

“That’s... not good,” Ace informed him. Phantom gave him a flat stare in response.

“You think we should wake everyone up, just in case?” Rust asked. “I mean, they’ve slept long enough, right?” He glanced at Phantom.

Phantom shrugged. “Sure, but my job is to get them to sleep. You can get them up.”

Rust’s response to this was nothing but a sigh as he, Ace, and Deadbur began to go around and wake their fellow Burs up.

Chapter End Notes

shoutout to rust who, being from before cigarettes were proven to be bad for you (im fairly certain), basically said Prove It I Dare You to walter And phantom
bur fact #47: lmanbur hates ravioli. hes based for that (fuck u zo) but in pogtopia techno made some damn good pasta out of potatoes so the other cwilburs besides bard all like ravioli

ummmm next chapter might take a bit longer bc while i still have a plan the plan isnt as in detail as the one i had for this one, which was. basically like. line for line lmao
have a good life drink water eat food sleep well etcetc

memento mori: the most important thing in the world

Chapter Summary

and she's askin', "why, lord?
this is no way to die, lord!"
now that all is said and done, isnt there anyone
to tell me who i am?

Chapter Notes

WARNING: (somewhat) graphic description of death + gore (in the past) from "Phantom looked like he wanted to kill Mod." to "Every single one of them was now staring...". just that one paragraph!

yeah uhhh. oops. i was going to make it fine and have them resolve the argument like people with good communication skills but instead i Made It Worse! and believe me i dialed back the description a good bit when i first wrote it it was. well. Descriptive accidentally wrote another 5k words bc i didnt want to split this up and make it end weirdly. so. yeah. we're getting closer and closer !
anyways! summary from "the ballad of jane doe" from ride the cyclone. good musical good song and so phantomcore! enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Wake up, shit is happening,” Deadbur said as he lightly nudged Ghostbur with his foot.

Ghostbur made a groaning sound that almost made his voice sound as deep as the other Burs. He rolled around onto his back and slowly sat up, pushing Deadbur’s legs to make him go away. Deadbur made a weird sort of squawking sound as he almost tripped over Ghostbur’s arm, but he managed to not fall onto his face and instead proceeded to wake Spirit up.

Ghostbur put his head in his hands, keeping his eyes narrowed. There was a weird sound in his ear that wouldn’t go away. It sounded like... static? Or maybe talking. Distant talking. Or ringing? He covered his eyes with his hand as he pushed himself onto his feet.

“Wha’s goin’ on?” He muttered. His head was starting to hurt.

“...” Rust, who was already up and standing, looked at him with a raised eyebrow. “Are you okay?”

“M’eyes hurt,” Ghostbur replied. “I’m fine.”

Ghostbur looked around, and saw that Rust, Ace, Phantom, and Deadbur were already awake and standing up. Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur were also getting up, though they looked like they had only woken up a minute or so ago. Blue was sitting up on his sleeping bag, shielding his eyes from the sun. Everyone else was asleep or being woken up by Rust, Ace, and Deadbur.

Suddenly, across the circle of Burs, a loud and very annoyed-sounding groan came from Spirit. Ghostbur looked over to see Deadbur standing over Spirit’s sleeping bag, looking very unimpressed. Spirit was now on his side, covering his face in his hands and unsuccessfully trying to kick Deadbur’s legs.

“Wake up,” Deadbur said, calmly moving his leg out of the way of Spirit’s sleepy kicks.

“‘M gonna kill m’self again,” Spirit grumbled, pushing his face into the sleeping bag.

“That’s not funny!” Resurrectedbur called, though he immediately winced and rubbed the side of his head.

“Fuck you!” Spirit retorted, finally sitting up. His eyes were tightly shut, and his hands were covering the sun. “Fuckin’ hell, I thought I stopped feeling pain after th’ second time...”

“Seriously, are we time travelling?” Ace frowned. “You all seem very... pained.”

“No, this is different,” Revivedbur muttered. One of his hands was on the side of his head, and the other was in his coat pocket. “It’s very weird.”

Spirit suddenly winced and curled in on himself a bit more, slapping his hands over his ears. “Would someone *please* stop that awful sound!”

“...there’s no sound,” Ace said slowly.

“There is for us,” Deadbur muttered as he moved onto the next sleeping Bur- Alivebur. “A weird mix of a lot of things.”

“Static, voices, ringing...” Blue listed. He frowned. “A few screams...”

“I’m *so* glad I’m normal,” Ace muttered, and Rust laughed at him. Ghostbur had the feeling that they had been talking before he’d woken up.

“Is this why you’re waking us all up?” Ghostbur asked. “Or because it’s late, or...?”

“You’ve slept long enough, a few of you were already waking up, and I have some questions,” Phantom replied, finally speaking up from where he was standing under a tree. He was facing away from the sun and was holding his parasol. Drowsy was perched on his shoulder, looking completely uninterested in whatever was going on.

“Questions?” Revivedbur tilted his head.

Phantom hesitated. “Once everyone is awake.” Revivedbur nodded in understanding.

Eventually, they managed to get most everyone up without too much trouble, even Tommy. The last Bur to be woken up was Walter, surprisingly enough.

“I assumed you’d wake him up first,” Deadbur said to Rust, who was walking over to Walter.

“He wouldn’t like the smoke,” Rust replied, dropping the cigarette in his hand on the ground, then stepping on it to put it out. He then crouched next to Walter, gently shaking him awake.

Once Walter was awake, coherent, and standing up- which took a much shorter time than any of the other Burs- he gave Rust a weird look. “Why do you smell like smoke?” He asked, almost a mutter.

Rust smiled. “No reason.”

Walter narrowed his eyes as he yawned. “You’re going to get lung cancer.”

Rust gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. “Proof?”

Walter’s face grew slightly pink, and he jokingly pushed Rust away. “Ask Imp, he’s the one with the Internet access.”

Rust smirked. “You don’t want to share your supposed infinite wisdom?” Walter didn’t say anything, just gave him another smirk in return.

“Stop being gay, can we please get on with what we’re doing?” Spirit spoke up, having now mostly recovered from just waking up. The sounds still hadn’t completely gone away- at least, not for Ghostbur- but he seemed fine for the most part. Ghostbur was a little concerned; Spirit seemed to get all the stuff associated with the time travel headache the worst now, despite Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur getting it first.

Rust looked a little confused at the comment, but didn’t say anything. Walter instead said, “Yeah, yeah...” and stretched as Rust sighed, then began explaining.

“Nothing specifically is happening, but I’m a little worried we’re going to be switching times soon, and it wouldn’t be great if most of us were sleeping when that happened,” Rust explained. “Especially since what happened when we first got here.”

Ghostbur shivered at the reminder, incredibly glad he was on dry land.

“Anyhow,” Rust continued, “if we want breakfast, we have food, if there’s anything else we have left to do here, we can, and... Phantom wants to do an interview, or something.”

“It’s not an interview,” Phantom frowned. “It’s a... survey.”

“A survey about what?” Alivebur asked as he put on his coat and pushed the sleeves up before reaching for his hat on the ground.

“A- um,” Phantom paused, then sighed. “About dying.”

Alivebur froze at the answer, pausing for a few moments before resuming putting his beanie on. He stuck his hands in his pockets. “...got it.” He looked a bit uncomfortable, and Ghostbur couldn’t blame him.

“So... I’d like to talk to those of you who’ve died before,” Phantom continued awkwardly. “And... anyone who thinks they’d have anything to add?”

“Talking about death first thing in the morning, got it,” Revivedbur muttered, stretching his arms in front of himself.

“Permanent deaths, or one of three?” L’manbur asked.

“Whatever you think could help, weren’t you listening?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow. He shrugged. “I’m just gonna get some breakfast.” He looked at Phantom. “If you wanna ask me, come find me later.” With that, he turned and walked over to Geo to get pancakes.

“Uh, I guess I’ll do the same,” L’manbur said with a smile. “Good luck with that.”

Most of the other Burs also gave a similar response, with a few giving Phantom a concerned look before going to get breakfast as well. Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, Deadbur, Resurrectedbur, and Revivedbur all firmly stayed near Phantom. Rust lingered for a moment before giving a smile and a thumbs up to Phantom. Raft and Challenger seemed to consider something before moving on. Mod went to grab a couple pancakes- not even warming them up over the fire before eating them- and then came back to the group of dead Burs.

“You’ve died?” Revivedbur asked Mod, raising a questioning eyebrow.

“You could say that,” Mod replied after he finished his first pancake. He didn’t elaborate at all, simply looking at Phantom again instead and starting on his second.

“So,” Blue finally said. “Death?”

“Yes,” Phantom nodded. He twirled his parasol in his hand as he spoke. “So, um... the dream I had was about... dying. Specifically... being chased, then stabbed in the chest from behind? And then... a few more graphic things as I bled out that I won’t go into right now.” He paused, then shook his head. “The point is, I want to ask all of you about what your experiences with death were like, y’know, to... try to figure it out. ‘Cause no one else will.”

“It hurts,” Spirit said flatly.

“Deadbur already shared that, thanks,” Phantom responded with an equally deadpan tone. Spirit just smirked and shrugged.

“Are you asking how it feels?” Resurrectedbur asked, crossing his arms. “Like, how it feels to get stabbed, or how it feels to die? Or something different?”

“Whatever helps, weren’t you listening?” Deadbur smirked. Alivebur, standing a bit away but still able to hear him, gave him a dirty look.

“Yeah, yeah,” Resurrectedbur muttered. “Um... well, yes, it hurts... burns, almost, then a sense of... a mix of dread, relief, guilt, grief... all that?” He tilted his head. “And then everything fades out and next thing you know, you’re in limbo for over a decade.”

“Well, he’s a ghost,” Blue pointed out. “But also the living Wilbur?” He frowned. “Wait, how does that work?”

“Must be something to do with the different Server mechanics,” Deadbur mused, “or a hybrid thing.”

“If I may,” Mod spoke up, directing the question at Phantom, “were you an Elytrian or Avian when you were alive?”

The whole group went silent, most of them not sure what he was talking about. Phantom, however, looked surprised at the question, then conflicted, then confused.

“Uh... Elytrian,” He replied eventually. “Why does that matter?” His voice was quiet but even, and he sounded like he wanted Mod to both stop talking and explain everything at the same time.

Mod hummed. “Well, when certain Elytrians- or those who seem like Elytrians- die, they become what some would call ‘ghosts’ after a few days. Really, if you were a phantom hybrid in life, you’d seem like your average Elytrian. When you died, however...” He shrugged. “Bam. Ghost-like Phantom.”

Phantom didn’t say anything for a few moments. “I... knew that,” He eventually quietly said.

“Then piece it together,” Mod said. “You’re smart. You’re just in denial about it.”

Phantom raised an eyebrow.

“...wait,” Revivedbur suddenly said. “Why were you being chased? If someone murdered you, then why?”

Phantom once again didn’t reply, so Mod did it for him. “Do you know where your standard elytra come from?” He asked.

Before anyone else could reply, Phantom spoke. “Mod.” He looked upset now, though Ghostbur didn’t understand why. “No.”

Mod gave him an unimpressed look. “Look, do you want answers?” He put a hand on his hip. “You can keep asking as many people as you want, they’re not going to have the same experience as you, and the only Elytrians and Avians in your time either don’t know either or won’t help you.” He narrowed his eyes. “You want to figure it out, you need to face it.”

Phantom gave him a look that Ghostbur couldn’t quite make out. It seemed almost disgusted-like a sneer- but more defensive. Like a cornered animal. He glanced at the others for a moment, then his eyes flickered back to Mod. He pursed his lips.

Resurrectedbur frowned. “Mod.” His tone was full of disapproval. His gaze at Phantom, on the other hand, was full of concern.

“Fuck you,” Phantom muttered, crossing his arms. Ghostbur realized that his wings, which had previously been relatively relaxed, were now folded close to his body. Not as tight as earlier, but still obviously somewhat tense. His tail was loosely wrapped around one of his legs, as well.

Mod shrugged. “Fine. I’ll go get my breakfast. You have fun being left in the dark.” He turned to leave, but before he could take more than one step, Phantom stopped him in his tracks.

“Wait,” Phantom called.

Mod paused, glancing back.

Phantom stared at him, looking... betrayed, was all Ghostbur could think. “I...” He glanced between Mod and the other Burs with him, taking deep breaths. “How do you... know?”

Mod smirked. “I told you I’ve worked with mob hybrids before.” He shrugged. “You’re not the only one pissed off. You *are* the only one being a pussy about it.”

Phantom actually *growled* at that, a low sound coming from his throat as he glared at Mod.

“Mod.” Resurrectedbur’s voice was now annoyed, and he was looking at Mod with a stern expression. “Where are you going with this?”

“I’m trying to help,” Mod replied. “He’s not trying to help himself.”

Phantom looked like he wanted to kill Mod. His hands were tight around the handle of his parasol. He took a deep- but not calming at all- breath.

“What the *hell* do you know?” He demanded in a low tone. “You insensitive cunt. If you were in my situation, would you want to explain yourself?” His voice had started to rise in volume. “Would *you* want to explain how you were stabbed in the back, all the way through the chest, so you could feel your heart bleeding, and then had your limbs *cut* from your body and held above you like fucking *trophies* as you watched and bled out, with no one to help you? Is that what you would do? Is that what I’m being a *pussy* about?” He was practically shouting by now, and everyone had turned to look. “Go on, tell me! Tell me how you’d be so much braver than me, since I’m apparently too much of a scaredy-cat to admit it. Or maybe mind your own *fucking* business and let me live, for *once* !” His voice cracked, and with that, he turned around, went invisible, and dropped his parasol on the ground.

Every single one of them was now staring, wide-eyed, at the spot where Phantom had just been, most of them with their mouths open in shock. Even Mod looked surprised; a stark change from thirty seconds ago. No one moved for a few moments, besides a few glances towards Mod.

“I... where did he go?” Resurrectedbur asked, almost breathless from shock.

Ghostbur blinked, then glanced around. Of course, he didn't see Phantom anywhere; he was literally invisible. The only thing that Ghostbur knew would stop Phantom from being invisible was hunger, but there was plenty of food around the group.

What he did see, however- or rather, feel; that was an annoying thing about being a ghost with a strong sense of others' emotions, he had to deal with.. well, other peoples' emotions- was that Spirit was upset. Like, really upset. When Ghostbur looked closer, he could see that he was trembling slightly, and even without the pupils, his eyes still looked unfocused. His hands were tensed in a way that made it look like he was about to move them.

“...Spirit?” Ghostbur asked, moving to advance closer towards him.

While Spirit didn't react, Ghostbur's voice did catch the attention of a few Burs closer to him, who turned to look. Specifically, Resurrectedbur immediately noticed Spirit as well, and let out a small gasp, crouching down to his height. Ghostbur hoped Spirit didn't take that as an insult, if he even noticed.

“Spirit,” Resurrectedbur said softly. “Are you okay?”

Spirit shut his eyes and slowly brought his hands up to his ears. “It's.. too loud,” He whispered.

Resurrectedbur looked a little surprised at the actual coherent response; he didn't get a lot of those from panicking Burs. “The static sounds?”

Spirit nodded. “And the.. shouting. It’s too loud. I don’t like it.”

Resurrectedbur frowned. “Is it... familiar shouting?”

Spirit pressed his lips tight together, then nodded again. Resurrectedbur didn’t look happy with this response.

“Is he... okay?” Raft asked, as he had come closer to the smaller group of Burs after Phantom left.

“What’s it look like?” Resurrectedbur raised an eyebrow, then turned back to Spirit. “Do you want to move away from all the people?”

“No,” Spirit muttered. “It hurts.”

Resurrectedbur frowned thoughtfully again. “What hurts?”

“The- my head.”

“Headache hurt, or...?”

Spirit didn’t respond, and his hands got a little tenser over his ears.

Resurrectedbur raised a hand to Spirit’s head. “Mind if I...?”

Spirit opened his eyes to see him, then closed his eyes again and nodded.

Resurrectedbur put his hand on Spirit's head, moving his hair around. It seemed like he was looking for something, though Ghostbur had no idea what. Spirit wasn't moving, so maybe he knew...?

After a couple seconds, Resurrectedbur pulled his hand away, staring at it with a grim expression on his face. His fingertips were blue. Like, really blue. Almost as if it was...

"What's that?" Ghostbur asked quietly.

"Blood," Resurrectedbur replied without skipping a beat. "He's bleeding from his death wound. Not... great."

"His... head? I thought he-" Deadbur started to say, but cut himself off. "Oh. Never mind."

"Weird that the train ones aren't doing the same thing," Revivedbur commented.

"Maybe... don't mention that right now?" Spirit muttered, opening his eyes a bit. Revivedbur immediately looked guilty, murmuring an apology.

"I have an idea why," Resurrectedbur responded to what Revivedbur said. He made eye contact with Spirit. "Direct question, and sorry in advance, but are you thinking about the prison death?"

Spirit didn't react at first, then looked slightly down so he wasn't making eye contact and slowly nodded.

"I see," Resurrectedbur muttered. "You're thinking about the death associated with that specific scar, and it starts to bleed. Heavily." He tilted his head. "Do you feel lightheaded at all? Like you just lost a lot of blood?"

“No,” Spirit replied. Ghostbur noticed that some blue- no, blood was dripping on his hand on the left side of his head.

“Then you’re probably physically fine,” Resurrectedbur concluded. “Of course, that means nothing mentally, but...”

Spirit let out a breathy laugh. “Yeah, I’m kind of freaking out here... but I don’t really feel it?”

“That makes sense,” Resurrectedbur hummed. “You’re overwhelmed, and it’s a little hectic, but you are responding, so I guess your brain is more just... pushing it aside while trying to deal with it at the same time.”

“That made no sense,” Spirit said. “Stop the weird theories.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Resurrectedbur said with a smile. “Is it still loud?”

“Not... as loud,” Spirit said slowly. He started to move his hands away from his head, revealing a long, smudged trail of blue blood down the left side of his head in front of his ear. He looked at his left hand, which was covered in the stuff. “That’s gross.”

“That’s blood for you,” Deadbur said. “Gross.”

“Thank you for your insight,” Spirit said in a deadpan voice.

“Ah, he’s being snarky, he’s fine!” Deadbur grinned.

“Not with you being that *loud*.” Spirit glared at him. “Shut up.”

“Call him a slur!” Alivebur called from where he was by Geo, still eating pancakes.

“Do it yourself, fa-” Deadbur started to shout, but cut himself off with a glance towards Spirit, who had begun to move his hands towards his ears again. “My bad.”

“It’s fine,” Spirit muttered. He dropped his arms by his side, then immediately crossed them in front of his chest, gripping the sleeves of his sweater. “And I’m fine now.”

“Sure you are, just like Phantom is,” Revivedbur said snarkily. He frowned and turned to Mod. “Speaking of which...”

Resurrectedbur stood up straight and turned to Mod as well. “Speaking of which is *fucking right* . What the *hell* were you doing? You made him fucking run away!”

“Loud,” Spirit muttered.

Resurrectedbur lowered his voice and moved closer to Mod. “And with that, Spirit started panicking, and even before that, we *all* had a *great time* listening to you be a *dick* .” He narrowed his eyes. “Explain yourself right the fuck now.”

Mod’s face remained emotionless as Resurrectedbur spoke. Once he was done, however, Mod smiled- though it seemed a bit forced to Ghostbur- and tilted his head slightly. “I did what needed to get done.”

Suddenly, Spirit slapped his hands over his ears again, Deadbur did the same, Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur stiffened, and the ringing that had been playing in Ghostbur’s head since he woke up raised in volume and pitch. It was a shrill ringing that didn’t seem to want to stop. He raised a hand to his head as it began to lightly pound, and he noticed Blue do the same.

Though he was distracted, Ghostbur did notice most of the Burs start to grab anything they didn’t have on them, and moved slightly closer together.

“Not time travel,” Revivedbur grunted, apparently realizing the same. Many of them relaxed at that.

“Definitely not,” Spirit groaned. “Sweet fuck, why is it so *loud*, I can’t take this!”

“I think you’re the only one it’s that loud for,” Revivedbur said, utterly unhelpful, as ever. No offense.

“Nope, it’s *pretty damn loud*,” Deadbur said through gritted teeth.

“The two it’s apparently loudest for are the two currently dead ones,” Alivebur observed, now a bit closer to the group.

“Unhelpful,” Resurrectedbur muttered. He rubbed at the side of his head, then sighed and turned to Mod again, except... he was gone.

“...where the fuck did he go?” Revivedbur asked, surprised. “Wasn’t he there just twenty seconds ago?”

“He was,” Resurrectedbur said. He furrowed his eyebrows. “That is... weird. You think he left on purpose, or it’s an Alivebur and L’manbur in the dirt situation again?”

“Don’t remind me, that was the worst half hour of my life,” Alivebur sighed dramatically.

“I made you talk about your feelings *once*,” L’manbur rolled his eyes. “Get over it.”

“You, of all people, should know how much I hate that!” Alivebur exclaimed. “You’re me but more stable.”

“I’m you, but employed,” L’manbur said, seeming completely unimpressed.

The two continued bickering for a few moments as the dead Burs attempted to ward off the headache. When it began to subside for Ghostbur, he realized that even now that Mod and Phantom were gone and Spirit was calmer, there was still... a tense feeling in the air, and not just the tension left over from the arguments. It was more of a specific... emotion. Like Spirit’s.

He looked around- and noticed that Blue was doing the same, though it didn’t look as purposeful as Ghostbur’s search- to see that in the other group of Burs, Imp was standing with his arms crossed over his chest. His hands were gripping his arms tightly, and he was looking at nothing. He was almost... curled in on himself, slightly, as if protecting his chest. Like how Phantom had been keeping his back away from everyone. Ghostbur felt sick.

“Back. On. Topic,” Resurrectedbur broke Ghostbur out of his thoughts with a sigh.. “What in the world are we doing now?”

As if by divine intervention- Ghostbur’s head started hurting again as soon as he thought that- a loud shout came from behind the other group of Burs.

“WILBUR!” Tommy shouted as he ran up the small hill to the clearing they were in. He was holding something in his hand and immediately went over to Raft. “You will not fucking believe what I just found.”

“What?” Raft furrowed his brows. “What did you find?”

Tommy held up the item in his hand, which was too small for Ghostbur to see at this distance. He grinned. “Take a look.”

Raft took the item in his palm, frowning in confusion for a few moments before gasping. “Where the hell did you-”

“I didn’t,” Tommy interrupted him with an almost evil-looking grin. “I made it. With the Research Table, and a bit of my innate intelligence.”

Raft grinned as well. “You fucking genius.”

Tommy smirked and took the item back.

“What is that?” Bard asked. Fundy was playing around with some flowers he had picked earlier, now sitting on the ground behind Bard’s legs. Ghostbur made a mental note to ask Fundy about them later.

“A circuit board,” Raft explained, obviously excited. “And you know what we can use this for...?”

“That weird ass TV blueprint you found, like, a month ago!” Tommy cheered.

“I don’t even know what it is, but I’m excited,” Raft laughed. He looked up at the other Burs. “I’m gonna... go work on this, please don’t kill each other, come get me if you need anything.”

“Have fun, don’t die,” Alivebur called.

“I’ll keep that in mind!” Raft shot him a thumbs up as he walked away with Tommy towards the raft.

After a few moments, Deadbur sighed. “I need a fucking drink.”

“No, you don’t,” Resurrectedbur said immediately, in the same exact tone as ‘that’s not funny’. “Can we please focus on finding the two *missing people* who basically just *ran away*

?”

“I don’t think we’re going to be able to, to be frank,” Challenger frowned. “Phantom can turn invisible for as long as he wants, with food, Mod can shrink to the size of a blade of grass, and both of them are smart and know how to not be noticed. We’ll see them when they want to be seen.”

Resurrectedbur glared at him. “You’re-” He faltered, then sighed. “Right. You’re probably right.”

“They’ll be fine,” Spirit shrugged. “The only danger here is the shark, and I don’t think either of them are going in the water.”

“Phantom goes in the water when he catches on fire ‘cause he’s uninvisible,” Ghostbur mused, then realized a moment later that that probably wasn’t helpful. “But he’s got food, so he could just stay invisible...”

“What about that bird Raft mentioned?” Sky asked, frowning. “Although, they could probably hear it coming. I’ve heard it around the island a few times, and Peter definitely doesn’t like it.” Peter, apparently realizing he was being talked about, squawked from his perch on Sky’s head and flapped his wings a few times.

Resurrectedbur crossed his arms and huffed. “Fine. If they’re not back by the time we’re in the next time, then we’ll look.”

“So we’re relaxing and doing nothing?” Spirit grinned and ran a hand through his hair. “Thank goodness, I need some fuckin’ water.”

“Great news, we have a guy with a bag with everything in it,” Revivedbur reminded him. “Go get breakfast.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice!” Spirit laughed, and headed over to Geo, who obviously thought it was a little funny.

Wilbur took a sip of water from the water bottle he’d gotten from Geo, then twisted the cap back on. He had... a lot of questions on how the water was still cold despite just sitting around in a bag with who *knows* how many other things in there, but he wasn’t about to ask them. He definitely wouldn’t get any answers.

He glanced around, watching all the Burs move about, getting breakfast, chatting, trying not to think about the strange interactions that just happened. He knew he couldn’t stop thinking about it. What the *hell* had Phantom been talking about? Death? Wings? What was going on with Spirit and those sounds? And why wasn’t Spirit making eye contact with him? Did he fuck up their agreement without even *doing* anything? And... he had to admit, he was a little curious about what Raft and Tommy were off doing.

Fuck, this was so weird. He just wanted to get back to the fucking *present* .

“Are you alright?”

Wilbur blinked, looking over to where the voice had come from. Sky, who was holding a torn off bit of pancake up to Peter to eat, was giving him an odd look.

“Wh- oh, yeah, no worries,” Wilbur assured him. “Just... thinking.”

“Hm, I get it,” Sky nodded. “That was a lot, huh?”

He had no *idea*. “You’re telling me,” Wilbur muttered. “What are you planning to do with our bit of free time?” He asked, eager to change the subject.

“I’m not sure,” Sky mused. “I’m already done eating, so once I’m done feeding Peter... I was thinking of going to see if I could find any fish?” He smiled. “I guess I just miss New Milo.”

Wilbur hummed. He almost didn’t know how to deal with Sky, there was so much shit going on with him. And he had no idea about any of it, which was honestly fucking terrifying. He *made* half these guys! How did he have no idea what any of their lives were like?

Christ, this was all getting too confusing.

“Do you wanna join me?” Sky asked. “If you’re not busy.”

Wilbur shrugged. “Sure.” He didn’t have any plans besides trying to see what was up with Spirit, but a quick glance at the ghost made it clear that it didn’t look like they’d be speaking anytime soon.

Sky kept tearing off little bits of pancake and giving them to Peter one at a time, until about half the pancake was gone. Peter noticed was done giving him more, and let out an indignant-sounding squawk. Sky frowned. “You’ve had enough, you shouldn’t eat too much.” Peter made another loud sound, and Sky didn’t say anything, simply giving him an annoyed look. Peter... grumbled, and moved back to Sky’s head. Sky glanced up at him. “You know you can fly around, right? Just don’t get lost.” Peter seemed to contemplate this for a few moments, before jumping off Sky’s head and flying around the circle of trees they were all in.

Sky watched him go with a smile. He put the rest of the pancake in a small container he was holding and then... let it disappear. Put it in his Inventory? Weird. “I swear, that bird...”

Wilbur never knew what to make of the two’s strange bond. He supposed it was accurate.

Sky let the other Burs know they were going to go down to the shore and look at fish, and they were off. They talked as they went, telling a few stories. Wilbur was surprised at how big the island was; it took them a good few minutes to get far enough to where they could actually see things moving in the water. By the time they got there, Sky was obviously full of excitement and tension, clearly wanting to see the fish.

“What kind of fish is New Milo, again?” Wilbur asked.

“Cod,” Sky replied, searching the water near the shore. Wilbur walked a bit down the beach, looking in the water as well. “Kind of big, light tan.”

Wilbur nodded. “Are you looking specifically for cod, or just fish in general?”

“Any would be nice,” Sky said, “but I’d prefer cod. Seeing a different fish would still be interesting, though! I haven’t... seen that many kinds. Really just Milo and New Milo.”

Wilbur didn’t say anything. He glanced over at some movement he saw out of the corner of his eye, but it was just a shell moving in the waves. He tried not to think about the implications.

After four or five more minutes of looking, with occasional remarks from either Bur, Sky gasped and crouched down. He stood up a moment later, holding a bucket full of water up and grinning.

Wilbur ran over. A blue and gray fish was swimming in a circle inside. He grinned as well. “Oh, look at you!” He exclaimed. “What a handsome fella.”

“What a handsome fella,” Sky repeated, moving the bucket in his hands to be more secure. “I wonder what kind of fish he is.”

“We could bring him back and see if anyone knows,” Wilbur suggested. “Or Imp could look it up.” Lucky bastard.

“Nah, he looks like he wants to leave.” Sky shook his head and glanced in the bucket. “What a beauty, though!”

Wilbur grinned. “Big fish fan, huh?”

Sky smiled. “You could say that. I mean, I know... a single fish. But sure, big fish fan, me.”

“Well, you’re a fan of every fish you’ve seen so far, so I’d say that’s a pretty good history with fish,” Wilbur pointed out. He nodded to the bucket. “Go ahead and let him out, we can watch him swim away.”

Sky shifted the bucket so he was holding the bottom with one hand and the handle with the other. He poured it out into the ocean, and the contents hit the water with a splash. The fish swam in a quick circle, reorienting itself, then immediately swam away deeper into the sea.

“Bye, fishy,” Wilbur called, and Sky waved.

“I wonder how fish move,” Sky muttered. “They don’t even have legs.”

“Fins,” Wilbur said. “They probably use the fins to push the water.”

Sky hummed. “I’ll have to test that theory.”

Wilbur didn’t say anything about how it wasn’t really much of a theory if it was proven and already extensively studied, as that would probably be rude and ruin his fun.

“Shall we head back?” Wilbur asked.

Sky frowned. “Not... yet.”

Wilbur shrugged. “Whenever you’re ready.”

Sky looked at the water a bit farther into the ocean, a weird look on his face.

“Is everything... okay?” Wilbur asked uncertainly. Shit, he wasn’t ready for a serious conversation right now, he just had breakfast! Not that that.... stopped these guys, but still.

“Do you think... New Milo would like the ocean?” Sky asked quietly.

Wilbur raised his eyebrows. He was expecting an existential question about the meaning of life from the perspective of a man who didn’t know anything about normal life before this, but instead.... fish. He supposed it made sense.

“Um...” He hesitated. How much to reveal...? He glanced out at the ocean as well, then back to Sky. He knew what the ending of the solo Skyblock Randomizer series had been like, but... he didn’t really know what to say. “I mean...” Any fish likes the ocean, right? Normal answer. Normal answer...

“I think... well, even if he is just a fish...” Wilbur started slowly. “Peter understands you well enough, obviously, so I’m sure New Milo gets it. With your... predicament, and the limits of your situation, he probably understands.” He looked at the faintly visible colorful plants and animals under the water, the ripples of the waves, the reflection of the early afternoon sun. “And I’m sure he’d love the ocean as much as you.”

Sky looked up at him. He stared at him for a few moments before smiling. “...thanks.”

Wilbur smiled as well. “No problem.”

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #48: sky is/will be a vegetarian! my guy likes his plants

yeah like i said i didnt mean to make this chapter be. like This? like i did not mean to spill phantoms whole. thing. here. or add that much secret worldbuilding shit (i swear it all makes sense and will be explained) and yet. here we are
uhhh idk stay tuned . hope phantom is alright lmao ! haha! (spoiler alert: Hes Not)

a utopian work of engineering

Chapter Notes

hello cat.

anyways i started working on this chapter shortly after finishing watching a playthrough of american arcadia and while coming up w the title i was like lmao. what if i made a completely unrelated reference because im a Loser like that. so i did . with a raft reference

anyslay i have already finished the next chapter and im working on the one after that i just. didnt post this one when i finished it LMAO idk
its a lil shorter than the past few but theres a reason for that <3

im rly normal abt this one guys . enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So we just-”

“We need enough room for the three antennas.”

“It’s antennae, dumbass.”

“Shut the hell up and help me with this.”

Tommy grumbled something under his breath that Raft didn’t hear before moving over to the Research Table. “What do we do?”

“Take those two boards, some plastic, wood, and metal, and follow the blueprint,” Raft directed him. “I’m going to finish up the *antennas* and make the battery, then we can test it all.”

Tommy grabbed the blueprint and the materials he needed and got to work. Raft did the same as he assembled the tower-like objects.

After an indiscernible amount of time- neither of them had a clock, and neither of them were good at telling time based on the sun- they had mostly finished the five items needed according to the blueprint. Raft had set up the antennas around the raft, careful to look out for that damn shark. Tommy had almost finished with the receiver itself, and Raft was working on the battery.

“Finished! Fuckin’ finally!” Tommy eventually shouted victoriously, spinning around to see Raft’s progress. He was holding up a weird box with a dish-looking thing attached to the top. It had a blank screen and two dials on the right.

“Aaand... I think I’m done as well!” Raft grinned as he sat up from what he was working on.

The two put everything together, with the battery in the box and the box on a table. After a good bit of rearranging the antennas with a good bit of arguing, they finally got it all set up.

“Let’s fucking do it!” Tommy urged Raft as he leaned over it.

“Give me a damn second,” Raft muttered, attempting to read the blueprint and figure out the damn thing. He frowned and turned a dial.

With a strange static sound, the receiver jumped to life. The screen turned on, displaying a radar circle. Two dots showed up- a green one and a blue one. They had numbers under them. Raft furrowed his brows and Tommy narrowed his eyes.

“The fuck does this mean?” Tommy muttered. “What are those? Islands or some shit?”

“No idea,” Raft hummed.

The two fiddled around with it a bit more, and after a lot of turning dials, moving items, and even slapping it a couple times, they eventually got it to... work? They could only assume that this was how it worked.

The two stared at the screen, then shared a glance of realization.

“What the fuck,” Raft whispered.

“maybe you’re dehydrated.”

“i don’t have a working digestive system, alivebur.”

“you don’t need a digestive system for drinking.”

“i’m not dehydrated.”

“fine. maybe it’s radiation poisoning?”

“from fucking what?”

“um... rust?”

“he’s not radioactive, dumbass.”

“he,” rust spoke up, glancing up from the book he was reading with an unamused look on his face, “can hear you.”

“that’s not gonna stop them,” walter muttered. “turn the page.” rust just sighed and turned the page, going back to reading.

“perhaps you’ve developed chronic migraines,” alivebur suggested.

“i doubt it,” spirit said flatly. “and that doesn’t explain the sounds.”

“you’re hallucinating,” alivebur said easily.

“five people at *least* heard the sounds too, dumbass.”

“shared hallucinations.”

spirit sighed and rolled his eyes. “prime save me from this idiot...”

before alivebur could say anything in response to spirit’s remark, a loud shout came from where raft and tommy had disappeared to just a bit ago.

“GUYS!”

the burs there all looked up at the sound of tommy’s voice. raft and tommy had run up to the clearing, both looking incredibly excited.

“the hell?” alivebur frowned. “i was just about to explain to spirit what’s *really* going on with the weird sounds an’ shit.”

“you can’t explain shit, bitch,” spirit muttered, rubbing at his head again because of the loud noise. alivebur scoffed at him.

“we made this weird... thing,” tommy explained, “and it gave us *coordinates* to some random place.”

“but it can’t be random,” raft butted in with a grin. “it’s a radio receiver, it detects *radio signals* . and the signal from the coords was way too big to be some *random place* . there’s something there. maybe even... some *one* there.”

“that would explain the connection on my tablet,” imp pondered aloud. he frowned. “how did you make a radio receiver?”

“i found a blueprint a while ago, and it didn’t need anything we couldn’t figure out how to make or find,” raft said. “what tommy found was the last piece we needed. he fished it up this morning, so...”

“we made it!” tommy exclaimed proudly.

“so you could go to where it says?” ghostbur asked curiously.

raft hesitated. “hypothetically, but... the raft is nowhere near big enough for all of us, and we’re missing two people, so... not with you all here, no.” he smiled. “but maybe after all this, we’ll actually have a goal in mind.”

“well, can we see it?” phas asked, sounding somewhat eager.

raft grinned. “absolutely. i wanted to see what you all thought, anyways.”

tommy immediately turned to go back to the shore, and raft followed him. a good amount of the burs followed the two, but a few didn't move from where they were.

"i'm gonna stay here, have fun," deadbur called with a wave. rust and walter also didn't move- walter seemed too interested in the book the two were reading to even notice what was going on- but rust waved as well. bard and ghostbur were sitting on the ground with fundy, and none of them moved to get up either.

it only took a minute or so for the rest to get to the raft. there were three antennas spread around the raft, with a table with two boxes on it in the middle. one box had a dark screen with something on it, though spirit couldn't make out what it was. the other box, sitting next to the first, had some weird buttons and switches

"look, when you put in this specific code right here..." raft pressed a few things on one of the devices, and after a moment, the first box's screen lit up with a few white circles. spirit could see a couple dots and numbers on there, though he couldn't really... tell...

a sound suddenly came from phas' direction. it was a scratchy, grating sound. phas frowned and pulled out something that looked like a mix of a communicator and a radio. "i thought i turned that o-"

what phas was saying was cut off by the sudden sound of the box with the screen suddenly *screaming* with static sounds. every communicator, phone, and tablet from the burs made various noises, and the *sounds* from before came back in spirit's ears full-force- no, even louder. there was beeping, and static, and screaming, and crying, and music, and booms and breathing and growling and-

spirit barely even noticed when he made a sound of pain and slapped his hands over his ears again. he couldn't process anything he was seeing, so he just closed his eyes. it wasn't helping the *noise*, it just kept getting louder and louder, and *fuck*, his head hurt so much, it was like *that* all ov- no, don't think about it. just don't. he couldn't even think straight at all in the first place, why make it worse? god, that sound was only getting worse, what was he supposed to *do*? it hurt so bad, his head was pounding, his entire body was pounding with pain, his heartbeat- did he even need that? it didn't matter- was going way too fast- did that even matter? it didn't matter- and his chest hurt almost as much as his head-

You're listening to Wal--r-

[REDACTED]

.-- .. -. -... -.- / ... --- --- - /

This place is a message-

- ondale on-

-the world is my oyster-!

-Northern and Waterloo and City Li-

And the universe said-

-one-oh-three-

-not a place of honor-

.-- .- ... / - / .. -- .-. --- ... - --- .- .-.-

[REDACTED]

-National Rail Services.

Oh, the humanity!

Day 263-

-oh how nice it must be-

- point five-

-32nd Street-

-to feel so bored!

[REDACTED]

-the danger is to the body, and it can kill-

This train terminates at Stanmore.

Goodnight, lo-

-I love you.

Spirit gasped.

-don't touch that dial!

He felt a sharp pang of fear, adrenaline, and *pain* in the back of his head. The last thing he saw before everything went dark was the infinite glowing eyes staring down at him, just like that night in the train station.

“SPIRIT!”

bur fact #49: aces least favorite sweet treat is a salted watermelon jolly rancher. he has managed to convince half of his acquaintances to try it. no one likes it (youre welcome cat)

lore lore lore lore lore lore lore

what each part of the bit at the end r from:

"You're listening to Wal--r-/-ondale on-/-one-oh-three-/-point five-/-don't touch that dial!" walters broadcasts

morse code translates to "Wilbur Soot/was the impostor."

"This place is a message-/-not a place of honor-/-the danger is to the body, and it can kill-" long-term nuclear waste warning message, look it up

"-the world is my oyster-!/-oh how nice it must be-/-to feel so bored!" dropshipped cat shirt by wilbur soot

"-Northern and Waterloo and City Li-/-National Rail Services./This train terminated at Stanmore." jubilee line by wilbur soot

"And the universe said-/-I love you." minecraft end poem

"Oh, the humanity!" technically walter, since its from the hindenburg live news report thingy

"Day 263-/-32nd Street-" wimpfred in the minecraft zombie apocalypse video

"Goodnight, lo-" :)

anyways. um. lol. will post the next chapter soon <3

end-world normopathy

Chapter Summary

cornered by a psyche in a world that never truly ends
though you'll never die, you've found that
all eyes are staring at your hands

Chapter Notes

summary lyrics from end-world normopathy by ghost and pals Thumbsup
if this chapter is written a little confusingly either a) its on purpose or b) i blame my
101.6 degree F fever .but its ok even if im sick i know [REDACTED] is having a worse
time than me <3
speaking of [REDACTED], enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[REDACTED] .-- .- ... / - / .. -- .-- .-- ... - --- .-

Spirit found himself lying in the dark.

For a brief, terrifying moment, he thought he was back in the station, but a quick look around proved that he wasn't. He pushed himself off of his back so he was sitting and looked around slowly in confusion.

He was surrounded by near pitch black, with little dots of light all over- mostly white, orange, or blue. He quickly realized that he wasn't sitting on a visible floor- it was like the ground was completely transparent.

"What the... hell?" He muttered. He stood up and frowned. Something felt *off*. Like something wasn't quite right. He went to cross his arms, then gasped as his arms and chest suddenly ached.

That... wasn't right. He wasn't supposed to feel *that*. That was the one specific triple-dead ghost thing- Oh.

"Ah... shit," Spirit grimaced. He was physically feeling things *normally*. How fucking annoying. "Guess that answers that."

Attempting to ignore the incredibly annoying, sharp-yet-dull pains from all over his body, he looked and walked around a bit more.

"Where the *hell* am I?" He wondered aloud, utterly bewildered. "How did I get here?" He had just been in Raft's time, they went to see what Raft and Tommy had made, and... now he was here, passed out in some fucked up lim-

No, this wasn't limbo, he didn't fucking die. He'd definitely remember if he did, that was half the damn point of limbo. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment.

It didn't really help. He truly had no idea what to do.

So he turned around. Walking one way wasn't doing jackshit, let's see if the opposite will do the trick.

After about five more minutes of walking, he sighed and gave up on that track as well. He chose another random direction that wasn't where he had just come from and started walking. "Third time's the charm," He muttered. "Or, it better be..."

He kept walking, and just a few minutes later, he found something. Or rather, something and some *one*.

A good distance away from him sat a man in a white lab coat, staring ahead at what looked like a close-up shot of a solar system. The man looked... *suspiciously* familiar. Like a warped

kind of mirror that made you think of a friend instead of yourself.

“...Imp?” Spirit called. The hell was *he* doing here?

The man jumped at his voice, letting out a little cut off scream as he whipped around. He looked shocked and mildly terrified. After a half a second of hesitation, he shouted, “Who the hell are *you*?”

Spirit stared at him, not sure what to say. “Wh- Spirit? Duh?” He furrowed his brows. “Are you alright, Imp?” He frowned. “Where even *are* we?”

“Who the fuck is ‘Imp’?” The man asked. “And who the fuck are you? How did you get here?”

“I... what?” Spirit blinked. Not Imp, alright...? “Are... I’m Spirit, who are you?”

The man’s face hardened. “How. Did you get here.”

“I don’t know!” Spirit threw his hands up in the air. “I just fucking showed up here! Who are you, how’d you get here?”

“I-” The man just looked confused now. “I’m Wilbur. Wilbur Soot.”

Spirit sighed. “Of fucking course you are.”

‘Wilbur’ blinked. “What?”

“There’s, like, a million Wilbur Soots, including me, welcome to the club,” Spirit rolled his eyes. “Did you not notice from the hair or voice?”

Wilbur tilted his head and frowned. “You’re... very much not me.”

“No shit,” Spirit laughed. “I’m the ghost version of... a version of you.” That didn’t seem to make Wilbur any less confused, and Spirit just waved his hand. “I can explain it better when we... get out of wherever this is.”

Wilbur didn’t say anything. His face suddenly became sad, and he looked away from Spirit. “...mhm.”

“...what?” Spirit asked, dread rising in his chest.

“Look, I don’t know how you got here,” Wilbur started, “but there is no ‘out of here’. I don’t... know how long I’ve been here, but believe me, there’s no leaving.”

Spirit didn’t know what to say. One would think that maybe he would be the best person to say something smart here, but... he never knew how to deal with this without just... getting angry. He never dealt with it. He just... ignored it, most of the time. as much as he could.

This guy, though, he seemed... accepting of his situation. Like he was... not *okay* with it, but he didn’t seem angry at all. Spirit had no idea how to respond to that. It was so different from what he was used to.

So instead, he said, “Are there any train tracks around here?”

Wilbur gave him an odd look, and Spirit regretted saying that immediately, because now... what, explain himself? To this random... Imp lookalike in the middle of... what even was this, outer space?

Spirit laughed nervously. “Uh... bad joke. It’s a long story.” Understatement of the fucking century. *Why did I say that??*

He hesitated for a moment, then walked over to Wilbur, who still didn't say anything, just watching him with cautious eyes. Spirit sat down next to him and gazed out at the scene before the two of them. It was like nothing he had ever seen before- a planet, a star, a long trail of... light? Fucking weird.

"What is this?" Spirit asked after a few moments of silence.

"X-ray binary," Wilbur muttered. "Doomed little star, doomed little planet, doomed little creatures." He pulled a knee up to his chest and rested his arms and head on it. "Tragic, huh?"

Spirit frowned. "Uh. What?"

Wilbur glanced at him, then pointed at the planet with a thumb. "That planet has intelligent life on it. Shame that they'll be dead soon."

Spirit furrowed his brows. "Oh."

Wilbur gave him another glance, then sighed and pulled his other leg close to his chest. He wrapped his arms around the top of his knees and kept his head on them. Spirit suddenly noticed how tired he looked and sounded. After a few moments of silence, he spoke.

"So... what do you do out there?" He asked quietly.

Spirit didn't say anything for a few moments, surprised. Once he realized what Wilbur was asking, he tilted his head. "Um... well, I'm currently travelling with some companions of mine, and that's taken a while. I think all this-" He waved a hand to gesture at *his* current situation- "happened because of a... mishap to do with that."

"Who are you travelling with?" Wilbur asked.

“Uh...” Spirit hesitated. “Remember how I mentioned the other guys named Wilbur...? Them. It’s some weird time travel shit.”

Wilbur startled at that, turning his head to look at Spirit. “Time travel?”

“Yeah, I know it’s weird, but-” Spirit started to say.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Wilbur muttered. “*That’s* what it’s been getting up to?” He let out a humorless, short laugh. “Crazy bitch.”

Spirit blinked. “Uh?” Fucking hell, did this guy know about time travel, too? “You really are like Imp.”

Wilbur frowned. “What’s this ‘imp’ you keep mentioning? Like a little demon?”

“Oh, no.” Spirit shook his head. “He’s one of the guys I’m travelling with. It’s just a nickname.”

“What kind of fuckin’ nickname is ‘Imp’?” Wilbur snorted. He paused. “Do you have a nickname?”

“It’s short for ‘Impostor’, I didn’t start it.” Spirit shrugged. “And I’m Spirit.”

Wilbur stared at him for a moment. “Impostor...?”

“Yeah, I don’t get it, but I trust it means something,” Spirit waved his hand. “I’m sure it means something to him, although it seems more like an insult than anything.”

Wilbur raised an eyebrow and smiled. "...huh." He looked back at the scenery. "Wonder whose impostor he is."

Spirit frowned. He felt like this guy knew... something, but just wasn't saying anything. Was that dumb? His instincts weren't exactly to be trusted, as he had learned the hard way. "Do you... know someone named Impostor??"

Wilbur didn't say anything for a long moment. "You could say that."

"Huh." Spirit tilted his head, then forced a laugh. "Probably not the same guy, though, haha!"
Change the subject change the subject change the subject-

Wilbur smiled. A small, serene smile. It was a little creepy. "Probably."

Spirit suddenly felt a tug on his very being, and not a moment later, his head started to gradually grow in pain, though it was nowhere near as bad as earlier. He still flinched, stood up reflexively, and sucked in a sharp breath through his teeth. This was never going to get easier, huh?

Wilbur glanced up at him. "You okay?"

"I think... I'm leaving," Spirit managed to say. He put a hand up to his head in an attempt to somehow help ease the pain.

Wilbur's eyes widened. "What? How?" He stood up with Spirit.

"It's- I don't know, it's really fucking weird, it just happens," Spirit explained quickly, though he thought he was just making Wilbu more confused. "Whenever it happens, though, I get this weird headache, like the one I just got."

Wilbur's face suddenly filled with fear. "Wait- no, wait, what? How-" He grit his teeth. "How the *fuck* are you-?" It sounded like a demand, but he didn't even finish his sentence.

"It's out of my control, I don't know," Spirit said helplessly. "I can't- don't know how to help you. I could tell the others, but-" There was suddenly a stab of pain in his head. "I don't think they'd know anything, either. I just-" He bit his lip. "Is there anything you could tell me about your world, maybe they'd know??"

Wilbur looked panicked. "I-" His eyes darted to the X-ray-whatever-he-called-it, then back to Spirit. "I don't- I can't." He shut his eyes tightly. "It... wouldn't be fair."

Spirit grimaced in pain. "Fair? To fucking *who* ?"

"To-" Wilbur opened his eyes and sighed. "I can't tell you. It... promised."

"Who? What??" Spirit asked. He was getting a little desperate, he could feel his time here coming to an end soon.

"..." Wilbur looked away. "Bye, Spirit. It was nice meeting you."

"What-" There was no time. Spirit sighed. "I'll see if I can figure out what's going on here. I'll.. I'll try."

Wilbur looked back up at him. "I suppose I'll be seeing you some other time."

"Hopefully," Spirit said softly.

He felt a sudden pain all over his body, and the stars behind Wilbur all turned to watchful eyes, their stares piercing holes through Spirit's soul. The radio static, shouting, and the rest of the conglomerate of sounds started ringing through his ears. He felt a bit of blue dripping

down the side of his head- fucking disgusting, but he couldn't even focus on it with the cacophony.

as his entire body went numb, the last thing he saw before it all went dark *again* was wilbur's smile, and spirit somehow felt guilty for the obvious exhaustion behind his sickeningly acceptant expression.

Chapter End Notes

haha . wow wonder what all that means . anyways um. yeah <3

bur fact #50 (wow.): ghostbur (and blue and spirit) doesnt have to look like that! it's an Active Choice :)

this chapter didnt quite turn out how i wanted it but tis ok . im not gonna try 2 rewrite it lmao

necromancin dancin ass chapter

Chapter Notes

dont ask about the title

i finished this chapter like a week ago and it has been almost done since before christmas and i knew where it was going i wasnt stuck i just kept getting distracted by like every other blorbo ive ever had . hell on earth but it was fun anyways happy new year ! enjoy the year and the chapter yippee

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bard opened his eyes, slightly tightening his hold on Fundy when he didn't recognize the landscape. Not that that was surprising, but he'd at least wait until someone claimed the time as theirs.

"SPIRIT!"

Bard jumped at the exclamation and looked over to see Spirit on the fucking ground, and Wilbur standing next to him, staring.

"The hell?" Alivebur shouted. "Why is he-"

"Watch the volume," Rust muttered, nodding at the Burs who had the time travel headache, all of whom looked miserable. Resurrectedbur, Revivedbur, Deadbur, Ghostbur, and Blue were all wincing, and a few of them were holding their heads. Surprisingly, Sky, Imp, and Challenger all looked a little uncomfortable, as well. Alivebur murmured an apology, but still looked at Spirit with a curious expression.

"I don't know- he just fell?" Wilbur said, his voice full of confusion and mild panic. He looked up from Spirit. "Where are we, anyways?"

"I, uh... I think we're in my time," Wimpfred spoke up. He sounded hesitant and uncomfortable. "We should probably move soon."

Bard frowned. "Why-" He cut himself off, a realization coming to him. "Oh. That's not good."

"Ah, shit, are we about to be surrounded by fucking zombies?" Wilbur groaned. "When Mod and Phantom are still missing and Spirit is *passed out* ?!"

"I'm not missing," Phantom said, appearing next to Deadbur out of nowhere.

Deadbur, in turn, screamed, which made him and the other headache Burs flinch. "Maybe... don't do that."

Phantom smiled apologetically. "Sorry... I forgot."

"Don't you get the headache too?" Sky frowned.

"Yes, but I'm ignoring it right now," Phantom replied. "I- We have more important things to worry about at the moment."

"Oh, are you not gonna kill me anymore?" Mod asked, suddenly appearing right next to Resurrectedbur out of nowhere. "Poggers!"

Resurrectedbur made a small groaning sound before straightening up and looking at Mod and Phantom. He frowned, but it looked far more like a sneer than he probably meant it to be. "When we are in a better place to talk, you two are fucking explaining yourselves."

"Alright, *Mom* ," Phantom muttered, and Mod sighed similarly.

"We should really move soon!" Wimpfred called. "Like, really fucking soon!"

Bard looked away from the other Burs to see a horde of zombies- but nothing like he had ever seen before. He grimaced, holding Fundy closer again. Fundy just gave him a curious look. Fucking hell, this was too much for a 2-year-old to be dealing with...

"Someone pick up Spirit," Resurrectedbur instructed. "I would, but..." He gestured to his head. Deadbur shook his head and put his hands in his pocket, and the other headache Burs gave similar responses.

"I got him," Ace spoke up. Bard supposed that made sense- Ace was probably the strongest Bur- well, *healthy* and strong, sorry Rust- here.

"Where are we going?" Phas frowned, looking at Wimpfred.

"Uh, haha, I'll let you know as soon as I figure that out myself," Wimpfred laughed nervously. "Don't worry about it, I have a friend we can go to..."

"Do you have any weapons on you?" Rust asked, already preparing his own gun.

"...I have a grenade launcher," Wimpfred said slowly. He quickly flicked through his inventory and took it out.

Rust blinked, then nodded. "...that'll work." He looked back at the others. "Ready to move?" At the others' thumbs-ups and Ace finishing in getting Spirit up onto his back, he nodded. "Let's go. Where are we headed?"

"..." Wimpfred grimaced. "We'll see. Ready?"

Rust sighed, but pulled his rifle scope up to his eye and nodded.

Before any of them could move another inch, a strange groaning sound came from behind Deadbur. Deadbur sighed and slowly turned around. “Fucking *hell*, can you guys stop trying to creep u- uhhhh-” He cut himself off and leaned back in surprise, staring at the person behind him.

Except, as everyone else soon realized, that was *not* a person. Standing right in front of Deadbur was a zombie, green flesh rotting off its body. It stared at Deadbur and made a sound that almost sounded... inquisitive?

“Wh- *what the fuck* ,” Deadbur hissed.

“Move?? What are you doing?!” Wimpfred shouted.

“I don’t-” Deadbur frowned and leaned a little in closer. “I feel like it’s not... going to attack me.”

“Undead bonding, how heart-warming,” Alivebur laughed.

The zombie slowly turned its head up to look at Alivebur, who promptly stopped laughing and froze. It let out a low growl, starting to slowly advance towards Alivebur.

Alivebur scowled. “Back the fuck away, asshole!”

Deadbur moved in front of the zombie and held his hands out. “Wait- move the fuck back!” He ordered the zombie, sounding somewhat unsure of himself.

The zombie, after a second or two of hesitation, stopped in its advances and just stood in front of Deadbur again. It looked kind of... expectant, as if it was waiting for Deadbur to say something else. Deadbur just looked back at Wimpfred awkwardly.

“So... just a you thing, yeah?” Wimpfred tilted his head questioningly. “Weird. Wonder if the Ghostburs will do the same thing.”

“Well, there’s an easy way to test that,” Revivedbur pointed out. Ghostbur, Blue, and Phantom gave him unimpressed looks. Bard was sure that if Spirit wasn’t currently unconscious on Ace’s back, he’d do the same. Revivedbur held his hands up. “Just a joke, jeez...”

“I mean... it would be helpful to know,” Mod said. “We might not even have to do any real fuckin’ fighting if these guys can just tell them to stop.”

Phantom gave him an annoyed look. “Yeah, ‘cause we’re all so excited to take your fuckin’ advice.”

Rust sighed. “Ladies. Not now. We’ll address *that* later, but for now... I have to agree with Mod to a certain degree. It would be very nice to know, and would you rather figure it now, or in the middle of a battle?”

Phantom crossed his arms and looked at the ground, but didn’t say anything else as an argument.

“Can one of you please come over here so it stops fucking staring at me?” Deadbur muttered to Ghostbur and Blue, who were standing together somewhat close to him. The two shared a glance, and Ghostbur shrugged, then cautiously began to approach.

The zombie looked over at Ghostbur with another groan, but didn’t start to move towards him. Ghostbur stood right next to Deadbur, and Deadbur backed up a bit. The zombie didn’t follow Deadbur, instead just staring at Ghostbur- without attacking. Ghostbur glanced back at the others.

“That... is so fucking weird,” Wimpfred said, sounding utterly bewildered. “Can’t wait for Charlie to hear this...”

Blue and Phantom approached the lone zombie as well, receiving the same results as Deadbur and Ghostbur.

“...would it attack Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur?” Challenger spoke up, his eyes narrowed in apparent concentration. It was a bit of an uncomfortable look.

“Great question,” Revivedbur hummed, and immediately went up to the zombie as well. The others near it backed away, but the zombie still stared at Revivedbur, grumbling and groaning. Resurrectedbur sighed after a few moments and followed Revivedbur, also getting the same reception from the zombie as the other dead Burs.

Wimpfred stared at the zombie. “I guess that answers that.” He glanced at Ace. “And I assume Spirit would get the same reaction.”

“He’s a ghost and actually dead, I have no idea why he wouldn’t,” Deadbur snorted. He glanced at the zombie, then directed his attention to Wimpfred. “So then, are we going?”

“Oh- yes.” Wimpfred nodded. “Yes! Let’s get going.” He frowned. “How do we want to do this...?”

“I’d suggest either the dead guys either at the front, or in a sort of... very loose circle formation around the whole group,” Rust said, shouldering his gun. “Depends on how careful we want to be.”

Wimpfred hummed in contemplation. “I’d say... around the group? These zombies can get pretty tricky sometimes, you should fuckin’ *see* the really fast ones, the one we have here is the most basic bitch I’ve ever seen.”

“Great, I’ll be in the back, then.” Deadbur threw his thumb over his shoulder, pointing behind himself- and the rest of the group. The other dead Burs moved around to their own places around the group as well.

Bard sighed quietly and readjusted Fundy in his arms. He glanced down at the 2-year-old, who was staring at the zombie curiously. He glanced at Bard, but didn't say anything.

As the whole group moved on into the city with the protection from zombie attacks relatively sure, they split into smaller sections, as they often did when moving a distance as a group. Bard stayed by himself with Fundy. Fundy began to tell him a story, something about children who were eggs? It was a strange story. And a rather... weirdly in-depth story.

Bard was suddenly struck by how weird this all must seem to him. Like, twenty different versions of his dad, with little context or explanation? ...he suddenly felt bad that he hadn't tried to explain anything. When he next got a bit of downtime- and some help from the other Burs- he would try. Wouldn't be the easiest task in the world, but... couldn't be much worse than childcare in the first place, right?

"...and the bird lady-" Fundy suddenly cut himself off as Bard tuned back into his story. Bard looked down at him, but he was just frowning up at him.

"...what?" Bard asked.

"Are you even listening?" Fundy asked with a pout.

Bard frowned. "Yes!" He paused. "Well.. I missed the last bit you said, but... I was paying attention."

Fundy let out a huff and looked away. He looked back up to Bard after a moment. "Can I go on the ground?"

Bard pursed his lips. As much as he'd love to let him wander around... "It's too dangerous here to have you on the ground here, sorry, bud." With this many fucking *zombies* around? Yeah, uh, fuck no. Sally may actually kill him, if he didn't first.

Fundy pouted, crossing his arms. Bard felt a little bad for smiling at that, but... it was a little cute.

Before he could say anything to cheer the boy up, a small, specifically un-zombie-like groan came from Ace's direction. Ace slowed considerably and glanced behind him. "Spirit?"

Spirit moved his head, pushing it into Ace's back. "Mmhngf...hm?" He looked up from Ace's back slowly, and after a moment, sat up a bit more. "Wha- where are we?!"

"Wimpfred's time," Ace replied. "Good morning. You alright?"

Spirit blinked. "Uh. Yeah." He relaxed a bit more, glancing around. "Zombies?"

"Everywhere!" Wimpfred chirped from the front of the group.

Spirit took a few more glances around before shutting his eyes tight and stretching a bit. "Can I get down?"

"Can you walk fine?" Ace asked. "And don't lie."

Spirit glared at him. "...never mind," He muttered. "What've I missed?"

"Not much." Alivebur shrugged. He'd been standing near Ace, debating with him and L'manbur about training techniques before Spirit woke up. "Just the revelation that dead, previously dead people, and ghosts are all completely ignored by zombies."

"Not completely," L'manbur objected. "Deadbur got one to leave you alone, since you're dumb enough to fucking bother it." Alivebur rolled his eyes.

“Anyways,” Resurrectedbur said to get them back on track. “The hell happened, Spirit?”

Spirit frowned. “Honestly? No idea.” He straightened himself up a bit, leaning on Ace’s shoulders with his elbows instead of holding onto his neck. “Raft turned on the weird loud box, everything got really fucking loud, my head hurt like *hell*, I heard some...” He furrowed his brows. “Some really weird things... and then passed out and had the *weirdest* dream.”

“Weird things?” Resurrectedbur tilted his head, then paused. “Wait, weird dream?”

“I couldn’t even explain the sounds, it was so many things at once,” Spirit said. “Music, speaking, beeping, and three separate things telling me I was dying, I swear.” He shook his head. “And the dream was even weirder, but... I don’t remember it that well.”

“Well, what made it so weird?” Imp asked, glancing back at Spirit from where he was standing close to the front of the group.

Spirit looked at him, then froze, eyes widening. After a couple moments- during which Imp began to nervously glance around himself in discomfort- Spirit blinked and tilted his head, looking confused. “I... well, you were there, for one.”

Imp looked alarmed, stumbling as he almost tripped on his own feet. “What??”

“It- I don’t know,” Spirit said, looking hesitant. “There was a Wilbur there, and I thought he was you, because he was wearing the same outfit as you... but he didn’t know me.” He brought a hand up to his head, looking slightly pained. “I don’t remember.”

Imp seemed incredibly disturbed. Bard couldn’t blame him, though at this point, he was barely even surprised something like that happened. Sure, throw in a creepy dream where someone suddenly didn’t know someone they’d been travelling with for... however long it had been. A while. Sure.

“Well, after I talked to him, I heard some more weird shit, my head started hurting...” He trailed off, blinking. “Oh- oh yeah!” He exclaimed. “I felt- I felt *alive* in there. Like, not numb at all, I felt my death wounds perfectly fine. It was incredibly unnerving, but surprisingly not all that painful.”

Resurrectedbur and Revivedbur now looked even more interested, and slightly concerned. Deadbur looked unsure, and Ghostbur and Blue were sharing a confused look.

“Really??” Revivedbur asked, his surprise incredibly evident on his face.

Spirit went to cross his arms, but apparently forgot that he was still on Ace’s back, and almost fell off. The two Burs quickly righted themselves, and Spirit grabbed Ace’s shoulders as he continued. “Yeah, but even weirder?” Spirit frowned. “It felt like limbo. The same kind of fucked up infinite place.” After a moment of hesitation so brief that Bard wasn’t even sure it was there, Spirit slowly added, “The guy there even said he was stuck, that there was no way out.”

“You sure you haven’t died anytime recently, Imp?” Mod grinned. He got a few glares for that, specifically from Imp, Phantom, and Resurrectedbur.

Imp rolled his eyes. “I am *pretty sure* I haven’t died before.”

“Just pretty sure?” Editor elbowed him humorously. “Sounds *suspicious*. ” Imp looked up at the sky and heaved an overly dramatic sigh in response.

“Alright, I can walk now,” Spirit said, kicking Ace in the leg.

Ace made an annoyed and very slightly pained sound, unceremoniously dropping Spirit off of his back. “Fuckin’ fine, geez...” Spirit crossed his arms and gave him a smug smile. Ace flipped him off as he rolled his shoulders and kept walking. Spirit immediately moved over to Ghostbur and Blue.

“...okay, next order of business,” Resurrectedbur said after a few precious moments of no discourse. “Phantom and Mod. Y-”

“Wimpfred?!”

A sudden shout from ahead the front of the group cut Resurrectedbur off. Resurrectedbur looked annoyed, but Mod and Phantom both looked relieved to not have to talk right then. They both looked uncomfortable at the topic, though Mod was more... brushing it off and avoiding it. Ah, the consequences of one’s actions.

Back on topic, though- a man that Bard found unfamiliar but a few of the others seemed to recognize was quickly approaching Wimpfred. He was staring at Wimpfred and the group with nothing but disbelief and confusion on his face.

“Heyyy, Charlie!” Wimpfred waved, sounding nervous. “Ah, I’m back?”

Charlie just blinked, glancing behind Wimpfred at the rest of the group of Burs. “You’re fucking *back*?”

“Damn, what’d you do to piss him off?” Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

Wimpfred ignored him completely, instead responding to Charlie. “Uh, yes, I am! With... company.”

“Yeah, I noticed that...” Charlie nodded slowly. “I thought you got blown up??” He pointedly looked at the side of Wimpfred’s face with the burn scar covering it.

“Uhhh, turns out I got teleported to a different timeline right before I actually died.” Wimpfred grinned. “Yay!”

Charlie kept nodding, looking as if he didn't believe him, despite there being absolutely no other explanation. He pinched the bridge of his nose, then dropped his hand and turned around, facing the direction he came from. "Whatever. Sure. Might as well." He glanced at Wimpfred. "Are you gonna follow me again?"

"Yup!" Wimpfred chirped happily. Charlie didn't say anything, just turning back again.

Bard got the impression that this man was at his wit's fucking end.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter might take a bit sorry abt that. got school shit and out of school shit and life shit and other blorbos on the brain rn so ! yall may have to wait a bit for the next chapter
oops ^_^ byebye

the shampoo aisle

Chapter Notes

ive given in. have a shampoo aisle joke. and nothing else important that happens in this chapter

uhhh ya it has been like exactly a month since last chapter . oopsies !!! in my defense. it was the end of the semester. finals n shit n all that. plus some funky Realizations going on! but now we're mostly good! dont wanna jinx it and dont take this as a promise in any way shape or form but maybe hopefully next chapter sooner? maybe?

we're getting real close to fun part after fun part so. hopefully!!

anyways !!!! happy 20k hits on this thing :3 thank u all for sticking with me through this whole thing <3 jesu. chapter 90 huh

umm. warning for. possible derealization??? some funky shit. from "This thing on?..." to "You're listening to Walter Crondale-". will put a lil summary in end notes
enjoy !!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So... where are we going?” Wimpfred asked, moving to be walking next to Charlie.

“Well... I was out here to find supplies in the city,” Charlie replied. “So, we’re going to the store.”

Wimpfred paused for a moment, tilting his head. “Charlie, I don’t think those are open anymore.”

Charlie gave Wimpfred a tired look. “We’re breaking in and stealing, Wimpfred.”

Wimpfred blinked. “Ohhh. Makes sense!”

“Does it really count as stealing if there’s no one there to steal *from* ?” Revivedbur pointed out. “I mean, it’s the zombie apocalypse, no one cares.”

“No, but all the doors are unlocked, too, so we’re not breaking in either.” Charlie shrugged. He eyed the group, then looked at Wimpfred. “Can I trust you all to *not* all die the moment I leave you alone?”

“Oh, the zombies are fine with us, we’ll be okay!” Wimpfred smiled. “They don’t bother a few of us.”

Charlie froze, stopping in his tracks. “You... what?”

Wimpfred nodded. “A few of us have died in the past, and the zombies don’t bother them. Fun, right?”

Charlie looked like he was about to strangle someone. Presumably Wimpfred. Instead, he turned to the group. “...who, may I ask?” His voice sounded strained.

For a moment, no one did anything, until Ghostbur made his way to the front of the group and held his hand out to Charlie. “Hi!! I’m Ghostbur! And the other ones that the zombies don’t bother are Blue, Deadbur, Revivedbur, Resurrectedbur, Phantom, and presumably Spirit!” He pointed each one of them out as he said their names. A few of them waved.

Charlie’s eye twitched. He turned back to Wimpfred. “You. Have. Fucking. *Zombies* with you?! Are- do you know how dangerous that is??”

Ghostbur frowned, lowering his hand after Charlie didn’t shake it. “Rude...”

Wimpfred frowned as well, confused. “I- what? No, they’re not zombies. They just died, but they’re sort of... living n....ow....” He trailed off, realization coming to him. “...okay, I see where the confusion came from...”

“Jesus, Wimpfred,” Charlie hissed, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. He sighed. “Alright. Alright. I guess I’ll trust you.” He opened an eye to look at Wimpfred. “You have a weapon?”

“Grenade launcher,” Wimpfred replied happily.

Charlie nodded. “Alright.” He kept walking and pointed down the street to a building with an open door. “We’re going there, so... get anything you need. I’ll be getting my own shit. Don’t die.”

“Oh, question,” Editor spoke up. “Are these zombies the ‘bite you and turn you into a zombie’ kind of zombie, or ‘they will just kill you’ kind?”

“The second one,” Charlie replied. When they approached the store, he simply opened the door with not a bit of flourish and walked in. He grabbed one of the baskets sitting near the door and disappeared into the aisles of products.

The Burs glanced at each other.

“Do we... need anything?” Wimpfred asked slowly.

“I want to look,” Wilbur said. “I think it’d be fun.”

“To... go grocery shopping?”

“Yeah.”

Wimpfred and Wilbur stared at each other.

“Real smooth, Wil,” Spirit muttered. Wilbur simply rolled his eyes and walked into the store.

Suddenly, all the lights in the building turned on, causing half the Burs to jump in surprise. A few of them walked in further, looking around.

“Who the hell...?” Deadbur muttered.

Mod popped out from behind a shelf, smiling. “You’re welcome!” Before anyone could ask, he continued. “While you were all deliberating, I went ahead and found the backup generator and the lights. I think that turned the freezers back on, but I doubt that food is still good.” He paused. “I’m going to go check. Seeya!” He waved, then disappeared behind the shelf again.

“...I hate him,” Phantom grumbled as he walked into the store and became visible. He took his hat off, and Drowsy flew out of it, flying up to the ceiling. Phantom followed the path with his eyes, not looking worried for the young phantom.

“We know,” Resurrectedbur sighed. “We’ll talk about it later. For now...” He looked around. “I dunno. Go wild.”

“Mmm, I love when you’re apathetic,” Spirit hummed. “Means I get to do whatever I want!” Resurrectedbur ignored him completely.

As the Burs all filed in through the door, Rust paused just outside and glanced at the sign. He looked back at the rest of the group, which was quickly dispersing throughout the store. “Can I ask... ‘Walmart’?”

Raft, who was standing near him, simply stared at him. “Are you seriously...” He turned to the aisles of the store and shouted, “EDITOR!”

After a moment, Editor yelled back, “What?!”

“When was Walmart founded?” Raft shouted.

“Do you really think he’ll know?” Phas scoffed.

But after only a few more seconds, Editor shouted back a reply. “1962! I think!”

“He reads Wikipedia articles for fun,” Raft reminded Phas, then tuned to Rust. “It’s a grocery store made in 1962. Really really big- er... at least it was.” He hesitated. “I wonder what year it is here...”

“Wait- Wimpfred is from Earth?” Rust asked as he walked into the store. “I thought he wasn’t.”

Raft blinked. “Oh- huh. You’re right.” He frowned. “I guess we can ask him... Where did he even go?”

“Wherever everyone else went.” Phas shrugged. “It’s a pretty big store.”

“Where’d Walter go?” Rust muttered, glancing around.

“Right here,” Walter replied happily, scaring the shit out of Rust, Phas, and Raft. “Shall we?”

“I swear to god you were not there two seconds ago,” Phas hissed. “Where the fuck did you come from??”

“I was standing there the whole time.” Walter smiled. “Let’s go find Wimpfred.” Change of topic, huh...? Phas narrowed his eyes.

“Oh, yeah,” Rust hummed. “What would he be looking for? Food?”

“He doesn’t strike me as the kind of guy to know what to do in an apocalypse, to be honest,” Raft said. “I mean-” He cut himself off, then shook his head. “Never mind.”

“Well, then, we can wander!” Walter clapped his hands together. He turned to Rust with a slightly mischievous-looking smile. “It *has* been a while since we went shopping together.”

“We’re not shopping, we’re looting an abandoned store.” Rust rolled his eyes, but took Walter’s hand nonetheless. The two started walking, Walter grabbing a basket as they passed. Raft and Phas shared a look, then followed. Wasn’t like they had anything else to be doing.

A few minutes later, they were going down various aisles, Rust putting foods in the basket from time to time. He took forever, though. He stopped and muttered to himself or Walter about every other item. On one hand, Raft understood, who knew what was absolutely spoiled here and what was good, but on the other hand...

“Rust, the whole damn point of canned food is that it doesn’t go bad,” Raft pointed out.

“You haven’t seen some of the shit I’ve eaten,” Rust replied, but tossed the can in the basket Walter was holding and continued on. “Between military food and whatever we can find on the island, it’s not great. I’d appreciate some good fucking food.” Before any of them could interrupt him, he tacked on, “That’s *not* pancakes.”

“....they’re good pancakes, though,” Raft said.

“That’s beside the point.” Rust frowned and stopped walking in front of one of the freezers. He narrowed his eyes, opened the door, and picked up an item, staring at it.

“Problem?” Walter asked.

“How do you cook a whole fucking meal in fifteen minutes?” Rust muttered. “What the *hell* is a microwave?”

Raft laughed at that, and Phas looked like he wanted to. “I thought we already mentioned microwaves!” Raft exclaimed.

Rust put the microwave meal back in the freezer. “Yeah, you did, but I don’t get it. I thought it was a kind of oven, isn’t that what Alivebur used instead of a microwave?”

“It’s... not the same thing,” Phas said slowly. “It’s faster than an oven, typically. I don’t know. Look it up.”

“I hope I don’t have to remind you that I can’t ‘look it up’,” Rust said. He continued on past the freezers, walking towards the non-food area of the store. “I don’t even know how to do that.”

“We can show you later, when we have service next.” Phas shrugged. “Or if we see a microwave anytime soon.” He paused. “Do they sell those in Walmarts?”

“Probably... not?” Raft asked, completely unsure. The last time he had been to a Walmart was when he was... um. Eighteen? No, maybe younger... what year was it?

Before he could speculate more, his thoughts were cut off by a large *bang* sound coming from the front of the store. The group of Burs jumped and looked in the direction of the sound, with Rust reaching into one of his pockets for something, but not taking anything out.

“What... was that?” Phas asked cautiously.

“No idea,” Rust replied. “Let’s... move. Find the others.”

Walter grinned nervously. “Splendid idea!”

Rust quickly moved along the aisles and freezers, scanning the area around them. It was almost scary to see him move from random man to *clearly* experienced soldier, Raft remarked internally, especially since it was so easy to forget his whole... thing. Like, they weren't even in any immediate danger, and Rust looked like he was ready to jump someone. Terrifying.

"Do you hear that...?" Walter murmured.

To be honest, Raft had been a little overwhelmed by the bright ass fluorescent lights and the half-good half-disgusting smell of food from the moment they had walked in the store, so he wasn't distinguishing *any* senses at the moment. Maybe a little concerning, he'd look into that at a later date. Now was not the best time.

"Yep." Rust nodded. "I think there's more people- or zombies, probably- in here now." He grimaced. "We should really find the others. Who knows where they or the zombies are..."

"I think most of them went to the left from the entrance," Phas said. "Though there were a few who-"

He was cut off by a groan from right behind him, and he screamed and whipped around to see a zombie reaching out to him.

"Shit." Rust pulled his hand out of his pocket, wielding a small handgun. He pulled Phas and Raft behind him with Walter, then fired the gun, shooting the zombie straight in the forehead. The other three flinched at the loud sound, but Rust didn't hesitate in turning and running, gesturing for the others to follow him.

"I don't think it's down, but hopefully it's slowed," Rust said quickly as they ran down past the aisles, glancing in all of them to check for other Burs. "Everyone else probably heard that, so at least everyone will be on edge. We can- fuck!" He suddenly stopped in his tracks.

There was a zombie in front of them, stumbling towards the four and blocking the way they were running towards the door.

Raft hissed a curse, then glanced around. “Aisles?”

Rust gave him a quick nod, waving for him to go while he kept staring at the zombie. After half a second of hesitation, Raft turned into the aisle closest to the group, not looking what aisle it was or where he was going.

Which turned out to be a mistake, because he immediately physically ran into someone else, then almost tripped both of them trying to not push them onto the ground.

“Wha- Raft!” Wimpfred shouted, apparently the person Raft had almost ran into. “What the *fuck* going on?!”

Raft stared at him for a moment, mouth open in surprise. Wimpfred just stared at him back, looking concerned and a little absolutely terrified. For a few moments, the two didn’t move, just gazing into each other’s eyes. In surprise.

“What- oh my god-” Raft and Wimpfred looked up to see Phas standing there, staring at them. “Are you two just going to keep doing that, or are we going to *run from the zombies chasing us* ??”

Raft became suddenly aware of the awkward position that the two of them were in, with Wimpfred’s back being pushed to the shelf behind him, and Raft right in front of him. He quickly backed up, coughing and looking away. He could feel his face warming. Jesus *fuck*.

Walter appeared behind Phas a moment later, opening his mouth to say something, but snapping it shut at the scene in front of him. He glanced down at a bottle of shampoo that had been knocked off the shelf when Raft ran into Wimpfred, then back up to the two Burs. “You don’t have the context for this, but this is really funny,” He said. It sounded like a promise.

“There are zombies in here?” Wimpfred asked, thankfully diverting attention back to the real problem at hand. “Was that what the scream and gunshot was about?”

“Yes, and we need to find everyone else,” Phas responded quickly. “Rust dealt with a couple zombies behind us, but we have no idea how many there are in here.”

Wimpfred cursed and glanced behind Phas and Walter. “Where is he?”

“Here!” Rust called, running into the aisle. “I’m here. Now, can we go? There’s... not exactly a small amount near the front of the store.”

“Well, shit, how are we supposed to get out?” Raft muttered.

“There’s gotta be a back door or emergency escape,” Rust replied, “but for now, we *really* should focus on getting everyone together and up to speed. There’s over twenty people in here right now, and we need to get all of them out. Preferably with the least amount of chaos and casualties as possible.”

“Preferably with *no* casualties!” Walter tacked on, giving Rust an odd look. He looked at Wimpfred. “This is your time, what would you say we do?”

Wimpfred hesitated. “Uhhh. Well, it’s a giant building... and I have no idea where anyone else is. I went off by myself.”

Rust pinched his nose. “Ugh, we really should have all been in larger groups with a dead guy in each...”

“Priorities,” Phas reminded him.

“Right, so... we shouldn’t split up.” Raft frowned. “How in the *world* are we supposed to find everyone as fast as possible before something goes wrong or all exits are blocked...?”

All five of them thought about it, but no one looked close to a solution. It seemed like an impossible task- what were they supposed to do, scream across the store and hope everyone heard? That was just asking for half the group to be left behind. It really looked like there was no possible answer to the predicament.

That was, until Walter glanced up at the ceiling, then smirked. "I think I have an idea. Hear me out..."

"no, it's just- it's a horrible texture."

"maybe you're a little fucking hater."

"i'm taller than you, dumbass."

"what- no you're not!"

revivedbur stood up taller and smirked. "uh, yeah, i am. by half an inch. believe me, i checked."

deadbur crossed his arms. "when could you have *possibly* checked-"

"when i was *revived*, stupid." revivedbur rolled his eyes. "honestly, you think i didn't check if death gave me another inch or two?"

"why the fuck would *anyone* check that??" sky asked, sounding exasperated and *done* with this conversation.

“so... are we ignoring the scream and gunshot?” spirit raised an eyebrow.

after the random scream and gunshot that sounded from across the store, instead of doing anything about it, the group of spirit, deadbur, revivedbur, and sky immediately got into an argument. not about the concerning sounds, of course. no, while their argument had started about where the sounds had come from, it quickly devolved into an argument about whether eggs tasted good or not.

and now, of course, none of them were doing anything particularly useful.

“if something important happens, we’ll probably know,” deadbur said with a shrug. “worst case, we’re missing out on some fun action.”

sky stared at him in disbelief. “uh, worst case, something bad is happening, and we’re halfway across a damn-” he cut himself off. “what’s it called?”

“supermarket,” revivedbur replied.

sky nodded. “yeah, that. we’re halfway across a giant damn supermarket from the *scream and gunshot*, i think there’s worse than ‘missing out on some action’ possible.”

deadbur shrugged again. “we have a creator and some crazy luck on our side, i think if anyone got actually seriously injured or *died* then it wouldn’t be too big of a deal. i mean...” he gestured to himself, revivedbur, and spirit. “it’s not exactly the biggest of our fuckin’ concerns, if you get what i’m saying?”

spirit bit back a remark about the ‘creator’ thing and opened his mouth to say they should really go check out what happened, but was cut off before he could get a word out.

Crrrk-zzt!

spirit jumped in surprise at the sound and looked at the ceiling, where it apparently came from.

“This thing on? Testing, one, two, three...”

for a split second, spirit vaguely recognized it as walter’s unique accent over the crackling, clearly half-broken speaker system. however, as soon as that second was over, the store disappeared from around him and everything went completely silent and overwhelmingly loud at the same time and-

Spirit sucked in a breath that felt like the first one he’d taken in 83 years.

He looked around frantically and covered his ears, those terrible static sounds ripping into his brain like knives with his hands doing nothing to stop them. At first, he thought he was in complete pitch black, but he soon realized that pinpricks of light poked through the nothing like eyes to stare directly into his soul.

Time felt distant, his senses somehow muted while he was more aware of the *everything* than he had been since before he died. He couldn’t tell if the time going by was decades upon millennium or just seconds ticking by, like he couldn’t tell if that was the sound of a tick-tocking clock or just the ever-present static in his mind tearing apart his already mutilated-three-times-over organs. Just the mere idea of time slipping through his consciousness like grains of sand between his fingers again made him want to throw up, but his throat was too tight to even think about it for more than ten seconds (or was it ten minutes, ten years, ten decades, ten forever? or ten millionths of a moment-) .

He abandoned his futile attempt to block the noises and brought his hands to his neck, tugging at the nothing-everything there, scrambling to pull away the red- or was it white?-glowing thread from strangling him and leaving him breathless once and for all, just as his lungs seemed to work again. His hands did nothing but burn every time he touched the string, though, leaving him with singed fingers and the ever tightening rope around his snapped neck.

Spirit yanked at the thread, desperately trying to pull it away from him and find out what the hell it was. He ignored the burning sensations the best he could despite every particle of his being feeling like it was being lit on fire. Blue dripped into his vision, stinging his eyes as it mixed with the tears he hadn't even realized had spilled.

The thread was intricately weaved into a long tapestry that felt like it had some familiar significance, yet Spirit couldn't quite tell, even though it seemed like the answer was staring him straight in the eyes. At the very end of the tapestry- which one would think didn't exist, really, but he supposed that everything has to end at some point, even *the* everything, right?- there wasn't a beautiful bow or even a messy, quickly tied knot, but something that left Spirit utterly speechless, even in the never-ending fires of sensation.

He let one hand let go of the thread- was it really around his neck? that didn't feel right- and reached out, entranced by what he saw.

Spirit looks at *you*.

He sees you, but not quite. Do you see him? Do you hear and feel what he does? Do you turn away, or do you stare him back in the eyes as a challenge, or do you look back at him, wondering why life had to be so cruel?

He reaches for *infinity, eight billion, twenty thousand and one* , takes a step forward, just barely misses the *finite* -

-and nearly tripped over his own feet in the electronics section of a walmart.

"You're listening to Walter Crondale-"

42.5, don't touch that dial!

"-here today to tell you that there are zombies afoot in the store! Please head to the emergency exit in the back of the store to regroup and leave! We'll be seeing you shortly. Thank you."

Crrz-ktzz!

spirit took in desperate gasps of air, one hand up to his neck and the other clutching his chest. he- what was he even supposed to do now? *what??*

“oh, huh,” revivedbur muttered, moving his gaze back down from the ceiling. “i guess we shou- holy shit, spirit, are you alright?”

god, wasn't that a question? “uh- did *none* of you see that?” he hissed, his voice sounding *wrong*.

the three other burs shared a glance, then all shook their heads and looked at him with concern.

spirit took a few deep breaths. what the *hell* was that, and why did it... why did he feel so small?

“see... what, exactly?” sky asked slowly. “the fuck happened?”

“i don't- i have no idea,” spirit said, looking around. “it's not... i wasn't...” he pinched the bridge of his nose. “what was walter saying?”

“there are zombies in the store, so we should go to the back exit,” deadbur replied.

spirit blinked. “what?” he sighed. “i swear, you spend ten seconds in a void...”

“a... void?” sky raised an eyebrow. “what the fuck?”

spirit waved his hand dismissively. “i can explain when everyone’s with us. uh... should we move?”

revivedbur nodded and clapped his hands together. “yes, yes we should.” he stood up straighter and looked around. after a few moments where it seemed like he was about to ask which way, he eventually turned to a specific direction and glanced at the other three. “shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

guess who forgot the bur fact last chapter ??? my bad !!

bur fact #51: phas has a generally adverse reaction to crucifixes, not because of the ghost shit, just because of religious shit. but also definitely The Curse, also my bad if charlie didnt seem very charlie-like in my defense it has been a while since i watched like. any of his videos lmao. but i think he is very tired at this point LMAO

summary of spirit section: everything around spirit disappears and hes in a void with little bits of light around him. theres also lots of loud, bad static sounds. he cant tell how much time is passing and incredibly dislikes it. he feels as though theres a string around his neck, but he cant get it off. the thread is part of a large 'tapestry' that he thinks feels familiar, but cant put his finger on it. when he looks at the end of it, he sees the reader, sort of. he reaches for the reader, but is thrown back into Walmart before he can do anything. (all of it has normal, proper capitalization until the last line.) im sure thats all fine.

get sleep drink water Thumbs up

the world's worst triathlon

Chapter Notes

hi guys

IMPORTANT! thoughts on the wilbur situation in the end notes so i dont clog up this area before the chapter, read them before or after the chapter, doesnt talk abt this specific chapter at all! i saw a few comments asking me about this, and i decided id just say it in the next chapter since i was almost done with it instead of repeating myself (and thank u for your patience and concern <3)
enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Wimpfred!"

"What?!"

"Why the hell are these things so resilient?"

Wimpfred looked back at Rust as they ran. "What do you mean?"

"I *mean* -" Rust paused as he aimed and took a shot at one of the zombies approaching them. It hit, but the zombie barely faltered. "I mean that somehow, this many bullets to the head has maybe killed two or three. Why. The fuck. Are they not dying."

Wimpfred grimaced, turning back to look where he was running. "That's kind of just how these zombies are! Charlie probably has more shit we can use that'll do more damage to them-"

"WATCH OUT!"

Wimpfred stopped in his tracks, barely stopping before an arrow hit the freezer to his left, covered in blood and zombie skin. He looked down the aisle it had come from to see L'manbur lowering a bow, a zombie falling to the ground in front of him. Standing behind him were Alivebur, Geo, and Editor. Alivebur had a sword out, wiping some zombie parts off of it, Geo was looking through his bag, and Editor was staring at the fallen zombie.

"Oh!" Wimpfred grinned. "Nice seeing you all, have y-"

"Found it!" Geo shouted triumphantly, pulling something out of his bag and handing it to Editor.

"Nice!" Editor grinned as he looked at it, turning it in his hands. "Yeah, I can use this."

L'manbur walked over to Wimpfred and pulled the arrow out of the freezer, inspecting it for a moment before putting it away.

"Oh, hey, fellas," Walter greeted the four new Burs as they joined Wimpfred.

Raft frowned when he saw the zombie on the floor. "How'd you kill that one with an arrow when Rust can't even get them with bullets?"

"Believe me, it took way more than that single arrow," Alivebur said, giving the zombie... *gunk* on the tip of his sword a look of disgust and disdain. "The arrow was just the finishing blow."

"And thank god for that," Editor muttered. Now that he was closer, Wimpfred could see that the thing Geo had given him was a small knife- small, but sharp. Wimpfred wondered if Editor even knew how to use it.

"Jesus." Rust sighed as he came over to the group with Phas, moving his gun down to his side. "You all okay?"

"Never been better!" Geo grinned. "Exciting, isn't it?"

"Personally, I enjoy *not* dying, but sure," Editor replied. "Now, where's the exit?"

"Should be this way," Walter spoke up, pointing to the way they had been heading. "Just up ahead."

"...how, out of two groups of us, is there not a single dead person?" Rust muttered. "There are *seven* of them, for god's sake. Are they all in one group together?"

"I mean, the ghosts do tend to stick together," Phas pointed out, "and I think Deadbur likes to get on Resurrectedbur's nerves by following him around and making death jokes."

"I can't blame him, if I was dead, I'd never stop making those jokes." Raft laughed. "I'm surprised none of them do it more often!"

"Can we focus, maybe?" L'manbur asked. "There might be people already there, we shouldn't keep them waiting in a store full of zombies."

Rust moved to the front, not even letting anyone else offer or try to lead. No one was complaining, though, he obviously knew what he was doing.

However, since they- of course- could never catch a fucking break, their little moment of peace as they got closer to the exit was- of course- immediately broken as soon as they relaxed. Of course.

"WILBUR *FUCKING* SOOT IF YOU DON'T GET BACK HERE RIGHT THIS *FUCKING* MOMENT-"

Suddenly, Imp came running around the corner, only barely not running into Rust. He was laughing as he glanced behind himself, and immediately hid behind an aisle, grinning like a little kid.

Phantom showed up a moment later, scowling. "Have any of you. Seen Imp."

Before anyone could say anything to point out the Bur standing right there, Editor spoke up. "No, why?"

Imp gave him an incredulous look, but quickly walked away before anyone revealed him, turning behind the aisle.

"That *rotten scum of the world* has wronged me, and I-" He took a step forward, but immediately tripped and fell, letting out an echoing screech and going invisible.

Imp was standing right behind him, though his leg wasn't out as if he had tripped him. In fact, it looked like Phantom had tripped on nothing. Wimpfred did see a small, snaking black thing move in the corner of his eye, but he didn't see it when he looked again.

"I didn't do anything," Imp said innocently. "He got scared by a zombie and blamed it on me."

Phantom sat up and went uninvisible, still scowling. "Dirty liar."

"Scaredy-cat," Imp easily reflected. "Now, come on, we have a zombie to kill."

As if summoned by the words, a zombie turned the corner behind Imp and grabbed his arm, the smirk on his face disappearing immediately. Imp pulled his arm out of its grip, moving out of the way. Phantom shook his hand about, and his fingertips transformed into claws. He lunged for the zombie, scratching its chest and leaving a deep gouge. He moved out of the way as Imp moved in again with his gun out. Imp shot the zombie in the forehead point-blank

and pushed it towards Phantom with his foot. Phantom immediately followed Imp with a dark red potion of harming.

The two stepped back, waiting for a moment before putting away their weapons.

"...that felt a little overkill," Phantom admitted after a moment.

"You'd be surprised what these zombies can take," Alivebur replied.

"And that was cool as hell to watch, please do that again," Wimpfred added. "How are you two so coordinated??"

"Uh... we'll call it phantom instincts?" Phantom said nervously.

"We'll call it... experience." Imp shrugged. "Hostile aliens, zombies... same difference. And it helps to be that coordinated when you're part of a crew."

"As Ace would say," Editor spoke up, "I'm so glad I'm normal."

"..why didn't you just tell the zombie to back up?" Rust raised an eyebrow.

Phantom blinked. "I... forgot I could do that." He smiled sheepishly. "We'll say... I was caught up in the moment? I was full of rage?"

Rust simply sighed. "Well, the good thing is now we have a ghost with us. Shall we continue?"

Everyone moved behind Rust again, and the group continued towards the exit.

"How did your group make the announcement, and then show up last?" Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

"We... had a few obstacles in our way," Rust muttered. "The important thing is, we're all here now, right? Let's go."

"Where are we headed now?" Geo asked.

"Charlie's place, I believe," Wimpfred replied. He looked at Charlie curiously.

Charlie nodded, pushing open the exit door and walking out. "We can go to my base so I can put my supplies away, and you all can... do whatever you do."

"Yippee!" Blue cheered.

The group of Burs and Charlie continued down the street towards a distant- but not too distant- structure that could be assumed to be Charlie's base. Now that they weren't in immediate danger of a zombie killing any of them, conversation was soon started up in the silence.

"So, what did you all do in your groups?" Deadbur asked.

Alivebur raised an eyebrow. "You say that as if you have something you want to share."

"Uh, fuck yeah, I do," Deadbur said, grinning. "I managed to convince a zombie to walk into a freezer. Barely needed to do anything, and then I just closed the door."

Ghostbur frowned. "Doesn't that seem a little... needlessly mean?"

"It's a zombie, it was trying to kill us," Deadbur said dryly.

"Well, yeah, but..." Ghostbur pursed his lips. He was holding Fundy- which was a little funny to watch, as he was only a little taller than him, maybe half a foot or so- and shifted him around in his arms. "They used to be a human, right...?"

Deadbur paused. He frowned.

Charlie glanced back at them. "Don't try to figure the ethics of it out, you'll just go in circles. Trust me."

"Zombies can break down doors anyways," Wimpfred pointed out. "Probably didn't stay trapped in there for long after you left."

Deadbur tilted his head, not saying anything.

"Anyways," Alivebur spoke up, moving the subject back. "Did anyone else do anything noteworthy?"

"I think I've seen the insides of at least ten zombies' heads," Phas said. "They're really not pretty."

"Honestly, I got some snacks that didn't look too old, but my appetite is utterly ruined..." Editor sighed.

"I think I saw God," Spirit said.

After a quiet moment where they all processed what he had just added out of nowhere after having been silent the entire time they had been walking, over half the group turned to stare at Spirit, including Charlie.

"You- what?" Charlie asked, sounding properly confused at that declaration.

"You probably didn't," Challenger dismissed, sounding improperly uncaring at that declaration.

"Hold on, how did a store intercom make you see god?!" Revivedbur demanded.

"Wait, what??" Bard asked. "What are you even fucking talking about?"

"Spirit, are you joking?" Deadbur raised an eyebrow.

Spirit frowned at him. "Do I sound like I'm joking?" He huffed. "Look, I don't- I have no idea what actually happened. I just know I saw... something? Some...one? ...and it felt... I don't know, otherworldly." He shrugged.

Challenger tilted his head, looking slightly less unconcerned than he had thirty seconds ago. "What exactly did it feel like?" His voice had a strange tone to it.

"Like..." Spirit pursed his lips and looked a little uncomfortable. "Like we're being watched."

Challenger narrowed his eyes. "I... see." His voice sounded even stranger now, but he didn't say anything else, instead just turning back to look where they were walking.

There were a few moments of silence as they walked and no one spoke, pondering what the two had just said.

"...how far are we?" Walter asked, sounding a little nervous, and Wimpfred couldn't blame him. The zombies were already bad enough, and now they might be being watched? It left a bad taste in Wimpfred's mouth- a familiar one.

"We're basically here," Charlie replied, apparently deciding that whatever weird shit the group following him had going on was none of his concern.

Charlie's base was much closer now. The group was only about a block's distance away from the front.

However, standing right in front of the base, as if waiting for their arrival, was a group of zombies a bit smaller than their own group.

"Are you kidding me?" Rust muttered. "How fucking many are there?"

"Too many." Charlie grimaced and glanced back at the group. "You all ready?"

"No, I think a zombie broke it."

"..."

"What??"

"Editor."

Editor frowned. "What."

Geo raised an eyebrow, and Wimpfred could feel the annoyance from across the... room, if you wanted to call it that.

"I didn't break it!" Editor cried, throwing his hands up.

"I gave it to you for not even half an hour!" Geo shouted.

Phantom groaned. "Would you please stop swinging broken pieces of knife around in the air?"

Editor lowered his hands and put the broken knife on the floor in front of where he was sitting. The group had mostly easily finished off the zombies in front of the base, and were now all inside, sitting down around the area and attempting to relax.

"I swear I didn't-" Editor tried to say again.

Geo cut him off by holding his hand up. "Shush. I get it." He carefully picked up the pieces so as to not cut himself and put them in his bag. "I'm honestly more confused how it broke like that."

"I don't know, but it was short-lived, clearly." Editor sighed. "I guess that's the end of my ass-kicking..."

"Hold on, I'll find something else," Geo muttered as he dug through his bag. "I've gotta have something in here for you."

Editor perked up. "Really?" He frowned. "Are you sure?"

“Do you want to help, or not?” Geo asked, sounding somewhat exasperated as he looked up at Editor. At Editor’s immediate nod, he turned his gaze back to his bag to continue searching.

“Charlie!” Rust suddenly called from where he was crouching by a chest near a wall, also searching for something. “Can I use these?” He held up what looked to be a roll of bandages or something- it was a little hard to tell from that distance.

“Huh?” Charlie looked up from a notebook he was writing in at a half-broken desk he had set up in the corner. “Oh, sure. But- stop looking through my shit?”

Rust stood up and closed the chest. “My bad!” He started unrolling the bandages as he walked back towards where Walter was sitting near a wall, and leaned against the wall with his back.

“Why are you *constantly* doing some medical shit?” Alivebur frowned, looking at Rust. “It’s like a hobby to you, messing around with peoples’ injuries.”

“Believe me, it’s not.” Rust rolled his eyes. “There’s just always too much shit happening with you all.” He rolled his sleeve up, revealing a bandage already there. “You can’t say shit, look at your future self.”

“Rude!” Deadbur laughed.

Instead of saying ‘not funny’ or something like that as expected, Resurrectedbur just frowned and stood up from where he was sitting near Spirit and Phas. “Alright, we clearly need to have some *conversations* ,” he said in a stern tone.

“Ooooooh, someone’s in trouble!” Alivebur snickered.

Resurrectedbur ignored him. “Main topics of discussion for now would be Phantom and Mod’s explanations, and Spirit’s explanation. There are a few other things I would... like to

discuss with some of you, but I think that'll have to wait. At least until we're in a better position to have those conversations." He took a deep breath. "But... we're at a good point here to have a talk, unless there are any objections..."

"What is this, a court?" Alivebur raised an eyebrow.

"Do you have to have a response to everything anyone else says?" Resurrectedbur asked in turn.

Alivebur blinked, but didn't say anything.

"Fantastic." Resurrectedbur smiled. "So..." He looked at Phantom and Mod. "Care to explain?"

Chapter End Notes

about the future of fwiatc:

so. in case you havent seen/heard yet, i believe about a week ago? shubble did a stream where she talked about her abusive ex-boyfriend, and didnt say any names, but its clear she was talking about wilbur. he posted an 'apology' in response, and it. sucked ass.

shelby responded to it saying she didnt accept the apology

basically wilbur is an asshole. ive seen a good amount of ppl say that theyre going to stop making content w him in it/delete or lock their old stuff w him in it. and that is fair enough!

however, this fic will be continuing, hopefully until it is finished. i have a few reasons for this. 1, this fic doesnt support him at all, of course, especially since im literally saying right now that hes a dick. 2, im finally gonna say it, these characters are almost practically ocs at this point, to me and to other ppl ive talked to about this fic! and 3, frankly, ive put too much time and effort into this to suddenly stop because real life wilbur is a bitch.

if you dont want to continue reading this fic, i totally understand, and you are obviously welcome to close the tab and never open this again. if you wanna stick around, though, youre obviously welcome to stay.

a few more minor things may change, there may be less centered around wilbur (the

character) and they may spend less time in the modern day just because it would feel weird. to do that. but to be completely clear:

TL;DR! fuck real life wilbur. support shubble. read this post if youre not caught up on the situation:

<https://www.tumblr.com/hamletteprinceofdenmark/743565188337467392/transcript-of-shelbys-video-cw?source=share>

this fic is not stopping here, and hopefully not until it is done. the characters shown in this fic are not wilbur soot the real ass guy. im taking them from him. mine now asshole (and to be clear also, even the one whos technically him is really just the impression i got of his stream persona from like two years ago! not the abusive guy he actually is.)

okay. that was a lot. please at least read the tldr + the post i linked <3

bur fact #52: imp technically needs glasses! just uh. not right now. youll see

if ur leaving here, or if youve already left, i wish you well on the rest of your life <3

if youre sticking with me, i appreciate your support <3

take care!

one thousand nine hundred and twenty one moments of peace

Chapter Notes

hellaur !

oh i dont think i ever put this here! literally 2 months ago how have i forgotten to do this for so long. 2 months ago zo wrote another walter oneshot, called 'Void Interlude' !! go read it !!!!! cool walter lore !!!!!

https://archiveofourown.org/works/53238991?view_adult=true#main

alright enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walter glanced between Phantom and Mod, neither of whom looked thrilled to have to explain their situation to the group. The two were avoiding eye contact with anyone, but especially each other.

“How do I even start...” Phantom muttered. He was sitting under a little overhang near the front wall, with Drowsy perched on his shoulder, looking, well, drowsy.

“I mean, you did kind of already explain... what happened,” L’manbur pointed out. “You could start from there?”

Phantom frowned. “I guess I could.” He took a deep breath ending in a sigh and tilted his head to gently rest on Drowsy. “Mmm...”

“You’re doing it again...” Mod murmured unhelpfully.

Phantom shot him a glare. “Would you shut up?” His tail flicked in annoyance as he looked away from him again. “Ghh. Okay.” He pursed his lips, then looked up at Resurrectedbur instead of just vaguely saying things to the whole room. “So... do you know why phantom hybrids are... well, phantom hybrids?”

Resurrectedbur frowned and sat down again. “What do you mean?”

Phantom grimaced. “Well... some phantom hybrids are just the same way any other hybrid would be- seeming like a normal member of either species, then eventually growing with more and more mob or player traits. Like, technically, Drowsy here could be a phantom hybrid, we don’t know.” He shrugged. “There are certain tests one could do, but... they’re complicated, expensive, and not always accurate. And require people more experienced than any of us- don’t even start, Mod.

“Well, not all phantom hybrids start as... phantom hybrids,” Phantom continued. “In my case, and in many others’ cases... they start as usually Elytrians or Avians... and then they die.” He looked down at the floor. “I was presumably an Elytrian, based on my anatomy.”

“Didn’t you say you didn’t know how you died?” Deadbur asked. “But then you and Mod acted like you did.” Maybe he didn’t mean to, but he sounded accusatory, even to Walter.

Resurrectedbur shot him a Look, but didn’t say anything. Phantom just squirmed a bit, looking uncomfortable. “It wasn’t... a lie. I don’t actually know for certain, and I definitely don’t know *all* the details. But...” He shut his eyes. “All the facts and the few memories I have of it all add up to... that.”

“But... why?” Blue asked, frowning. “What did you do?”

“I didn’t *do* anything.” Phantom’s voice almost sounded like a growl then, looking up at Blue, but he quickly reigned it in. “I just... had what they wanted, and there was only one way to get it from me.” His wings weren’t folded behind him tightly like they had been before, but they were pressed against the wall, and his tail kept twitching.

“Why were you asking us about dying?” Deadbur narrowed his eyes, as if he was interrogating him. He... *probably* didn’t mean to look so judgy.

“I thought it’d help,” Phantom muttered. “Maybe give me any other possible explanation. Maybe I could make sense of it. Or why no one who knows about it will fucking talk about it.”

“Yeah, there’s something I was curious about,” Rust spoke up, and Walter glanced up at him. “Why would someone *not* tell you about it? That just seems cruel and unnecessary.”

Phantom tilted his head. “I have a few ideas. It’s not exactly fun to talk about, but that’s not a great excuse. Maybe no one else saw the whole thing, but it wasn’t exactly... out of the way or quiet.” He let his head fall back against the wall. “I think it might have something to do with what happened immediately afterwards. Or...” He looked at the ground again. “Never mind.”

“Go ahead.” Resurrectedbur nodded for him to continue.

“No, it’s... gh. Whatever. What do I have to lose?” He straightened, but still didn’t make eye contact with anyone. “I’m a little worried that they think I’m a different person now.” He immediately slouched a bit after saying that. “Like... like how Ghostbur is to Alivebur.” He blinked. “Not that I think you’re-” He sighed. “You know what I mean.”

All of the Dream SMP Burs looked a little surprised and a *tad* uncomfortable at that comparison, especially the Ghostburs, but no one said anything about it.

“Why do you think they would think that?” Geo asked when no one else spoke.

“None of them look at me the same, and I can tell, even if I don’t remember before my death the best,” Phantom replied. “Usually it’s fine, but... sometimes they look so... sad.” He pursed his lips.

“Hm, I get what you mean,” Resurrectedbur muttered at the same time Revivedbur said, “Felt that one.” The two shared a surprised look, then laughed.

“I can’t really blame them,” Resurrectedbur continued after he got himself together. “You know. Grieving someone, then they up and *come back* out of nowhere. Not exactly the easiest thing to accept.” He scratched the back of his neck. “Just also not easy when you’re the undead one.”

“What we’re saying is, understand where they’re coming from, but bring it up at some point,” Revivedbur said. “You might be accidentally making them uncomfortable, but you’re not exactly to blame for. You know. Dying and coming back.”

Phantom frowned. “Yeah, but... it’s more like they think I came back *wrong* .” He hesitated, then continued. “A-and I guess they’re kind of right, right? I mean, I’m not the same person. I don’t have all the right memories, I don’t look the same, and I don’t work the same. It-” He cut himself off, distress filling his facial expression and voice when he spoke five seconds later. “*Am* I a different person??”

Revivedbur and Resurrectedbur shared a surprised glance, obviously not expecting the conversation to turn to that, and clearly not having a response. “Uh-” Resurrectedbur stuttered. “I don’t- would that be a good thing...?”

Phantom didn’t answer, instead staring at the ground, expression growing horrified.

“...if I may,” Mod finally spoke up.

Phantom tensed and looked up at him. He looked apprehensive, but he simply slowly nodded for Mod to continue.

“It really depends on what you consider a different person.” Mod seemed rather oddly calm and pleasant, considering the topic of conversation. He was just kind of like that. “By the definition you just proposed, one could make a case that a few of us here are different people than we once were.” He tilted his head, as if thinking. “Sky, Res and Rev, Blue, Ghostbur, Spirit, Walter, Challenger, Imp, the-unknown-man-who-shall-not-be-named, and- of course- yours truly.”

He got a lot of stares for that. Walter felt uncomfortably... known. No, more... like someone was *aware* of *him* . Did he...? Although, maybe he really shouldn’t be that surprised.

Mod shrugged, not addressing the stares. “Most phantoms I know wouldn’t call themselves a different person, but to each their own. You might be, might not be, but even if you are, it’s not that bad.” He grinned. “I can testify to that.”

“... Res and Rev?” Revivedbur muttered.

“Yeah, like Imp,” Mod replied. “Your names are too long. I improvise.”

“Yeah, okay, but what the hell did any of that mean?” Imp asked, his voice and body tense.

Mod just smiled.

Rust suddenly sat down next to Walter, putting the roll of bandages on his lap and looking annoyed. He turned to Walter, holding his rolled-up sleeve. “Can you hold this for a sec?” He murmured.

Walter blinked, but held the sleeve back without asking about it. Rust proceeded to unwrap the bandages already on his arm. Walter looked back up at the conversation.

“So, really, it all depends on your own views and what people around you think,” Mod concluded. “But most things are like that, so it’s not that weird. Especially around this group.”

Phantom hesitated. He still looked unsure, but he did seem much calmer than before. “I... I guess. But-” He pursed his lips and didn’t say anything for a few moments. “It feels so weird, maybe ‘cause I’m only just now realizing this...” He sighed. “I don’t know. This identity thing is complicated, huh...”

Sky huffed. “You’re telling me.”

Walter caught a few other Burs looking like they agreed as well, though no one else said anything. Walter... also kind of found himself empathizing with the idea. Huh. How strange.

He glanced back at Rust, wondering for a moment if- he blinked. Alright, train of thought put on hold- “What the fuck is that?” He asked, a little louder than he meant to. Fortunately, it didn’t seem like anyone else was paying any attention to th- never mind, Mod was staring.

Rust glanced up at him as he somewhat awkwardly began to wrap the bandages. “Hm?”

Walter frowned. Well, more than frowned. Fuck did he mean, *hm*, there was a fucking whole ass *chunk of his arm not there* . And that was only somewhat of a dramatic exaggeration. “What in the fucking world is up with your arm??”

Rust blinked, and after a moment, his mouth made a little ‘o’ shape. “Did I not... explain that?” He tilted his head. “Huh. Could’ve sworn I did.” He turned back to his arm and his work. “Cannibals.”

Walter froze, and for a split billionth of a moment, he genuinely considered... he didn’t even know what. Going back and fixing this before it could happen? As if. He’d already tried that. “I...” He stared at Rust. “Honey. Dear. Love of my life. What the *fuck* ?” He hissed.

Rust smiled somewhat sheepishly. “I really thought I told you already... there’s cannibals on the island, but this is an old thing. It’s fine, just don’t want it infected.”

Walter stared at him for a few more moments, silently cursing the Creators. He knew they didn’t mind. Damn them. Before he said anything else, though, his attention was captured by something else.

“Oh, shit, also!” Revivedbur spoke up. “Spirit, care to explain more about *seeing god* ??”

Spirit blinked and frowned. “Oh, uh... I don’t know what there is to explain. It’s kind of hard, see...” He brought his hand up to the side of his chin contemplatively. “One moment, I’m in

a store. Then I hear Walter in the speakers. Then the next moment, I'm in some weird void with strings and a strange..." He squinted. "I don't..." His face twisted to look somewhat distressed, and his hand moved up to his head, as if he was in pain. "I can't. Remember."

Walter frowned.

"Hm... you said there was some 'otherworldly' feeling in there? Like we're being watched." Revivedbur hummed. "What'd you mean by that?"

Spirit hesitated, mouth open as if to answer, but he didn't say anything for a good few moments. "I can't... sort of..." His breathing slightly quickened, though not to a *concerning* degree. "I felt weirdly *present*, and it was like I could see someone- no, multiple someones- staring. . . right at me." He crossed his arms. "I don't know. I can't... everything feels weird whenever I think about it."

Walter inwardly sighed. More work for him, then.

... alright, he had to fix this, he couldn't brush it off as 'more work', something was really, truly wrong-

"There we go," Rust breathed, and Walter glanced over to see him gently pulling his arm away and pushing his sleeve back down over his freshly wrapped arm.

Perfect timing. (Ha, timing- if he was a little bit less concerned he would make a better joke out of that! Alas! Things to do, places to be...)

"The-" Revivedbur began to say, but he immediately cut himself off with a shocked shout, almost falling backwards where he was sitting, and bringing a hand to his head. "Ohhh- my fuckinggodokaythat'snotgood-" His face was twisted in pain, and his entire body was tense. He almost looked like he was shaking, and his breathing was quick but heavy.

Spirit was even worse, letting out a little pained... sound- a cross between a squeak and a groan- and immediately cradling his head in his hands, trembling.

Resurrectedbur, Deadbur, Ghostbur, Blue, and Phantom responded similarly, while Sky, Imp, Challenger, and Mod all also reacted, each of them at least wincing, with Sky and Imp slapping their hands over their ears. Same as always, all of them looked to be experiencing varying degrees of pain and disturbance. Walter felt a pang of guilt.

Everyone immediately grabbed anything they weren't already holding, and Wimpfred turned to Charlie to explain. Just as he began his explanation, though-

Walter felt his heart skip a beat, as always. He mentally sent Rust a kiss before stepping into the void as if it was his own welcoming home.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #53: blue can fuck with technology in weird ways, mostly on accident! dont let him near a screen unsupervised he will break it by standing near it. lets call it magic

a brief pause

Chapter Notes

i havent written this many words this fast in a WHILE feels good man feels good enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walter opened his eyes to the void.

He was immediately met with the bright threads of the timelines sitting right in front of him, their various lights shining onto each other and him. He frowned and stepped closer to the threads.

“There has to be something in here that’s not right,” he muttered. Well, there were probably plenty of things wrong. He hadn’t exactly been as cautious as he should have. Really, he had stolen the sky gods’ favorite toy, disrupted the domains of Kristin, Clara, *and* Sally, frayed the threads of time in both his and XD’s projects, dragged the Inbetween and the Other Side into this, and probably annoyed the Creators, which, if he were anyone else, could be a death sentence. Thankfully, he was just too charming. Or, that’s what he told himself. He... didn’t really want to know their actual reasoning.

Anyways. To add onto all of that, now he had to figure out why *Spirit* was seeing the timelines, and... well, it seemed like... the reader. Which was *not* good. At all. Something else was seriously wrong, he just had to pick it out against all the other mistakes in this thing.

He sent a few handfuls of eyes up and down the timeline to try to catch an issue. All he was getting, though, were issues with the SMP loops or the different realms and domains interfering, which was all expected with this. He had mostly accounted for all that already, so they weren’t too big of problems, and they really shouldn’t be causing this specific phenomenon.

After what felt like an eternity of searching, looking up and down and painstakingly close at every section of the timelines, he finally metaphorically sighed and metaphorically pinched

the metaphorical bridge of his metaphorical nose. He had only a couple choices here now. Either he gave up here... or he made a phone call.

He grimaced. He had already not too long ago made a phone call, about a similar issue, and he really did not want to call again. At this rate, he'd look incompetent! And he was anything but.

He metaphorically took a deep breath. No. He *refused* to fuck this up. He was literally a god, higher than almost anyone else he knew of, he wasn't going to be stopped by some stupid string and a headache. He had failed once before, he wasn't going to let it happen again.

But... what else was there to do? He had done everything, inspected every detail, double-checked every timeline combination for any potential paradoxes, looked at all the domains of every timel-

He froze. *Wait*. Wait one damn second. How had he missed this?

Every Bur that got the time travel headache in the beginning was dead or revived or a ghost, meaning there had to be *some* connection with the afterlife, especially since Spirit had it the worst. Then was Challenger, who was a Creator Player, so that made sense; Sky, who had a specific close connection to a god; Mod, who had *too much* going on with the void; and Imp, who... well. Spoilers. But you can probably make a good guess.

Wait... then, why wasn't Geo getting any effects besides his normal glitching and teleporting? It wasn't even worsened that much by the time travelling. Did he have his own thing...? And what about Wilbur? Those two were both arguably more involved in *this* than anyone else besides Challenger, and yet...

Sigh. What Walter wouldn't give to actually be omniscient. Alas, only the Creators are truly omniscient.

But that wasn't the point. The *point* was that there must be some correlation between death and the time travel headache, like with the void. The void made sense- the timeline was here,

after all. But death? What did that have to do with it? The afterlife wasn't *just* the void, in any of the timelines here.

Walter narrowed his eyes. Well, most of them. He carefully traced the timeline until he found the center of the afterlife section of the SMP, shining slightly dimmer than other central knots. He oh-so-carefully loosened it, just a little bit, to peek in. He hoped Kristin didn't kill him for this.

With the knot loosened, he was able to *feel* the inner workings of Kristin's afterlife, which was the afterlife that most of the Burs were concerned with. Phantom would be affected by a different afterlife, but it was similar enough for the time being.

Walter carefully searched around the afterlife, wishing there was just some kind of instruction manual. Oh, what he wouldn't give for some Creators-be-damned clarity once in a while! Unfortunately, he was winging it half of the time, going by experience alone- which, while more extensive than most other beings, would not cover everything.

He poked about the afterlife and limbo. He was specifically looking for anything that alluded to a connection with the void, as hopefully then, he'd be able to- ah.

He frowned.

Right there, in the precise workings of limbo. A tiny detail of information that connected it all together. A bit of a loophole, if you will.

"The ability to change the timeline despite a degree of separation," Walter muttered.
"You... clever prick."

Well. That explained it. A hole, in the details of limbo, which were modified by Kristin, the Creators, and- possibly unbeknownst to him- Wilbur himself, was letting things leak through. Things, like... let's call it void radiation.

Such a hole allowed multiple timelines to technically connect, which required at least a bit of void. That, combined with the very definition of afterlife and limbo, would do it. The afterlife and limbo on its own wouldn't cause this, but with this leak? No problem.

Which was why it was such a problem. He couldn't... fix this. Not because he was incapable, no- it was basically what he had been doing this whole time, just maybe with some special permission needed first. No, attempting to fix this with the same method would undoubtedly only make things worse. For the flow of the timeline, for Spirit, for Wilbur, for everyone involved.

Walter stared at the *blemish*. Which just looked like he was standing on the tracks and staring into the depths of the dark tunnel in front of him. He narrowed his eyes. Annoyed didn't even *begin* to describe what he was feeling right now. This- this tiny mistake, this problem gone unnoticed, this hole caused by a combination of- if he was right about its origins- foolishness, arrogance, ignorance, and... desire. A sick, cruel thing, but he supposed that was subjective.

He finally tore his gaze away and returned to his own void space and timelines. Quickly, he tightened the afterlife knot back to how it was before.

He sighed. “**Nothing I can do...**” He metaphorically tilted his metaphorical head. “**Unless...**” Maybe... he could block it off. Keep it quarantined, if you will.

He approached a section of the timeline- where the thread of Earth was woven into the thread of the SMP. He gently picked it up and, after a moment's hesitation, quickly tied a small knot between the SMP and everything else.

As soon as he finished the action, the ever silent void between space and time *erupted* with sound, echoing around the enclosed section of void. Sounds of static, screaming, laughing, shouting, explosions, various instruments, trains, filled Walter's brain before he could put up a barrier. He became surrounded by distorted images of *everything*, including *the* everything. Glitching colors and lines filled the vision of every single one of his eyes, soon joined by intensely flashing lights.

Thankfully, after the initial shock was through, Walter was able to quickly gather himself together and immediately shut it all down.

He stood there in silence and darkness for a few moments. Contemplating.

All that for a single knot?

“...so, no fixing it, understood crystal clearly. Guess I didn’t truly consider everything.”
He muttered, holding the small knot. After a second or two of thinking, he decided to leave it be. If there were any more consequences, he could always come back and fix it. **“Time to leave.”**

He stared at the void.

Just for a moment before he turned and returned to the others, he could have sworn that he saw the void stare back.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #54: mod is Tran Gengar . gives him my pronounces. get trans'd boy
by the way the stuff about dreamxd and how walters already fucked stuff up is in zos
oneshot that i mentioned the other chapter, void interlude Go read it if u want context !!

we're getting closer and closer <3

We Made Minecraft 23(10²⁴) Times Funnier!

Chapter Notes

being torn apart by like 10 different obsessions at once rn. oh well! we stay silly
i only skimmed this chapter instead of rereading it fully so if its weird dont blame me im
a busy woman
enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Challenger opened his eyes, and he was falling. Into the void, to be precise. Which certainly distracted him from the mild headache he had.

He quickly started floating, and after glancing up, smoothly brought himself back up to be level with the small stone platform almost everyone else seemed to be on. Besides, of course, Mod, who was sitting cross-legged upside-down on the ceiling of the strange... cave? that they were in. Challenger nearly rolled his eyes at the absurdity.

...actually, when Challenger looked at the stone platform again, he realized... there was no way all of the Burs could fit on that thin strip of rock. And when he did a quick headcount... huh. Just over half of them were there. A good ten of them were... missing.

He didn't point it out yet, however, as he was distracted by a few things. One, the headache he had wasn't going away, and two, it seemed like the post-time travel symptoms weren't going away for any of the other afflicted Burs. Typically, most of them with less severe symptoms would be mostly okay by now, but it seemed like all of them who had gotten even the slightest headache were still obviously in pain.

In fact, it almost seemed like it got worse for a few of them. Of course, 'a few of them' meant Spirit. Because who else.

The poor ghost in question had fallen to his knees soon after they all appeared in the cavern, with his hands over his ears and face twisted in pain and fear.

Revivedbur, Ghostbur, Phantom, and Deadbur were also on the platform, looking pained as well- but not quite as much as Spirit. Mod and Sky looked like they had a mild headache as well, though both of them looked... absolutely fascinated by the void, too distracted to really look *too* in pain. Resurrectedbur, Blue, and Imp must have been wherever everyone else was, then...

“Everyone okay?” L’manbur called out, snapping Challenger out of his thoughts.

“Obviously not,” Alivebur muttered, gesturing at the Burs clearly in rather severe pain. “Do they look fuckin’ *okay* to you?”

L’manbur gave him an annoyed look.. “Must you take an issue with every sentence I say...?” Alivebur simply grinned in response.

“Half of us are missing,” Challenger said. This suddenly drew attention to him, and pretty much everyone there except Mod and Walter looked either confused, jealous, or a weird combination of both, at the sight of him floating. “Don’t know where they are.”

Editor frowned. “That’s... not good- oh god, do you think they fell in the *void* ?” He suddenly sounded a tad panicked, glancing around as if to see who exactly was or wasn’t there.

“Oh, yeah, this is my time by the way!” Mod chirped from his place on the ceiling. “Good ol’ void. Could never forget her!”

“Did you just she/her the void...?” Challenger muttered, raising an eyebrow.

“More important question, *how* are you on the ceiling?!” Rust shouted. “And why?”

“Slime, bat, silverfish, you choose,” Mod replied, clearing up absolutely nothing. “And I think the more important problem is actually where half of us are.”

“And maybe if we could get out of here and help the quarter of us who are clearly in pain??” Bard called out impatiently. He also looked a little stressed over the. Y’know. Void. He was carrying Fundy, pointedly facing away from the void, as if to lower the risk of falling as much as possible. Which was fair enough, as there were over ten men on a thin little rocky ledge next to a giant void made from breaking *bedrock*, which was commonly thought to be impossible by any normal Player. Any fear in this situation was rather called for.

Anyway, as Bard had actually pointed out, the Burs with the more obvious and painful time travel effects were looking worse for wear. Spirit was still on his knees, shoulders slightly shaking, with L’manbur kneeling down and gently rubbing his back. Revivedbur, Ghostbur, and Deadbur looked incredibly pained as well, and Ghostbur was leaning against Revivedbur with his hands covering his ears. (For once, Challenger had to be a little jealous of being so short, must make physical affection that much easier and more comfortable.)

Phantom also looked rather pained, with his tail lashing about and his sharp teeth showing in a grimace. However, unlike the other Burs, he looked more... aware, somehow. More *there*, more grounded. Huh. How... strange.

Sky and Mod, on the other hand, didn’t look to be in too much *pain*, but they both looked a little distracted, not quite with everyone else. Not quite present. Sky hadn’t taken his eyes off the void once, and Mod kept glancing back at it. Challenger could have sworn he saw a strange red glint in his eyes a few times.

Everyone else who wasn’t suffering from the time travel symptoms seemed to almost stand up straighter at the multiple reminders of why they should really be getting out of here, like, *now*.

Phantom made a sound that was like a mix of a low, quiet growl and a strange squeak, then spoke. “I could- ergh. I could go up to the surface through the ground to see-” he took a shaky breath, clearly in pain, but able to power through it for the time being. “I could go up and see if they’re up there for some reason. And where exactly we are. And how to get up there. For you all. Yes?” He got the words out quickly, but not smoothly. His body was very tense; his wings were pressed up tight against his back, his hands were in fists at his side, and his tail kept slapping the wall as it lashed about with a light *slap* every time.

“Are you okay?” Bard asked Phantom, voice full of concern. “I mean, go ahead, but are you alright?”

“Fantastic,” Phantom said through his teeth, then went invisible without another word. His hat appeared presumably on his head, then went into the wall.

“...alright, then,” Bard muttered.

“So, Mod,” Alivebur called out. “While we wait, mind explaining why the *hell* there’s a random fucking void here? And how? And how the fuck to get out?”

“Well.” Mod tilted his head. “The void is here because I made it. With my laser eyes. And there used to be a little makeshift staircase down here, but I guess it caved in at some point.” He shrugged, which looked rather strange with him upside down. “We can try to dig out, I guess.”

“That sounds like a *great* idea,” Walter said, somehow sounding sarcastic and forcefully sincere at the same time.

“That would take absolutely forever, though,” Editor pointed out. “We don’t even have shovels or anything, and we’d be digging... up. Randomly. Recipe for disaster.”

“We have a Creator *right there*.” L’manbur gestured to Challenger, bringing eyes to him again. “He could dig straight up without a care in the world, then teleport all of us to him on the surface. Seems easy to me.”

Challenger frowned. “I can’t say I appreciate you’re pushing that onto me, but... I guess you’re right.”

“He’s ‘pushing it onto you’ because we need to get to a better place to *figure all of this out*, asshole,” Alivebur snapped. “So hurry up, please, because Spirit isn’t responding to anything, and I’m really starting to get concerned here.” As if he wasn’t already clearly concerned—they all were.

Challenger sighed. “Fine, fine, but shouldn’t we wai-”

Before he could finish, Phantom suddenly appeared next to Sky, making him jump slightly. He looked much less uncomfortable; his face wasn’t tight, he was much less tense, and he was smiling. “They’re up th-” He paused with a wince. “Shit- uh, they’re up there on the surface. Why does th... *ow*. ” He closed an eye in pain and glanced warily at the void. “Huh...”

“Fantastic,” Challenger said. “See you all in just a few moments, then.” Without another word, he quickly floated up to the ceiling, gave the rock above him a light tap as a test, then broke it with a single punch. He didn’t miss the slightly scared expressions from a few of the others. He pursed his lips and continued.

Eventually, after maybe... only a minute or two? he got up to the surface, the sun surprising him with its light at first. He stopped floating and stood on the grass normally. After a moment glancing around, he caught sight of a group of people not far away at all, unmistakably the rest of the group. “Hey!” He shouted, holding an arm up and waving to get their attention. Most of them turned to him, and Challenger began to walk over to them calmly.

“Oh, great, you’re here!” Phas grinned. “So, you’ll teleport them all up here now, yeah?”

“Mhm.” Challenger hummed. “Any idea why we were split up?”

Rust frowned. “We seem to have a talent for that. Now, can you get them back up here? Phantom mentioned a *void* and that something was wrong with everyone with a headache, so it seems... important. That we figure all that out as soon as possible.”

Challenger rolled his eyes. “Clingy,” he muttered, hoping no one would hear, but from the way Rust’s frown deepened, it seemed he wasn’t so lucky. Anyway. He pulled out his communicator and typed in the command, debated giving a warning, decided against it, and pressed enter.

Immediately, he was met with *too* many fucking people near him, and a lot of surprised shouts, which wasn’t pleasant, but was entirely expected. Surprisingly, though, it only took the group a few moments to back up from each other and stop stepping all over each other. They were getting better at this! Kind of.

It also only took a few moments for them to all get with the other people they wanted to stand by, thankfully. Notably, Walter immediately found Rust, Ghostbur stood near Revivedbur again, and L’manbur returned to Spirit.

Revivedbur sucked in a breath. “Ohhh. Kay. Okay. That was. Extremely unpleasant.”

Deadbur groaned, hand still on his head. “You’re telling me.”

Ghostbur made a small groan sound as well, still holding onto Revivedbur’s coat. Lucky *bastard* . Perfect height for grabbing onto someone’s sleeve...

Spirit, meanwhile, had moved to a sort of squatting position instead of being on his knees. His hands were still over his ears, but he seemed a bit less tense as L’manbur squatted next to him and continued to rub his back.

“....is he okay?” Geo asked, concerned.

“He will be.” L’manbur frowned. “Seems like they all had a much worse time down there, for some reason.”

“It won’t go *away* ,” Spirit muttered. His voice was a little muffled, but it was still clear what he was saying. As for what it really meant or implied...

Challenger subtly glanced at Walter. Walter, of course, being Walter, noticed, and narrowed his eyes. Maybe a warning to not say anything, maybe a message saying they would talk later, maybe confusion, maybe an accusation... maybe all of the above. He'd have to ask when this was all done and they were alone.

"Yeah, I did notice that the little headache I got kept going the whole time we were down there," Mod remarked. "I didn't pay it much mind, but... it wouldn't go away, but now it's gone."

Now that he paid attention, Challenger also realized that *his* mild headache had left him. Sky similarly frowned and tilted his head.

"Huh... really?" Blue furrowed his brows. "The pain and sounds and everything went away relatively quick, for me. Like usual." Resurrectedbur nodded in agreement.

"...weird," Challenger muttered. "I wonder... why that could be." He sneaked a glance at Walter again.

Suddenly, all of the headache Burs gasped, and most of them covered their ears again. A sudden spike of pain shot through Challenger's head, and he hissed, not-so-subtly glaring at Walter, though it didn't seem like anyone except the man himself noticed. Spirit made a groaning sound from where he was with L'manbur.

"Gah, *why* is it so random now??" Revivedbur grumbled. "And so. Fucking. *Loud*."

"And painful," Imp added, face twisted in pain and annoyance like Challenger was sure his own was.

Challenger pursed his lips. He wish he could say he had an idea... but he really didn't. Not past the idea that somehow, some way... Walter had to be involved. There was no way he wasn't.

It took them all a few moments to recover again. Challenger, Sky, Imp, and Mod were all fine after maybe half a minute, but it took another fifteen or thirty seconds for the rest of the affected to get themselves together. As for Spirit... he had finally stood up, but he looked annoyed, stayed near someone at all times, and kept twitching randomly. Challenger pitied him.

“Unpleasant,” Mod piped up, for once not having that perpetual ‘I’m better than you’ smile on his face. He was instead frowning slightly. “Anyways. This is my time!”

“So are we not going to address the void apparently made by Mod’s *laser eyes* ??” Editor frowned. “That seems like it should be a bigger deal here!”

“Wait, the *what* ?!” Rust cried.

“Yeah, yeah,” Mod said dismissively with an uninterested wave of his hand. “Laser eyes. Made a hole to look at the void. Old news, keep up.”

“You... broke through bedrock,” Alivebur said slowly. “That’s fucking *impossible* .”

“Challenger could do it!” Mod retorted. “And technically you could do it if you had enough preparation and stubbornness!”

“Challenger is a fucking *Creator* and it sounds like you did it fucking *casually* ,” L’manbur said. “Which is fucking weird.”

Mod rolled his eyes with a huff. “Your opinion... anyway. Everyone good to move?” After not even a second of waiting, he turned on his heel and began walking in a seemingly random direction.

The rest of the group glanced at each other before following him after a moment.

Before Mod could explain where they were going or anyone could say anything, it suddenly grew dark and the wind began to pick up. Challenger looked up to see dark storm clouds covering every inch of the sky, and rain started not a moment later. The rain almost immediately turned into strong sheets of water coming from the sky as the wind became so strong it almost knocked the shorter ghosts over.

“What the *fu* -”

Whoever spoke got immediately cut off by a giant flash and immediate *CRACK* ! After his vision cleared, Challenger could see that just in front of the group, a section of grass was darkened, burnt to a crisp. There was a small fire, but it was soon put out by the incessant rain and strong winds.

Challenger heard a sharp gasp behind him, and turned to see Sky, though he couldn't make out the expression on his face through the rain.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #55: post-fwiatic, editor gets a pet cat :3
sprinkled some challenger angstyish bits in there. if you squint. as a treat ^_^

THE END IS NOT THE END

Chapter Notes

JUMPSCARE !!!!!!!

guess who got real bad writers block and also got dragged into a different fandom for a bit and got pulled back into another old fandom (its ace attorney. its always ace attorney.) while trying to write this hahaha

anyways!!!! i am almost exactly a month late but HAPPY THREE YEAR ANNIVERSARY TO THE FWIATC SERIES !!! godDAMN its been a while huh. and we're still kicking!!

anyways! enjoy <3 if somethings fucked up blame me from at some point during the past month! i barely skimmed this chapter when i reread it! enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As soon as the lightning struck the ground mere meters away from the group, Sky felt nothing but pure *fear* shoot through him like a- like a strike of lightning itself. He froze, suddenly unable to move a muscle on command. He felt his heart rate quicken sharply, and his breaths were going faster and-

“Mod!” A stern voice suddenly cut through Sky’s panic, but he couldn’t quite place it, with the rain and his brain going a mile a minute working together to make distinguishing the already too-similar voices an incredibly difficult task. “We need to get somewhere with cover. Is there any shelter nearby?”

“Uh- I think?”

“Great. Do you know where?”

“I can’t exactly *see* in this weather.”

“Yeah, I know, but do you have any idea? We really need to move.”

Sky nearly jumped out of his skin as out of nowhere, someone grabbed his arm. He looked over to see who he thought was... Challenger?

“Sky?” He muttered. “You okay?” He brought his hand down to Sky’s hand and clutched it.

Sky blinked. His brain stuttered for a moment, but after a second or two, he finally got the words out. “I- y-yeah. I’m... good.”

Challenger grunted in acknowledgement. Sky expected him to let go of his hand again, but he didn’t. Sky was also a bit surprised to realize that he himself didn’t mind too much.

Challenger opened his Inventory and looked through it for a few moments before pulling out a small... tube? Sky couldn’t make it out through the rain, and- well, he still didn’t feel quite... right. That... huh.

Strangely, Challenge put the tube up to one of his eyes and closed the other o- ohhh. Telescope. Makes sense. He looked through the telescope all around them. Sky vaguely registered several Burs still talking around them, but he couldn’t focus on *anything* except Challenger and the storm. It was like whenever he tried to make out anything that was being said, he felt this... crushing weight on his brain. He felt... tired, weirdly. He hadn’t done anything tiring...

The hand around Sky’s own hand suddenly tightened. “There’s a village that way!” Challenger shouted, and Sky winced at the noise, but Challenger didn’t seem to notice.

There was a response from someone else- or maybe multiple people?- and Challenger put the telescope away and began to walk forward. Sky moved forward with him.

Sky barely registered whatever happened as they walked. Through the rain and his jumbled, panicked thoughts, he couldn’t really understand what was going on at all. The walk to... wherever they were going felt like a million years and only a minute or two at the same time. He had no idea how long it actually took, or if anyone was talking as they walked. It took too

much energy for him to just keep walking and not stop and think too hard about- well, the obvious.

Eventually, after who knows how long, he vaguely realized that they had finally gotten to the village and entered one of the larger houses. Just as Challenger was helping him sit down, there was a sudden bright flash in his vision *immediately* followed by a thundering *boom*, loud enough to almost cause him to lose his balance. The sudden strike of lightning only made his already confused mind even more off. It was hard to think.

All of a sudden, his head felt fuzzy and foggy in a way, and his chest felt heavy and... damp, like it was half-dried after being soaked. His limbs felt as though they weren't attached to anything, the only feedback they were sending his confused, bleary brain being a light tingling sensation and a vague sense of ghostly, not-quite-there existence. It was like he was floating, falling asleep and on the edge of a dream, not quite able to reach it. Standing in a fog-filled forest, unable to make out anything or take a single step, just drinking in the scents of dampness and leaves on the ground, the water in the air thick in his lungs with every breath he took.

And then came a voice. A distant, almost recognizable voice, speaking an almost recognizable word.

“Sky?” It sounded muffled, as if he were hearing it from under a thick wool blanket. “Sky, can you hear me?”

Who... who was ‘Sky’? That was kind of a funny name. Sky, like... like what? Why did that feel so familiar, like home, but like fear?

...where was home? He felt tired.

“Sky, bud, can you say anything?” The voice came again, slightly... different? “Or move at all?”

He was confused. He felt helpless, fearful, scared for... not his life... of loss... what was he scared he was going to lose?

“...th’nk we migh’ need t’ give ‘m...” The voice... voices? sounded more muffled now, fading away from him even more...

He wanted to go to sleep.

“One more...”

He wished the voices would go away.

“Sky!”

He was glad they were fading.

“...no...”

Maybe he was fading.

“...’nything else?”

He supposed it didn’t matter.

“...name.”

He could almost reach that dream...

“Wilbur?”

He violently flinched away from the- the, wait, what?

He suddenly felt so much more aware, like he had been slapped out of nowhere. He felt *present*, his limbs were suddenly feeling things, he felt together and whole but not at all whole in the slightest he was missing something what was he missing *what was he missing it's important goddammit WHAT WAS HE MISSING-*

and it was over in a

(-n infinity, eight billion, twenty thousand and one-)

moment.

Almost immediately, he felt something dragging him back down into that unaware state, like that- what had that voice said? What had caused this? Whatever, it didn't matter, it was like what the voice said had filled him with even more fear, but it didn't feel like his own.

This time, though, he was prepared, and he fought back, desperately trying to pull himself out of that haze, he didn't want to be there, he didn't want to fall asleep, he didn't want to lose anything, he didn't want to forget, he- he didn't want to forget. More than anything else, he didn't want to forget, he couldn't, he wouldn't let that happen. He didn't know what he would do if he lost it all again- again? He- had lost it all before? Forgotten it all, no, not all, not everything. Only everything that mattered. He couldn't let that happen again, gods be damned, and he wouldn't, here was no way he would, he just had to hold on tight to that little sliver of somethingness and not let it go and fucking *pull* and-

His eyes shot open, with a clear scene finally in front of him. He almost expected to start panicking, his breaths to come quicker than the thunder after the lightning, but he didn't, instead just pushing a hand through his hair, desperate to feel his own existence in the real world again.

And immediately, he was assaulted by noise. He winced, moving away a bit before realizing he was sitting down on a bed against a wall, so trying to move back wouldn't do much. He took a deep breath and glanced around the room, hoping his facial expression got across the idea that he wanted them to quiet down.

The- shit. Name. Uh. Right- Revivedbur, standing in front of him, opened his mouth to say something, but immediately shut it when he saw his face. His expression was full of concern. Once everyone else had quieted down- surprisingly quickly- he tried again. "You okay?"

Sky just blinked, comprehending the words but unable to form a coherent response. "I- uh. Guh. Um." His voice sounded strained and his throat kind of hurt. His head wasn't doing much better, but to be honest, he was almost glad. Maybe that was a terrible thing to think, but he just... needed to feel *there*.

Revivedbur reached out to put a hand on his shoulder, and like a magnet to its opposite, Sky leaned into it before he even touched him.

After a few moments as Revivedbur gently rubbed his shoulder, Sky finally got his mind together and came up with what he wanted to say.

"I don't-" Sky cut himself off, swallowing. His throat was dry. "I don't think that was... a coincidence."

The grim look on Revivedbur's face and the deafening silence from the rest of the room told him all he needed to know.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #56: mod and deadbur dont have a favorite color! (zo has been giving me her thoughts on the burs favorite colors for the past. two weeks now its great :3)

hey. ace attorney fans. specifically great ace attorney fans. go read my herlock & iris oneshot i wrote this past month instead of fwiadc. yippee
anyways drink water eat food get some sleep and uh. pray for sky <3

in the eye of the hurricane

Chapter Notes

hiiii guess who took forever on this chapter because, you guessed it, a New Interest! do not check my ao3 profile.
happy pride month btw
enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Soon after Sky collected himself again and there was an awkward, upsetting silence that needed to be broken and filled, Geo had pulled out his bag and started sorting out the various food items he had grabbed in the store in Wimpfred's time. Seeing what he was doing, a number of the others joined him, and soon enough, they had a pretty good spread of snacks in front of them, and *most* of it looked actually okay to eat without any preparation. If you ignored the multiple expired items a few of them had picked up here and there, not noticing that they were bad.

Despite the small amount of room in the house- which was the biggest one they could find, though weirdly, they were all empty, not a trace of any villagers anywhere- the Burs managed to organize the food and themselves relatively nicely. Most of them were at least a little hungry after all that, so the food was divided up between them all with plenty to spare.

Even in the face of the somewhat depressing mood from the weather and what happened with Sky, someone immediately found a way to make things light and goofy again. Alivebur had somehow gotten his hands on a wine glass- probably Geo's bag again- and since they didn't have wine- though, it's not like he would've drank any at the moment anyways- he had picked up a container of cinnamon applesauce and was now trying his hardest to open it.

"Having some trouble with that?" L'manbur asked snarkily from where he was eating a bag of potato chips. "Need some help, weakass?"

Alivebur glared at him, but after another few humiliating moments of trying to open the damn container, he begrudgingly handed it over to the other man.

L'manbur smirked, temporarily holding the bag of chips with his teeth as he used both hands to open the applesauce with ease. He returned it incredibly smugly.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up," Alivebur muttered as he took the container back and started pouring the applesauce into his wine glass. "We'll see who's laughing in just a few short moments when *one* of us has applesauce in a wine glass and the *other* doesn't."

"Pouring something into a container isn't a fucking accomplishment," L'manbur said. "I don't know what you're so proud of."

"Did you think of it?" Alivebur held up his glass with an incredibly judgemental, I'm-better-than-you look on his face. He put the lid back on the applesauce. "No, no you did not. You're just pissy I thought of it before you."

"Well, technically-"

"Don't try to make some time travel loophole."

L'manbur shrugged in defeat.

"Can I ask why you even thought to put *applesauce* in a *wine glass*?" Geo asked as he put various objects back in his bag. "You seemed very set on it."

Alivebur took a sip of his applesauce, holding the wine glass completely incorrectly. He paused for a moment after he lowered it, moving the glass in his hand as if he were trying to swirl the applesauce, but it wasn't liquid enough to actually swirl, so he wasn't really doing much. Finally, he shrugged. "I dunno. Felt... right, I guess." He grinned and leaned against a wall, raising his glass dramatically. "It must be fate! Destiny!"

Suddenly, Spirit jerked back, like a very strong full-body twitch. A few Burs looked at him, confused, but he just frowned and shook his head like he didn't know either.

“So... do we think the weather’s gonna let up anytime soon?” Deadbur asked, peeking out one of the windows. He looked towards Mod for an answer, as did a few others.

Mod just shrugged. “No idea. This kind of stuff doesn’t *usually* last long, so there’s a good chance it’ll be over soon, but there’s also an equally good chance that it’ll get ten times worse and we’ll all get thrown across the world-eating ravine by a giant tornado-hurricane-thunderstorm behemoth.” He smiled, looking genuinely happy about this possibility. “Really makes life all that more exciting, doesn’t it?”

No one seemed to agree in the slightest. Challenger *did* seem a *tad* bit interested, though... how concerning.

“The... what ravine?” Resurrectedbur asked, looking more than slightly frightened.

“Not important.” Mod waved the question away, then tacked on, “At the moment.”

“Then what’s the plan here?” Rust frowned. “Are we just... sticking around here until the weather goes away?”

Mod shrugged again. “I guess. Only other thing to do would be to get completely drenched and struck by lightning, which seems rather counterintuitive and unpleasant.” He smiled. “The question is really, what do we want to do in the meantime? Besides talk about the elephant in the room that is Sky?”

“We are *not* doing another icebreaker game,” Imp said forcefully before anyone else could even suggest anything, completely ignoring Mod’s comment on Sky. “I don’t think I can stand another one. We know each other by now, I’d like to think.”

“Weeeeeelllll,” Editor said teasingly with a grin. “I think we could always learn more about each other, if w-”

He was promptly cut off by five different people telling him to shut up. Editor just crossed his arms and frowned. “You all are *no* fun...”

“Some of us are plenty fun,” Mod said, sounding almost offended. “But you all stop our humorous jokes and bits. Cruel. Absolutely *cruel* .”

“Your idea of fun is dissecting someone.” Challenger sounded absolutely deadpan and uninterested in humoring Mod’s argument. “Or blowing them up. Or getting them to fall into a void. Or-”

“Alright, alright, I get it,” Mod cut him off. “Also, it’s *the* void here. Not a Void.” Spirit twitched again, though less noticeably this time. “And besides, the void is fun!” Mod continued, sounding like he was trying to convince them to buy a product from him. “It’s really-” He suddenly stopped mid-sentence.

A few of the Burs turned to look where he was staring out the window.

“That’s. Um.” Mod, for once in his life, sounded uncertain. “Not good.”

Right outside, as many of the Burs now witnessed from the window, was a gigantic tornado, catching everything in its path and flinging it all miles from its original destination, as tornadoes tend to do. And, of course, because no one in this group can ever have one nice day, it was heading directly towards the house they were currently in.

“...I think I like it here even less than Raft’s time,” Spirit complained.

Before anyone could say anything else, or even move more than a foot, the tornado was nearly on top of them, then practically on top of them, then literally on top of them, and then all of them were, as a tornado tends to do, being picked up and flung miles from their original destinations. In about ten different directions.

Walter, the only one physically capable of staying calm and thinking rationally during this situation, felt a headache coming on.

Chapter End Notes

bur fact #57: alivebur does not like the state of california. theres no reasoning behind this

yeah i threw them into a tornado. what about it. do not expect accuracy you are not here for weather accuracy you are here for vague attempts at historical accuracy. which does not require me to know anything about tornadoes.

also do NOT expect an update real soon im getting back into toh again its a disease. also [REDACTED] dont worry about it Do Not Check My Ao3 Profile. anyways maybe??? in like a month??????? who fucking knows. summer break is soon so maybe sooner?? than the past few chapters????? dont hold ur breath tho

something is broken, failing, rotting-

Chapter Summary

[REDACTED] take the stage ! hello, hello, it's so nice to See you !

Chapter Notes

i love doing nothing for a month and writing like a thousand words in one night. i blame a-[i am dragged off the stage and thrown into a deep hole in the ground]
anyways. this chapter means a whole lot of nothing (but everything). enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Challenger thought when he opened his eyes was *holy fuck, ow* . The second thing Challenger thought was *you have got to be kidding me* . The third thing Challenger thought was something he actually said out loud- “Get the fuck away from me.”

Walter, who was standing above him and bent over with his hands clasped behind his back, face barely a few inches away from Challenger’s face, frowned and stood up straighter. He continued to stare down at the other man, voice infuriatingly calm as he spoke. “My bad. Are you going to get up anytime soon?”

Challenger narrowed his eyes and pushed himself off the ground, muscles aching. His brain was screaming at him to stop moving, but not only was he a Creator who didn’t need to worry about things like straining, well, his entire body, he was also stubborn as hell and would do anything to be a bit of an asshole. Walter didn’t say anything, but he did raise an unimpressed eyebrow.

“What’s going on?” Challenger asked and looked around..

“We’ve been separated!” Walter chirped. “How exciting, right?” He smiled and looked around as well. “No idea where we are, or where anyone else is!”

Challenger paid Walter back with his own unimpressed look. “Then figure it out.” He was not in the mood for this.

“That would spoil the fun, though!” Walter sighed. “Honestly, it’s like you don’t even want the plot to go anywhere. We all need to have our moments, you know. There’s only so much time left for us!”

Challenger’s eye twitched. He ignored the pain that suddenly appeared in his head as a very painful, uncomfortable spike. He also ignored the implications of Walter’s statement. Normally, he would want to know what in the world he was talking about, but he *really* wasn’t in the mood for this. He wanted to take a shower, a nap, and some goddamn painkillers.

Challenger simply sighed. “Ugh. What are we supposed to do, then, go look for them?” As much as he didn’t want to be doing this, he’d rather find everyone else. He wouldn’t admit it out loud, but he was actually very worried. For all of them, but especially Sky.

Walter tilted his head with a thoughtful frown. “Weeeelllll.... we could, but personally I’m just a *tad* more worried about the incessantly expanding void eating the ground beneath our very feet.” As he finished his sentence, he straightened up and looked at Challenger with a pleased smile.

Challenger froze. “*What?!*”

He looked around immediately, and lo and behold, the aforementioned incessantly expanding void eating the ground beneath their very feet was, in fact, incessantly expanding and eating the ground right *next* to the ground beneath their very feet.

He immediately backed up to where Walter was. Walter’s smile grew, and he began walking backwards away from the rift. Challenger felt his headache growing, and he couldn’t tell if it was because of the void or because of Walter’s unique ability to effortlessly piss him off. He followed him anyway.

“Besides!” Walter continued. “I have something I want to talk with you about.” His voice and facial expression didn’t change, but somehow, he became much more menacing after saying that.

Challenger couldn’t lie, he was intimidated by Walter. Anyone who knew *what* he was and had any amount of sense would be. The favorites of... no one really knew who his employers were, but Challenger thought that was more of a no one could really physically comprehend who his employers were, instead of them being a big secret. Thinking about it didn’t make his head *hurt*, but it definitely made him exhausted to try to make any sense of it.

“And what’s that?” Challenger tried to keep his voice light, hoping Walter didn’t realize that he was incredibly intimidated by him.

Walter finally frowned and turned to face where he was walking. “Well. There are a couple things, but I can start with the easy stuff.” The tone of his voice was still bouncy and light, as if they were discussing the weather over a cup of coffee. “How much do you know about voids?”

Challenger blinked, then frowned. “That’s supposed to be an easy question?”

Walter shrugged. “Compared to what else I could ask, sure.” He glanced back at Challenger. “Well?”

Challenger tilted his head and crossed his arms. “Hm. Admittedly... not too much. It’s where people like *you* do your weird... time things, right? They’re just sections of Space put aside for divine use.”

Walter hummed. “That’s about it.” His tone finally sounded sharper; not angry, but focused. “Do you know much about relations between voids and afterlives?”

“Does this have anything to do with Spirit?” Challenger asked.

Walter gave him a pointed look. A warning. He narrowed his eyes, frowning. “That’s none of your business. But... yes.” He sighed. “There’s *something* I’m missing. Something... going on with the voids, afterlives, timelines, and gods related to all this. I’m just—” He cut himself off with a frustrated groan, running a hand through his hair. “I don’t get it. I know there’s an answer. There *has* to be.” He lowered his hand. “I hoped that a fellow sort-of-god might know something.”

Challenger looked at him for a moment, then glanced away. “...well. I suppose I have heard about afterlives and voids being one in the same, but I always assumed that was a baseless rumor, since I’d only ever heard about them as separate from actual trusted sources.”

Walter looked up at him. His expression was unreadable, but Challenger thought he might be surprised. “I guess it depends on the afterlife, but they aren’t usually true voids.” He paused and put a finger up to his chin. He seemed to hesitate before glancing at Challenger and asking, “...how much do you know about the sky gods’ projects...?”

Challenger blinked, taken aback by the slight change of topic. “Uh... hm.” He tilted his head thoughtfully. “As much as Sky has told us, plus what the sky gods themselves talk about sometimes.”

“And what is that?” Walter asked. He looked focused and distracted at the same time, like he was thinking hard.

“Have you... not heard their bragging?” Challenger raised an eyebrow and sighed. “Man, I wish that were me. It’s like they never shut up about their perfect plan and their perfect toys and their perfect tests. Makes me want to make a new experiment every time I listen to them so they’ll shut up about how good they are.” He scowled. “Ghh. Pompous assholes.”

Walter narrowed his eyes. “Perfect... plan? Toys?” He looked at the ground. “Does that mean...?”

Challenger glanced away. “I... had a feeling. That it meant... him.” He pursed his lips. “And now I feel like a terrible person. I just... let that happen.” He stopped walking and put one hand on his hip, and the other to his face, pinching the bridge of his nose. “God. And now with all of this...”

He jumped when he felt something nudge against his arm gently. He lowered his hand and glanced to his side to see Walter. "You probably couldn't have done anything," Walter said. "They get upset and start crying to my bosses as soon as I even look in their direction with anything less than perfect praise." He put his hands in his pockets. "And besides, I think your worry is enough as it is. Would you even have thought about feeling bad about that before all this?"

Challenger paused. "I... huh." His eyebrows furrowed. "I... guess not."

Walter grinned. "Character development, my friend! We all need it!"

Challenger groaned and brought his hand back to his nose bridge again. "I wish you would stop talking like that, you're making my brain ache!"

Walter didn't say anything, just smiled and watched.

(and that's what you do, isn't it ? what we all do ? he Watches, you watch, we watch, We watch . ah, how i love the irony !)

Walter hesitated for a moment, then finally asked, "Challenger... are you... okay?"

Challenger froze. He slowly moved his gaze to Walter's. "What are you talking about?" He asked, voice smooth, clear, unbroken.

"I saw you in Mod's freaky cave," Walter said simply, voice gaining some confidence. "Are you okay?"

Challenger narrowed his eyes. *Coward*, he thought. He wasn't sure who he was referring to with that. "Obviously. Anyways, I've just remembered. You know in Wimpfred's time, in that

store? What did Spirit see? And *why* ? And why did he pass out after Raft's time, but not after Wimpfred's? And why did he look so damn *scared* ?”

“Awww, is someone worried?” Walter cooed, silently going with the jarring topic change.

Challenger scowled. “Answer the questions.”

Walter huffed. “You’re no fun.” He tilted his head. “Well. I can’t tell you exactly what he saw, that would be very against the rules, and I think I would implode on the spot.”

Challenger shuddered at the implication that *Walter* could die from something he said. “But I can tell you that it’s... concerning, to say the least.”

(He glances at you. can you feel it?)

“Concerning?” Challenger frowned.

“It’s... hard to explain,” Walter said awkwardly. “Breaking walls, fucking up timelines...” He shook his head. “The point is! The fact that he saw any of that and that he passed out after Raft’s time means that something is seriously wrong. More than what I’ve found so far. Actually... this leads back to my questions for you.” He sighed. “I was *going* to ask if you knew anything about all this, but I’m starting to think that it’s more focused on... higher up things that I barely even know about.”

Challenger’s eye twitched at that last sentence, but decided not to say anything about it.

“Well. You can always start with the basics.” He crossed his arms and pointed at Walter. “You start with what we know is true: typical mortal people experience negative side effects from interactions with the void, time travel like this requires you to use voids, afterlives are also close to voids, Spirit out of all people has one of the most complicated relationships with the afterlife I’ve ever seen... and you go from all that.” He shrugged. “Work with what you know, put it together.”

Walter stared at him for a moment. “Huh. Didn’t expect you to give actual good advice.” He ignored Challenger’s offended noise and tilted his head. “Hm.” He closed his eyes in thought,

then opened one and glanced at Challenger. “Unrelated, but if I don’t mention it now, it’ll bother me.” He opened his other eye and made full eye contact. “Do you dislike me?”

Once again, Challenger froze. He was completely caught off guard by that. *Do you dislike me?* Ah, the question of the hour.

“...you really read me like an open book, don’t you?” Challenger asked softly. He smiled humorlessly. “Honestly? I suppose I can’t help but despise you. And that only makes it all worse.”

Walter stayed completely silent.

“I’ve hated you since you first showed up here,” Challenger said. Voice calm and clear. What a fucking joke. “Out of nowhere, this all-powerful being appears, and then all my questions are answered.” He laughed. “Why was all this happening? And to me, of all people? Because of course, a *Watcher* is madly in love with a mortal.” He rolled his eyes with a grin on his face. “A selfish motive for a selfish act. What. A *fucking* joke.”

Walter smiled as well. A small, gentle smile. “Bit of a hypocrite, are we?”

Challenger matched his smile and put his hands in his pockets. He looked into Walter’s two, human, normal, *disgustingly* normal, two brown eyes. “That we are.”

“I could say the same shit about you. What a selfish asshole. What a terrible person. What a pompous jerk. He thinks he’s so big and tough and cool.” Walter’s gaze looked almost sad. It made Challenger sick. “You know, just because you don’t have someone you’d do all this for doesn’t mean you couldn’t.”

“Doesn’t change that it’s a selfish goal. You’re doing it all for yourself and *him*. We’re just along for the ride.” Challenger rolled his eyes. “Don’t get philosophical with me, Crondale.”

“I don’t think that’s what you’re upset about,” Walter said softly. “Be honest with me.”

“Oh, because you’ve been so honest with all of us.” Challenger scoffed.

It wasn’t fair, he knew it wasn’t fair. There were plenty of reasons for Walter to keep secrets. Far many more reasons than he had. He knew best out of any of the others why he wasn’t telling them anything, and it would most likely stay that way for a long while.

Walter didn’t react to that taunt past a slight narrowing of his eyes. Of course he didn’t. Why would he. “Challenger, if-” He cut himself off and pursed his lips. “Look. I don’t mind if you hate me. I get it. You’re upset. You have a right to be. And I don’t mean to sound all... braggy, but I get it if you’re jealous.”

Challenger couldn’t help the disgusted expression that came across his face. “You think that *I* am jealous of *you*, some- some love-blinded, high and mighty *god*. I don’t want your life, god forbid. News flash, Crondale, *he* is gonna die. He’ll meet your fucking Maker. What can you do about it? Make him some fucked up *god*?” He laughed, knowing he sounded maybe more than a little crazy. “You’d never do that to him. But you can’t fucking accept it, can you?” He scoffed. “Fucking hell.”

He *knew* it wasn’t fair. But since when had he been fair?

Walter did almost react that time. He looked a tad strained, and his hands had clenched into fists. Yet still, he smiled. That perfected, charming smile. A performer to end. At least they had something like that in common. “They’re called Creators. And I’d appreciate it if you’d stop projecting.”

Challenger narrowed his eyes. “Projecting. Uh huh.” He sighed. “Are we going to get anything productive done, or just piss each other off until the others just magically appear?”

He got no answer for a moment. Walter just stared at him, his smile replaced by a neutral expression. Finally, he spoke, at the same time he continued walking away from the ever-expanding void. “I just wanted to know your thoughts.” His demeanor changed suddenly, the atmosphere becoming lighter and calmer, compared to the tense mess it had been a moment before. “So! I took your advice from earlier and thought about it.” He tapped his chin thoughtfully. “Just thinking out loud here.... if we take the origins of each Bur here, and my

own connection to voids, as well as everything to do with... behind the scenes, and think about how everything connects back to my timeline...”

Challenger didn't acknowledge the change in mood and topic. He continued to walk along with Walter. “Then you get a good reason for the side effects?”

“See, there's the issue,” Walter murmured. “I thought I'd accounted for everything. There shouldn't be side effects. And since I'm the only one working on it, I shouldn't have to worry about anything that comes with multiple realities' rules causing a big, unnecessary mess...”

“But... aren't there others?” Challenger frowned. “XD, the sky gods, all of them?” *Your bosses*, he wanted to say, but didn't want to poke the bear any more than he already had.

“But none of them have directly interfered with the timeline,” Walter replied. “They're aware of it, but they ha...ven't....” He trailed off, his mouth hanging open and his hand moving away from his face.

Challenger glanced around. “What...?”

Walter blinked. “I- oh. My goodness.” He looked completely shocked, as if he had no idea what to say. “I'm a fool.”

“Yeah, what made you realize?” Challenger hissed. Maybe he shouldn't have said that, but this was starting to put him on edge. “Walter, what's going on?”

“I've been operating on the assumption that I'm the only one who has touched this,” Walter said. “Everything I've done has been under that assumption. That I only needed to worry about what I set in place, what I decided, what I moved around, because I'm the only one able to observe and touch my own timeline project. But I know that isn't true. XD got upset with me recently because I accidentally fucked over his project with the SMP, and the sky gods-” He cut himself off and put a hand to his forehead. “I'm such an *idiot* .” He grimaced, and Challenger couldn't help but notice the couple small eyes that appeared around him out of nowhere.

“You’re not making sense here, Walter,” Challenger said slowly as he attempted to ignore how intimidated he was by Walter’s clear struggle at physically holding himself together. “What did you do?”

“It’s not what I did,” Walter shook his head, “it’s what I didn’t do. Why have the sky gods been able to give Sky items and threaten him? Why have the dead and ghost Burs been feeling the effects of the interaction between the afterlife and the void, despite not being in either? Why did me fixing up that loophole in the afterlife cause such a reaction? Why are Geo and Wilbur not affected like all of you, despite seemingly having even closer connections to the void?”

Challenger didn’t say anything. He was barely following what was going on at this point.

“It’s so fucking *obvious* now,” Walter muttered. “There’s holes. Cracks, where other gods can see through and *meddle*. It’s not how close someone is to the void- or, at least, not just that. It’s based on that *and* if there’s another god to mess around with it all.” He ran a hand through his hair. “I made a little Space-Time in between each time so I could have an opportunity to fix anything I messed up without drawing attention or raising questions, just in case... but I guess that was a giant mistake.”

“I’m... not following.” Challenger frowned. “You... made a *hole* that lets other gods do what they want to your timeline... amalgamation?”

Walter nodded, looking frazzled. “Essentially. That hole lets XD watch his own Players in the void, that hole makes fixing a loophole in the afterlife such an issue, that hole means that only those with an overbearing god have to worry about the side effects to that degree- at least, so far- and that hole lets the sky g-” He cut himself off again. A few more eyes appeared

Challenger furrowed his eyebrows. “Walter. What are you saying?”

“There’s... there’s a sort of *veil* between a real Space and a void, so that a god that can’t touch the timeline can’t do too much without a direct connection to the Space,” Walter said, voice eerily slow. “XD, the sky gods, and all the other related gods haven’t had much of a

chance to do anything too direct so far.” His gaze turned to the side, and every single eye that had showed up so far followed as well. “But with some... connection...”

Challenger followed his gaze too, surprised to see that he was looking at the encroaching void. His eyes widened as he suddenly understood what he was saying. “Wait. So this void isn’t just a giant hole to nowhere-”

“-but an actual Space-Time void?” Walter finished for him. “Yes. And with that...”

“...other gods have a direct connection,” Challenger muttered. “So they can get closer to actually interacting with their Players.”

“Which means there was a chance that storm was no coincidence,” Walter said grimly. He stared at the ground for a few moments. His other eyes darted around, looking at the void, Challenger, Walter, their surroundings, and so on and so forth. Suddenly, he looked up, as if another realization was coming to him.

“Oh my god, what is it,” Challenger groaned. “You can’t tell me there’s even *more* to this?”

Walter ignored him. “My knot to fix the loophole. XD’s loops. The fraying and breaking threads. Oh- oh my god.” He sounded... almost panicked. It was an interesting tone of voice to hear from him. Challenger would wish he could hear it more, if this specific man panicking didn’t mean terrible things for literally everyone else.

“I still have no idea what you’re talking about.” Challenger was *really* not liking where this whole thing was heading.

“I- I accidentally broke an important part of XD’s own timeline with my meddling,” Walter explained, or at least tried to. “And when I tried to fix something last time I worked with this timeline, there was a horrible reaction from... something. I think...” All his eyes focused on Challenger, sending chills down his spine. “I think my timeline is about to split. The threads are breaking, and I- I can’t do much about that.”

Challenger stiffened. “What- what do you mean by that.”

Walter pursed his lips. “It means... either I fix it right now, which would never work without the Creators’ help, or we could all potentially get split up into... who knows how many different timelines and existences.”

Neither of them moved or spoke for a few moments. They stood in silence, soaking in the impending possible disaster. Ignoring the cliff edge inching closer and closer to their feet.

“We should go find the others,” Challenger finally said quietly.

Walter blinked, all of his eyes at once. Then all of them but the two on his face disappeared. “That... would most likely be wise.”

Chapter End Notes

im sure thats all fine

bur fact #58: phas is a vocaloid fan (specifically miku and len)

MOOOOOOM I ACCIDENTALLY MADE ANOTHER BUR RELATIONSHIP WITH WEIRD HOMOEROTIC TENSION (challenger you cant be doing that. challenger. challenger hes MARRIED.) <- joke. sort of
they make me so fucking sick. theyre so fucked up i love them

p.s. if half of this chapter made No Fucking Sense dont worry it doesnt really. need to. like i tried to make it make some sense and i hope it doesnt just sound like a whole bunch of nonsense but. it is partly supposed to be confusing-sounding. i promise walter will explain eventually. and if he doesnt then i will lmao

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